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MASTER-PIECES
OF
GOOD WRITING,
COLLECTED FROM THE BEST
ENGLISH AUTHORS;
PUBLISHED FOR THE USE OF THE
DUCAL MILITARY ACADEMY
OF
STOUCCARD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

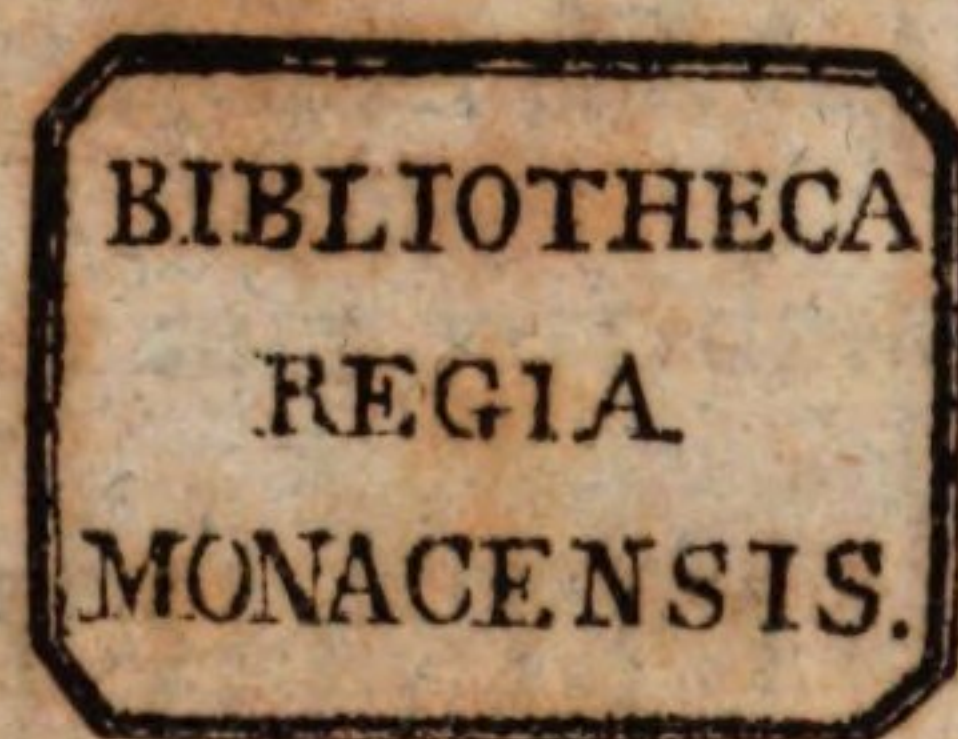
BY

JOSEPH GOSSE,

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

STOUCCARD,
PRINTED BY C. F. COTTA, PRINTER TO HIS
MOST SERENE HIGHNESS, AND TO THE COURT
OF CHANCERY.

1780.



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

important enterprife. He had been employed for feveral months in building ships of an extraordinary fize, and in collecting ftores for their equipment; while the Duke of Parma had made fuch numerous levies in Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands, as shewed that he intended to take the field againft the next campaign, with a much more powerful army than any which he had hitherto commanded.

Almost ever fince the beginning of Philip's reign, a great proportion of his troops had been occupied, either in war with the Corfairs and Turks, in the reduction of the Morescoes, or in the conquest of Portugal. He had never fully exerted his ftrength againft his revolted fubjects in the Netherlands. Nor had he found leifure to take vengeance upon Elizabeth, for the fupport which she had given them, and the infults which he had received from her in America, where feveral

veral of his colonies had been plundered by her fleet. ^a To these objects he now thought that his honour as well as his interest required that he should apply his principal attention. As he did not doubt that, with a much smaller force than he intended to employ, he should be able to compel the people in the Netherlands to return to their allegiance, he had begun his preparations, chiefly with an intention to invade England, and he aspired to the entire subjection of that kingdom. But he hesitated for some time as to the manner in which he should proceed; and held frequent meetings of his council to assist him in deciding, whether it was most expedient to begin with the invasion of England, or with the conquest of the United Provinces. Idiaquez, one of his principal officers of state, advised him to abandon altogether the former of these designs.

A 3

„The

^a By Sir Francis Drake, anno 1585.

„The situation of England (said that prudent statesman), which is furrounded on every side with a tempestuous ocean, and has few harbours upon its coasts; the numerous forces which defend it; the genius of the people, and the nature of their government, concur in making me believe that it will be found almost impossible to succeed in an attempt to conquer it.

„The English navy is alone equal to that of any other nation, and when joined to the ships belonging to the revolted provinces, must prove an overmatch for any fleet that can be sent from Spain. And even allowing that the king's forces should effectuate a descent, yet what ground is there to hope that they will be able either to subdue so great a nation, or to maintain, for any considerable time, such conquests as may be made? In order to accomplish the most ordinary conquests, some

some favourable disposition in the people towards the conquerors is necessary; and in order to preserve them, there is need for a continual supply of troops. From no part of the English nation, has the king any reason to hope for assistance in the intended enterprize. In the beginning of his reign, he had experience of the strong abhorrence which these islanders entertain of a foreign yoke. And he knows how difficult it must be to keep up a numerous army in England, besides all the other armies which are necessary for the defence of his hereditary, and his lately acquired dominions. If England should prove equally pernicious to Spain, as Flanders has done, would there not be reason to dread the consequences? Even the consequences of success may prove fatal; how much more those which may arise from a disappointment, by which Elizabeth, being delivered from her ap-

prehenfions of danger at home, would be at greater leifure than ever to fupport the provinces in their rebellion; and by joining her maritime force with theirs, do infinite mischief to the Spanish dominions, both in Europe and America. In my opinion therefore; it will be better to fufpend the design of invading England, and to employ both the fleet and army in the reduction of the Netherlands. The rebels will not long refift fo great a force; and when they are fubdued, the king, having fewer enemies to contend with, will be much more able than at prefent to chaftife the queen of England. ”

The duke of Parma, whom Philip confulted on this occafion, was of the fame opinion as Idiaquez; and added, that before the king could enter upon the English expedition with a probability of fuccefs, it was neceffary to acquire poffeffion of fome of the moft confiderable Sea-ports
in

in Zealand, for the accommodation of his fleet.

Philip, was naturally neither bold or rash; yet he refused to listen to these prudent counsels. Blinded by the splendid success of his arms in the conquest of Portugal, he thought it impossible that Elisabeth could withstand the powerful armament which he intended to employ against her. And if England were subdued, the reduction of his revolted subjects would quickly follow, as they would then be deprived of the only foreign aid, by which they had been hitherto enabled to persist in their rebellion. Nor would the conquest of the former, he thought, be either so tedious or so difficult as that of the latter; because England was every where an open country, and the English, trusting to their insular situation, had neglected to provide any fortified towns to retard the progress of an enemy.

A single battle by sea, and another by land, would decide the contest; and as the fleet which he was preparing was greatly superior to any which Elizabeth could equip, so he could not suppose that her land-forces, undisciplined, and unaccustomed to war, would be able to resist his veteran troops, which had been long inured to victory, and were commanded by the greatest general and the bravest officers in the world.

He was not ignorant, how much reason the other European powers had to be jealous of his design; but he considered, that happily they were at present either not inclined, or not in a capacity to prevent him from carrying it into execution. The Emperor of Germany was his friend and ally. The attention of the northern Potentates was wholly engrossed with the internal administration of their dominions. And the French monarch, who was more
dee-

deeply interested than any other in opposing him, could with difficulty support himself upon the throne against his rebellious subjects.

But there was nothing which contributed more to confirm him in his purpose, than the approbation which it received from the Pope; ^b who, although it has been asserted that no person entertained a higher admiration of the character of Elizabeth, considered her as the most formidable enemy that the church had ever seen upon the throne. She had not indeed, on any occasion, treated her catholic subjects with that inhuman cruelty, of which Philip had set her an example in his treatment of the protestants; but she had shewn herself intent on extirpating the catholic religion from every country in Europe, to which her power and influence could reach. For almost thirty years

^b. Sixtus V.

years she had been the chief support of the protestants in Germany, the Netherlands, and France. She had entirely abolished the popish faith in Scotland, as well as in her own dominions; and not satisfied with depriving the unfortunate Mary of her liberty, she had lately, after the farce of a solemn trial, ordered that Princess to be condemned as a traitor, and to suffer death. This action, for which Elizabeth was severely censured by protestants as well as papists, excited in the violent mind of the Pontiff, the highest degree of rage and indignation. With these passions his interest concurred; and the hope of seeing England, which had formerly been the most precious jewel of the triple crown, brought back to its ancient obedience to the Holy See. He approved highly therefore of Philip's intended enterprize, exhorted him to persevere in his design, and gave him assurances that

that he would befriend him in the execution of it, to the utmost of his power. Next to an insatiable thirst after dominion, it had ever been Philip's principal ambition to be considered as the guardian of the church; and his vanity was not a little flattered at this time with having the sovereign Pontiff for his associate. ^c

He proceeded therefore with much alacrity in completing his preparations. But although he resolved to spare no expence or pains to secure success; yet, that he might find Elizabeth unprepared, he concealed with care the purpose for which his armament was intended. A part of his fleet, he said, was to co-operate with his land-forces in the reduction of Holland, and the rest to be employed in the defence of his dominions in America.

Eliza-

c. Bentivoglio, part 11. lib. IV. See a very different account in Gregorio Leti's Life of Sixtus, lib. VII.

Elizabeth had too much penetration to be so easily deceived by the artifices of a prince, with whose duplicity she was so thoroughly acquainted; and in the spring of the year 1587, she sent Sir Francis Drake with a fleet to the coast of Spain, to interrupt his preparations. By this gallant seaman, the Spanish Ships of war which had been sent to oppose him were dispersed, and near a hundred vessels filled with naval stores and provisions, besides two large galleons, were destroyed in the Azores, where he took a rich carrac in her way from the East Indies, and afterwards returned to England loaden with spoils, having by this bold and fortunate adventure rendered it impossible for Philip, to execute his enterprize against England till the following year.

Notwithstanding these hostilities, Philip still affected to desire that all the grounds of difference between him and Elizabeth might

might be removed, and gave orders to the duke of Parma, to propose a negotiation for peace. It is not probable that the queen was deceived by this, any more than by his former artifice. She resolved however to appear to be caught in the snare: she pretended to believe his declaration with regard to the destination of his fleet, and to listen to his proposal of negotiating an agreement. She readily accepted of the mediation of the King of Denmark; and that her conduct might have the greater appearance of sincerity, she urged the States, to send Ambassadors to Bourbourg, the place appointed for the conferences, and ordered her Envoy to represent to them the expediency of putting a period to the war.

The States were much alarmed with her proposal, and suspected that, in order to avert the storm which threaten'd her, she had resolved to sacrifice the confederacy,

racy, and to deliver up to Philip the Dutch towns in her possession. She found it necessary to remove their apprehensions on this head, by declaring, that as she had not the remotest thoughts of forsaking them, so she would never consent to any terms of peace inconsistent with their security.

She could not however persuade them to send Ambassadors to the congress. "They were deeply sensible, they informed her, of the weight of those considerations which her Ambassador had urged to induce them to think of peace. They lamented that spirit of discord which had seized on some towns of the confederacy and they heard, with great anxiety, of those mighty fleets and armies which the king of Spain was preparing for their destruction. But their situation, though bad in some respects, was far from being desperate; they were still in possession of more than sixty towns
and

and forts, each of which could make a vigorous resistance against the enemy. In the two years during which the Earl of Leicester had governed them, eight millions of guilders had been raised for the public service, and under a prudent administration they would be able not only to continue to afford the same expence, but even to augment it. But although their situation were in reality as ill as some had represented, it could not serve any good purpose to treat of peace with the King of Spain, who was unalterably determined never to grant them peace on such conditions as either their interest or their consciences would permit them to accept. And from past experience they were persuaded, that their sending Ambassadors to the Congress would be attended with the most pernicious consequences. It would create in many persons such despair with regard to the stability of the present govern-

ment, as would determine some to change their religion, and others to leave the Netherlands. It would raise the spirits of the Catholics, and induce both them and the Protestants to withhold their share of the public expences, the former, from the view of forwarding the peace, and the latter, from that of retiring into foreign parts. Thus, both the fleet and the army being ill paid, would become refractory, the commanders of towns and ships, would provide for their future security, by entering into secret practices with the enemy; sedition, confusion, and treachery would ensue, and it would not be in the power of the States, or of the queen, to prevent the people from accepting whatever terms of peace the king of Spain should think fit to impose.

To these reasons Elizabeth found it necessary to acquiesce; but she persisted in the resolution which she had formed with regard

gard to her own conduct, and ordered her Ambassadors to repair to Bourbourg. In the conferences held there, various terms of accomodation were proposed, with no sincerity on the part of Spain, and with little hope of success on the part of England. The Spanish ministers still continued to assure those of England that no invasion of that kingdom was intended; and, considering how long this Congress subsisted (for it was not dissolved till the arrival of the Spanish fleet in the channel), it should seem that their asseverations were not wholly disregarded by Elizabeth. d

This artifice however did not prevent her from putting her kingdom into a posture of defence. An army was raised amounting to eighty thousand men, twenty thousand of whom were stationed on the south coast of the island, twenty-two thou-
B 2 sand

d. Meteren, lib. XIV. p. 459. Bentivoglio, part II.
lib. IV.

land foot and a thousand horse were posted at Tilbury, in Essex, under the Earl of Leicester, and the remainder, commanded by Lord Hunsdown were kept near the queen's person, in readiness to march against the enemy wheresoever they should attempt to land. Elizabeth did not trust implicitly at this juncture either to her own judgment, or that of her counsellors of state; Lord Gray of Wilton, Sir Francis Knolles, Sir John Norris, Sir Richard Bingham and Sir Roger Williams, officers of distinguished reputation, were appointed to consider of the measures proper to be pursued; and by their advice, all the sea-ports which lay most conveniently for a descent were fortified; the militia was raised, their arms and manner of fighting ascertained, and a resolution formed that if, notwithstanding the precautions taken; it should be found impossible to prevent the enemy from landing, all

all the country round should be laid waste, and a general engagement avoided till the several armies were combined.

While these prudent measures were pursued at land, Elizabeth exerted herself strenuously in the equipment of her fleet. When she began her preparations, it did not amount to more than thirty ships, and none of these were nearly equal in size to those of the enemy. But this disadvantage was in some measure compensated by the skill and dexterity of the English sailors; and the number of her ships was soon augmented through the alacrity and zeal which her subjects displayed in her defence. By her wise administration she had acquired their esteem and confidence. The animosity against her person and government, which the differences in religion had excited in the minds of some, was at present swallowed up in that universal abhorrence which the catholics as

well as the protestants entertained of the tyranny of Spain. Great pains were taken to keep alive and heighten that abhorrence. Accounts were spread of the horrid barbarities which the Spaniards had perpetrated in the Netherlands and America: descriptions were drawn, in the blackest colours, of the inhuman cruelties of the inquisition, and pictures were dispersed of the various instruments of torture employed by the inquisitors, of which, it was said, there was abundant store on board the Spanish fleet. These, and such other considerations, made a strong impression not upon Elizabeth's protestant subjects only, but likewise upon the catholics; ^e who, although the Pope had published a bull of excommunication against her, yet resolved not to yield to the protestants either in loyalty to their Sovereign, or in zeal for the independency of the state. The whole
king-

^e. Meteren, lib. XV.

kingdom was of one mind and spirit: some catholics entered into the army as volunteers, and others joined with the protestants in equipping armed vessels. Every maritime town fitted out one or more. The citizens of London furnished thirty, although only fifteen were required of them; and between forty and fifty were equipped by the nobility and gentry throughout the kingdom. But all these ships were of small size, in comparison of those which composed the Spanish fleet; and there was still much ground for the most anxious apprehensions with regard to the final issue of the war.

No person felt greater anxiety on this occasion than Elizabeth; the principal object of whose prudent politics for thirty years, had been to avoid the critical situation to which she was now reduced. She did not, however, suffer any symptoms of uneasiness to appear, but wore at all times

a placid and animated countenance, and in her whole behaviour displayed an undaunted spirit, which commanded admiration and applause.

The States of Holland, in the mean time, were not inattentive to the approaching danger, nor did they think themselves less interested to provide against it, than if Philip had intended to begin his operations with an attack upon the Netherlands. From their fears of an immediate attack, they were delivered by intelligence of the enormous size of the Spanish ships, to which the coasts of Holland and Zealand were inaccessible. They turned their principal attention therefore to the assistance of their ally: and kept their fleet, consisting of more than eighty ships, ready for action. At Elizabeth's desire, they sent thirty of that number to cruize between Calais and Dover, and, afterwards, when the duke of Parma's design of transporting his

his

his army to England was certainly known, they ordered Justin de Nassau, Admiral of Zealand, to join Lord Seymour, one of the English Admirals, with five and thirty ships, to block up those sea-ports in Flanders where the duke intended to embark. ^f

The principal English fleet was stationed at Plymouth, and the chief command of it was given to Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, who had under him as Vice-Admirals Sir Francis Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, three of the most expert and bravest seamen in the world.

In the beginning of May 1588, Philip's preparations, which had so long kept all Europe in amazement and suspense, were brought to a conclusion. That Armada, to which the Spaniards, in the confidence of success, gave the name of invincible, consisted of one hundred and fifty ships, most of which were greatly superior in

B 5

strength

strength and size to any that had been seen before. It had on board near twenty thousand soldiers, and eight thousand sailors, besides two thousand volunteers of the most distinguished families in Spain. It carried two thousand six hundred and fifty great guns, was victualled for half a year, and contained such a quantity of military stores, as only the Spanish Monarch, enriched by the treasures of the Indies and America, could supply.

Philip's preparations in the Netherlands were not less advanced than those in Spain. Besides a flourishing army of thirty thousand foot and four thousand horse, which the duke of Parma had assembled in the neighbourhood of Nieuport and Dunkirk; that active general had, with incredible labour, provided a great number of flat-bottomed vessels, fit for transporting both horse and foot, and had brought sailors to navigate them from the towns in the Baltic.

tic. Most of these vessels had been built at Antwerp, and as he durst not venture to bring them from thence by sea to Nieuport, lest they should have been intercepted by the Dutch, he was obliged, to send them along the Sheld to Ghent, from Ghent to Bruges, by the canal which joins these towns, and from Bruges to Nieuport, by a new canal which he dug on the present occasion. This laborious undertaking in which several thousand workmen had been employed, was already finished, and the duke now waited for the arrival of the Spanish fleet; hoping that as soon as it should approach, the Dutch and English ships that cruised upon the coast, would retire into their harbours.

The Armada would have left Lisbon in the beginning of May, but the Marquis de Santa Croce, who had been appointed admiral, was, at the very time fixed for its departure, seized with a violent fever,
of

of which he died in a few days; and, by a singular fatality, the Duke de Paliano, the Vice-Admiral, died likewise at the same time. Santa Croce being reckoned the first naval officer in Spain, Philip had much reason to lament his death, and it should seem that he found it extremely difficult to fill his place, since he named for his successor the duke de Medina - Sidonia, a nobleman of considerable reputation, but entirely unacquainted with maritime affairs. This defect in the commander in chief, Philip supplied in some measure by giving him Martinez de Recaldo, a seaman of great experience, for his Vice-Admiral.

In these arrangements so much time was lost, that the fleet could not leave Lisbon till the 29th of May. It had not advanced far in its voyage to Corunna, at which place it was to receive some troops and stores, when it was overtaken by a violent storm and dispersed. All the
ships

ships however reached Corunna, though considerably damaged, except four. g They were repaired with the utmost diligence, the king sending messengers every day to hasten their departure; yet several weeks passed before they could be put in a condition to resume the voyage.

In the mean time a report was brought to England, that the Armada had suffered so much by the storm, as to be unfit for proceeding in the intended enterprize; and so well attested did this intelligence appear to queen Elizabeth, that, at her desire, secretary Walsingham wrote to the English Admiral, requiring him to lay up four of his largest ships and to discharge the seamen. Lord Howard was happily less credulous on this occasion than either Elizabeth

g. In three of these, the galley-slaves, consisting of English, French, and Turks, taking advantage of the confusion occasioned by the storm, overpowered the Spaniards, and carried the ships into a harbour on the coast of Bayonne. Meteren, p. 476.

beth or Walsingham, and desired that he might be allowed to retain these ships in the service, even though it should be at his own expence, till more certain information were received. In order to procure it, he set sail with a brisk north wind for Corunna, intending, in case he should find the Armada, so much disabled as had been reported, to attempt to complete its destruction. On the coasts of Spain he received intelligence of the truth; at the same time the wind having changed from north to south, he began to dread, that the Spaniards might have sailed for England, and therefore he returned without delay to his former station at Plymouth.

Soon after his arrival, he was informed that the Armada was in sight. He immediately weighed anchor, and sailed out of the harbour, still uncertain of the course which the enemy intended to pursue. On the next day he perceived them
steer-

steering directly towards him, drawn up in the form of a crescent, which extended seven miles from one extremity to another. It was for some time believed, that Plymouth was the place of their destination, and it was the opinion of many persons in that age, that their enterprize would have been more successful than it proved, had they landed there, and not proceeded up the channel. By doing this, it was supposed, they would have drawn Elizabeth's whole force to the south-west coast of the island, and have rendered it easier for the duke of Parma to transport his troops. But in this expectation it is probable, they would have been extremely disappointed, as the Dutch fleet alone would have been able to block up the sea-ports in Flanders; the English fleet might have destroyed the Armada had it once entered Plymouth harbour, and Elizabeth's land - forces would have been an overmatch

match for all the Spanish troops which the Armada had on board. But if the duke de Medina ever intended to make a descent at Plymouth, he soon changed his design, and adhered closely afterwards, to the execution of a plan prescribed to him by the court of Spain. This was to steer quite through the channel till he should reach the coast of Flanders, and after driving away the Dutch and English ships, by which the harbours of Nieuport and Dunkirk were besieged, to escort the duke of Parma's army to England, and to land there the forces that were on board the fleet. In compliance with these instructions, he proceeded in his course, without turning aside to the English, who were drawn up along the coast, and ready to receive him.

Lord Howard, considering that the Spaniards would probably be much superior to him in close fight, by reason of
the

the size of their ships, and the number of their troops, wisely resolved to content himself with harassing them in their voyage, and with watching attentively all the advantages which might be derived from storms, cross winds, and such like fortuitous accidents. It was not long before he discerned a favorable opportunity of attacking the vice-admiral Ricaldo. This he did in person; and on that occasion displayed so much dexterity in working his ship, and in loading and firing his guns, as greatly alarmed the Spaniards for the fate of the vice-admiral. From that time they kept much closer to one another; notwithstanding which, the English on the same day attacked one of the largest galleasses. Other Spanish ships came up in time to her relief, but in their hurry one of the principal galleons, which had a great part of the treasure on board, ran foul of another ship, and had one of her masts broken.

In consequence of this misfortune she fell behind, and was taken by Sir Francis Drake; who, on the same day, took another capital ship, which had been accidentally set on fire.

Several other rencounters happened, and in all of them the English proved victorious, through the great advantage which they derived from the lightness of their ships, and the dexterity of the sailors. The Spaniards in that age did not sufficiently understand nautical mechanics, to be able to avail themselves of the unusual magnitude of their ships. The English sailed round them, approached or retired with a velocity that filled them with amazement, and did infinitely greater execution with their cannon; for while every shot of theirs proved effectual, their ships suffered very little damage from the enemy, whose guns were planted too high, and generally spent their force in air.

The

The Spaniards however still continued to advance till they came opposite to Calais: there the duke de Medina having ordered them to cast anchor, he sent information to the duke of Parma of his arrival, and intreated him to hasten the embarkation of his forces. Farnese set out immediately from Bruges, where the messenger found him, for Nieuport, and he began to put his troops on board. But at the same time he informed Medina, that, agreeably to the king's instructions, the vessels which he had prepared, were proper only for transporting the troops, but were utterly unfit for fighting; and for this reason, till the Armada were brought still nearer, and the coast cleared of the Dutch Ships which had blocked up the harbours of Nieuport and Dunkirk, he could not stir from his present station, without exposing his army to certain ruin, the con-

sequence of which would probably be the entire loss of the Netherlands.

In compliance with this request, the Armada was ordered to advance, and it had arrived within sight of Dunkirk, between the English fleet on the one hand, and the Dutch on the other, when a sudden calm put a stop to all its motions. In this situation the three fleets remained for one whole day. About the middle of the night a breeze sprung up, and Lord Howard had recourse to an expedient which had been happily devised on the day before. Having filled eight ships with pitch, sulphur, and other combustible materials, he set fire to them and sent them before the wind against the different divisions of the Spanish fleet.

When the Spaniards beheld these ships in flames approaching towards them, it brought to their remembrance the havoc which had been made by the fireships
em-

employed against the duke of Parma's bridge at the siege of Antwerp. The darkness of the night increased the terror with which their imaginations were overwhelmed, and the panic flew from one end of the fleet to the other. Each crew, anxious only for their own preservation, thought of nothing but how to escape from the present danger. Some of them took time to weigh their anchors, but others cut their cables, and suffered their ships to drive with blind precipitation, without considering whether they did not thereby expose themselves to a greater danger than that which they were so solicitous to avoid. In this confusion the ships ran foul of one another: the shock was dreadful, and several of them received so much damage as to be rendered unfit for future use.

When day-light returned, Lord Howard had the satisfaction to perceive, that his

stratagem had fully produced the desired effect. The enemy were still in extreme disorder, and their ships widely separated and dispersed. His fleet had lately received a great augmentation by the ships fitted out by the Nobility and gentry, and by those under Lord Seymour, who had left Justin de Nassau as alone sufficient to guard the coast of Flanders. Being bravely seconded by Sir Francis Drake and all the other Officers, he made haste to improve the advantage which was now presented to him, and attacked the enemy in different quarters at the same time with the utmost impetuosity and ardour. The engagement began at four in the morning, and lasted till six at night. The Spaniards displayed in every rencounter the most intrepid bravery; but, from the causes already mentioned, they did very little execution against the English, while many of their own ships were greatly damaged, and

and ten of the largest were either run aground, or sunk, or compelled to surrender.

The principal galleys, commanded by Moncada, having Mauriquez the inspector-general on board, with three hundred galley-slaves, and four hundred foldiers, was driven ashore near Calais. She was quickly followed by some English pinnaces, and these were supported by the admiral's long boat, in which he had sent a body of select foldiers to their assistance. Moncada himself, and almost all the Spaniards, were either killed or drowned in attempting to reach the shore. The rowers were set at liberty. About fifty thousand ducats were found on board. Mauriquez escaped, and was the first who carried the news of the disaster of the fleet to Spain.

One of the capital ships having been long battered by an English captain of the name of Cross, was sunk in the time of

the engagement. A few only of the crew were saved, who related, that one of the officers on board having proposed to surrender, he was killed by another who was enraged at his proposal; that this other was killed by the brother of the first; and that it was in the midst of this bloody scene, which paints the ferocious character of the Spaniards, that the ship had gone to the bottom. ^h

The fate of two other of the Spanish galleons is particularly mentioned by the cotemporary historians. One of them was called the St. Philip, and the other the St. Matthew, which had on board, besides several other nobility, two general officers, Don Francis Toledo, of the family of Orgas, and Don Diego Pimentel, brother to the Marquis of Tomnarez. After an obstinate engagement, in which the admiral's ship fought along with them, they were obli-

^h. Meteren and Grotius.

obliged to run ashore on the coast of Flanders, where they were taken by the Dutch. Toledo was drowned, and Pimentel, and all the rest who survived, were made prisoners.

The duke de Medina was much dejected at these misfortunes, and still more, when he reflected on the superior skill of the enemy. For it is well attested, that in all the engagements which had passed since the first appearance of the Armada in the channel, the English had lost only one small ship, and about a hundred men. Animated by their past success with sanguine hopes of final victory, they were now more formidable than ever. Medina dreaded, from a continuance of the combat, the entire destruction of his fleet. He could not without the greatest danger remain any longer in his present situation, and much less could he venture to approach any nearer to the coast of Flanders.

It now appeared how great an error Philip had committed, in neglecting to secure some commodious harbours in Zealand. He had from the first supposed that the enemy's ships would fly to their respective ports, as soon as his stupendous Armada should appear. But this Armada had been made unfit for the purpose for which it was designed, by means of that enormous expence which he bestowed in order to render it invincible. In constructing it, no attention had been given to the nature of those narrow seas in which it was to be employed; and the consequence of this important error was, that even if the English fleet had been unable to contend with the Spaniards in the deeper parts of the channel, yet they would have prevented them from landing; and the Dutch fleet lying in shallow water, to which the Galleons durst not approach, would still have kept their station, and
have

have rendered it impossible for the Spanish fleet and army to act in concert.

This the duke of Medina at length perceived, and he did not hesitate in resolving to abandon the further prosecution of his enterprize. The only subject of his deliberation now was, how he might, with the least difficulty and danger, get back to Spain. Had he been ever so much inclined to return through the channel, in which he must have been continually harassed by the enemy, yet the wind, which blew strong from the south, would have prevented him. He therefore resolved to sail northwards, and to make the circuit of the British isles.

This resolution was no sooner understood by the English admiral, than having dispatched Lord Seymour with a part of the fleet, to join the Dutch in watching the motions of the Duke of Parma, he set sail himself with the greater part of it, in
pur-

pursuit of the Spaniards. He followed close in their rear for three days; without attacking them. This he declined from the apprehension of his not having a sufficient quantity of gun-powder, with which he had been ill supplied by the public offices. Had he not been deterred from renewing his attack by this provoking circumstance, he might have forced the Spaniards to an engagement off Flamborough-head; and it is asserted, by a respectable cotemporary historian, ⁱ that so great was the distress of the Spanish fleet, and such the admiral's dread of the long and dangerous voyage before him, that he would have surrendered without resistance, in case he had been attacked. But he was saved from the disgrace in which this action would have involved his name, through the necessity under which the English admiral found

i. Grotius.

found himself of returning to England, to supply the deficiency of his stores.

Lord Howard had reason to be incensed against those, by whose negligence he was thus disabled from completing the glory which his gallant conduct had procured him. In the issue, however, it would have been unfortunate, if he had delayed his return. The two fleets sailing in opposite directions, were not far distant from each other, when a dreadful storm arose. The English reached home, though not without difficulty, yet without sustaining any considerable loss. But the Spaniards were exposed to the storm in all its rage, and became no less objects of pity to their enemies, than they had lately been of dread and terror. Having hitherto kept near each other, lest the English should have renewed the attack, this circumstance proved the first cause of their disasters. The ships were driven violently
against

against each other, and thereby many of them were rendered an easy prey to the fury of the waves. At length they were dispersed. In order to enable them to ride out the storm, the horses, mules and baggage were thrown over-board. This precaution was of advantage only to such of the ships as were stronger, or more fortunate than the rest. Some of them were dashed to pieces on the rocks of Norway, or sunk in the middle of the ocean. Others were thrown upon the coasts of Scotland and the western isles. And more than thirty were driven by another storm, which overtook them from the west, on different parts of the coasts of Ireland. Of these some afterwards reached home, in the most shattered condition, under the vice-admiral Ricaldo; others were shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows; and of those which reached the shore, the crews were barbarously murdered;

dered; from an apprehension, it was pretended, that in a country where there were so many disaffected catholics, it would have been dangerous to shew mercy to so great a number of the enemy. The duke de Medina having kept out in the open seas, escaped ship-wreck, and arrived at Saint Andero in Biscay about the end of September.

The calamities of the Spaniards did not end with their arrival in Spain. Two of the galleons which had withstood the storm, were accidentally set on fire, and consumed to ashes in the harbour. Great numbers, especially of the nobility and gentry accustomed to a life of ease and pleasure, had died at sea; and many more died afterwards of diseases occasioned by the hardships they had undergone.

Very different accounts are given, of the total loss sustained. Some assert that it amounted to thirty-two ships and ten thou-

thousand men; but others without pretending to ascertain the number of men, which could not, they say, be less than fifteen thousand, affirm, that more than eighty ships were taken, destroyed, or lost. ^k This dreadful calamity was sensibly felt all over Spain, and there was scarcely a single family of rank in the kingdom, that did not go into mourning for the death of some near relation; insomuch that Philip dreading the effect which this universal face of sorrow might produce upon the minds of the people, imitated the conduct of the Roman senate, and published an edict to abridge the time of public mourning. ^l

While

k. As the president de Thou, who lived at the time of this memorable event, pretends not to determine to which of these relations the greatest regard is due, it would be in vain at this time to attempt to decide betwixt them.

l. Meteren, lib. XIV. Grotii Historia, lib. I. Campana Decad. VII. lib. I. Ferreras and Thuanus.

While the people of Spain were thus overwhelmed with affliction, there was nothing to be heard in England and the united provinces but the voice of festivity and joy. In Holland medals were struck in commemoration of the happy event; and in both countries, days of solemn thanksgiving to Heaven were appointed for their deliverance. Elizabeth went for this purpose to St. Paul's cathedral, seated in a triumphal chariot, and surrounded with her ministers and nobles, amidst a great number of flags and colours which had been taken from the enemy; while the citizens were ranged in arms on each side of the streets through which she passed. Nor did the destruction of the Armada give joy only to the English and Dutch. All Europe had trembled at the thoughts of its success. For although it can hardly be supposed, that Philip was so romantic as to flatter himself with the

hopes of attaining universal monarchy, yet it is not to be imagined that he aspired only at the conquest of England and Holland. He had before this time formed the plan, which he afterwards pursued of subduing France. Nor can it be believed that any thing less would have satisfied his ambition, than the subjection of every protestant state in Europe, and the utter extirpation of the reformed religion.





SPRING.

THE north-east spends his rage; he,
now shut up
Within his iron cave, th'effusive South
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of
heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal sho-
wers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,

To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at
once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains,
vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the
fields;
And softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter
heard,
By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while heaven
descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on nature's ample
lap?

Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus, all day long, the full-distended
clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-sho-
wer'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward
fun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest
streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs
around.
Full swell the woods; their ev'ry music
wakes,

Mix'd

Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds
A softened shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam to give to light,
(Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic
tubes,)

The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely
wild,

O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the
power

Of botanist to number up their tribes;
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank,
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the moun-
tain - rock,

Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in
winds,

Innu-

Innumeros mix'd them with the nursing
mold,

The moistening current, and prolific rain.

The Golden Age.

But who their virtues can declare? who
pierce,

With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of
Man,

While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease,
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the
gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they rose as vig'rous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,

Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Mean time the song went round; and dance
and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole
Their hours away; while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish
free
And full replete with blifs; save the sweet
pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor furly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of
Heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal
gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious
clouds
Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling
mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd
secure.

This

This when, emergent from the gloomy
wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was
heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands
round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters
flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of
days.

The Iron Age.

But now those white unblemish'd minu-
tes, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd
mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have

Have burst their bounds; and reason half
extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large, or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge,
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart:
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping
hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd

Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rank-
ling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's
good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding
wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrefies the heart. Nature disturb'd,
Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her
course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge
came,
When the deep - cleft disparting orb, that
arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulph,
And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd
earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast:
Till,

Till, from the center to the streaming
clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with feverer
fway,

Oppress'd a broken world: the winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows: and Sum-
mer shot

His pestilential heats. Great spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blos-
soms blush'd,

In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs
bland

Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then
nor storms

Were taught to blow, nor hurricane to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no fulphureous
glooms

Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning
forth;

While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung

Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toft, from hot to
cold,
And dry to moist, with inward - eating
change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to
nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.





THE
DISADVANTAGES
OF
A BAD EDUCATION.

I was condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life, when satiety of common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts and

and dances and bag-pipes, congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round, and my parents discovered in my first cries such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness and the encrease of their estate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good Company, rattled in chariots, glittered in play-houses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their time called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

When there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness.

My Mamma therefore governed the family without controul; and except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a super-numerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or china dish to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

She therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendance of her son's education; and when my father at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer so fine a child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting them-

themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave than see me tear my cloaths, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes, and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed, he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured, and hired an honest gentleman of mean conversation and narrow sentiments, but whom, having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being

placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too burdensome an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or

or fwing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of flinging on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar five years older than myself have I dashed into confusion by my steadiness of countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could

not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilful in all the changes of expensive finery; but as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

The next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor, who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

In a short time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained ad-

mis-

mission to the most splendid assemblies, and most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded: the ladies praised the fancy of my cloaths, the beauties of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice; and invited by a thousand oblique solicitations my attendance to the play-house, and my salutations in the park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

After a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of satiety, or recreate weariness, by varied

amusement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these witlings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

When I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation by those who were themselves basely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure.

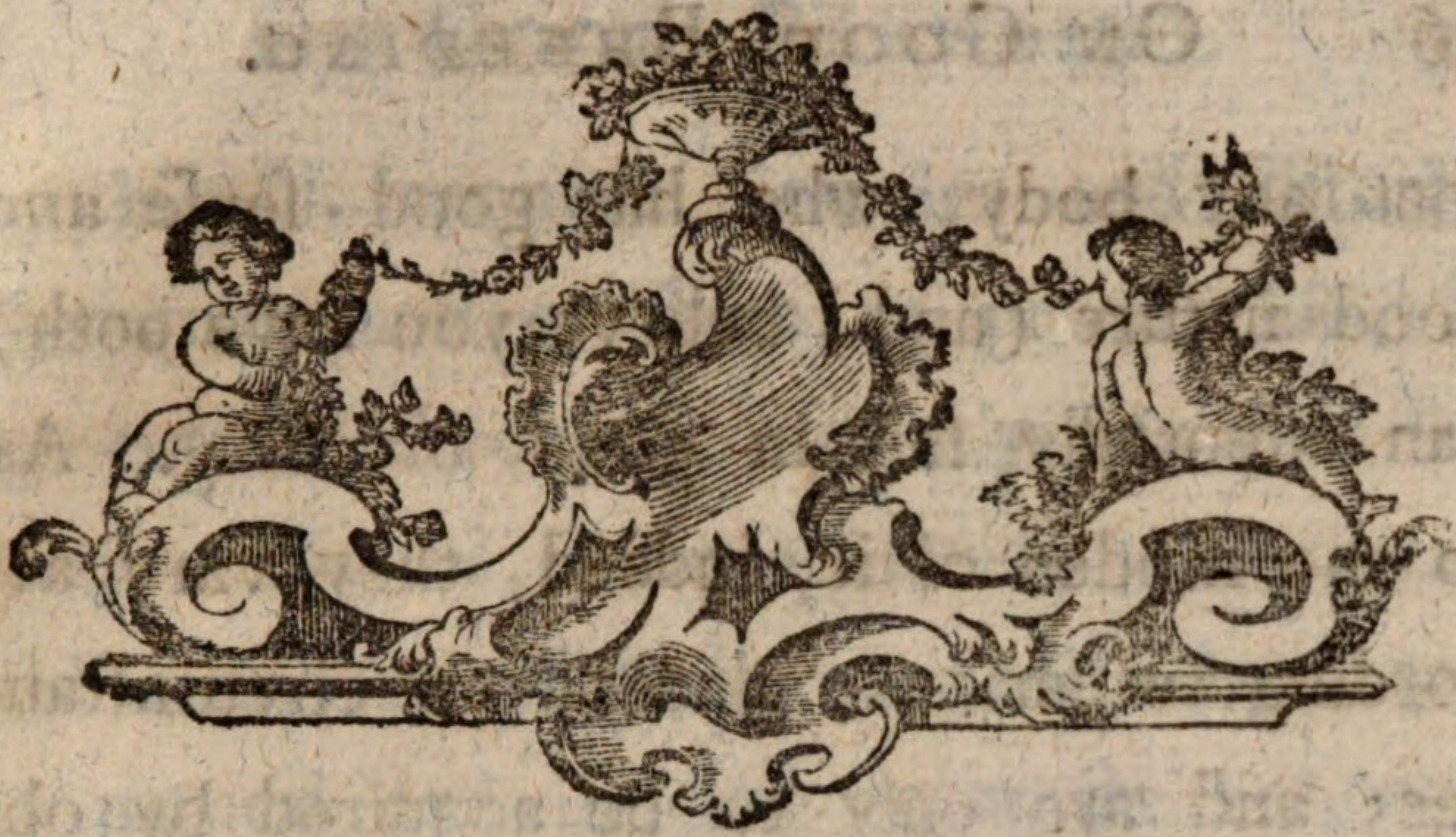
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But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties to whom I have made my addreses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right

to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.





ON
GOOD-BREEDING.

A Friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them? Taking this for granted, (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that

that any body, who has good-sense and good-nature (and I believe you have both) can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement, and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones: so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill bred-man, who,
by

by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural and implied contracts between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between Kings and subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that contract, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general, I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinite-

nately their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect, which every body means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the
time

time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is intitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accost you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are,
are

are intitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good - breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, fancies, whims, and even impertinencies, must be officiously attended to, flattered, and, if possible, guessed at, and anticipated by a well - bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniencies and agrémens which are of common right; such as the best p'aces, the best dishes, &c. but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well - bred man shows his good - breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not

not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those, who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons: and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But exam-

ple explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case. Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners, to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. Were I to show you, by a manifest inattention to what you said to me, that I was thinking of something else the whole time; were I to yawn extremely, snore, or break wind in your company, I should think that I behaved myself to you like a beast and should not expect that you would
care

care to frequent me. No. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. If ever a man and his wife, who pass nights as well as days together, absolutely lay aside all good-breeding, their intimacy will soon degenerate into a coarse familiarity, infallibly productive of contempt or disgust. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent, as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall certainly not use ceremony with you; it would be mis-placed between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

I will say no more, now, upon this important subject of good-breeding; upon which I have already dwelt too long, it

may be, for one letter; and upon which I shall frequently refresh your memory hereafter: but I will conclude with these axioms.

That the deepest learning, without good-breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use no where but in a man's own closet, and consequently of little or no use at all.

That a man, who is not perfectly well-bred, is unfit for good company, and unwelcome in it; will consequently dislike it, soon afterwards renounce it; and be reduced to solitude; or, what is worse, low and bad company.

That a man, who is not well-bred, is full as unfit for business as for company.

Make then, my dear child, I conjure you, good-breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions; at least half the day. Know, that as learning, honour, and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain
you

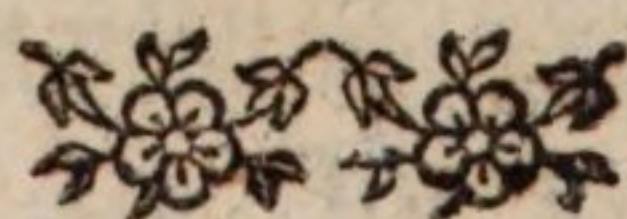
you the esteem and admiration of mankind; politeness and good-breeding are equally necessary, to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation, and common life. Great talents, such as honour, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world; who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others: but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing. Good sense must, in many cases, determine good-breeding; because the same thing that would be civil at one time, and to one person, may be quite otherwise to another person; but there are some general rules of good-breeding, that hold always true, and in all cases. As for example; it is always extremely rude, to answer only Yes, or No, to any body,

without adding, Sir, my Lord, or Madam, according to the quality of the person you speak to; as, in French, you must always say Monsieur, Milord, Madame, and Mademoiselle. I suppose you know that every married woman is, in French, Madame, and every unmarried one is Mademoiselle. 'Tis likewise extremely rude, not to give the proper attention, and a civil answer, when people speak to you; or to go away, or be doing something else, while they are speaking to you; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear or answer what they say. I dare say I need not tell you how rude it is, to take the best place in a room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others; as if you considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavour to procure all the conveniencies you can, to the
peo-

people you are with. Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good-breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a gentlemanlike manner. For this, you should observe the french people; who excel in it, and whose politeness seems as easy and natural as any other part of their conversation. Whereas the English are often awkward in their civilities, and, when they mean to be civil, are too much ashamed to get it out. But, pray, do you remember never to be ashamed of doing what is right: You would have a great deal of reason to be ashamed, if you were not civil; but what reason can you have to be ashamed of being civil? And why not say a civil and obliging thing, as easily and as naturally, as you would ask what o' clock it is? This kind of bashfulness, which is justly called, by the French, *mauvaise honte*, is the distinguishing character of an English booby;

who is frightened out of his wits, when people of fashion speak to him; and, when he is to answer them, blushes, stammers, can hardly get out what he would say; and becomes really ridiculous, from a groundless fear of being laughed at: whereas a real well-bred man would speak to all the kings in the world, with as little concern, and as much ease, as he would speak to you.

Remember, then, that to be well-bred is the only way to be beloved, and well received in company; that to be ill-bred, and rude, is intolerable, and the way to be kicked out of company; and that to be bashful, is to be ridiculous. As I am sure you will mind and practise all this, I expect that when you are novennis, you will not only be the best scholar, but the best-bred boy in England of your age.





ON
CHOOSING
OUR
COMPANY.

THE next thing to the choice of your friends, is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise, as much as you sink with people below you; for you are, whatever

the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration: But I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good Company; one, which is called the beau monde, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr Addisson and Mr Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those, who are absolutely insignificant and contemptible in them-

themselves, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have, in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company, is but too common; but it is very silly and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character more, than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company? and how? I say, yes, he has, by deserving it; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good-breeding will make their way every where. Knowledge will introduce him, and good-breeding will endear him to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good-breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any, or all other good qualities or talents. Without them, no knowledge, no perfection

tion whatsoever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

I shall now give you some rules for your conduct in company; rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down, and communicate to you, with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches: I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing-master, and to your own attention to the best models: remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay
your

your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company; this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt, and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative, betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold any body by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for, if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbour) to whisper, or at least, in a half voice, to convey a continuity of words to. This is

ex-

excessively ill - bred, and, in some degree, a fraud; conversation - stock - being a joint and common property. But, on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience, (and at least seeming attention) if he is worth obliging; for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing, as nothing would hurt him more, than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them, more or less, upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk fillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own chusing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations; which, though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose, for a time, the

the contending parties towards each other: and, if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavour to put an end to it, by some gentle levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation - hubbub once, by representing to them, that, though I was persuaded none there present would repeat, out of company, what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts, that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of egotism.

Some, abruptly, speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretence or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully, as they imagine; and

and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves, by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. They acknowledge indeed, it may seem odd, that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done; no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused. But, in these cases, justice is surely due to one's self, as well as to others; and, when our character is attacked, we may say, in our own justification, what otherwise we never would have said. 'This thin veil of modesty drawn before vanity, is much too transparent to conceal it, even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more sily still (as they think) to work; but, in my mind, still more ridiculously. They
con-

confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the Cardinal virtues; by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune, in being made up of those weaknesses. They cannot see people suffer, without sympathising with, and endeavouring to help them. They cannot see people want without relieving them: though, truly, their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short, they know that, with all their weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it. But they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can. This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost for the stage; and yet take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it, upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by the bye, that

you will often meet with characters in nature so extravagant, that a discreet poet, would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high colouring.

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature, that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true, (which, by the way, it seldom is) no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but, supposing it to be true, what then? Why he is a very good post-boy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drank six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting: out of charity, I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I must think him a beast.

Such, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagancies, which vanity draws

draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose: and, as Waller says, upon another subject,

Make the wretch the most despised,

Where most he wishes to be prized.

The only sure way of avoiding these evils, is, never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word, that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that any thing you can say yourself will varnish your defects, or add lustre to your perfections; but, on the contrary, it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring, and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule, will obstruct or allay the applause which you may re-

ally deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric, upon any occasion, or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to seem dark and mysterious; which is not only a very unamiable character, but a very suspicious one too: if you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can
fel-

Seldom help looking, what they have no intention that I should know.

Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly, for, though the defamation of others may, for the present, gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition: and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimickry, which is the common and favourite amusement of little, low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practise it yourself, nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted; and, as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

I need not (I believe) advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you

are conversing with: for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject, and in the same manner, to a minister of state, a bishop, a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like theameleon, be able to take every different hue; which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance, for it relates only to manners, and not to morals.

One word only, as to swearing; and that, I hope and believe, is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people, in good company, interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe, too, that those who do so, are never those who contribute, in any degree, to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for
that

that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly, and as illiberal, as it is wicked.

In the comedy of the Frenchman in London, which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of How do you do, how do you do? Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a fullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops very soon; but the Frenchman runs on in a continued alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the Eng-

lish consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety: but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a Marquis and a valet de chambre. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Thuilleries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as are rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for Conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: infomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our
pre-

present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse teems upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of Whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can: but it often happens, that those, who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball handed to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of

our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over the whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should

be

be condemned to converse only in dumb shew with their own persons in the looking-glass, as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sais-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that, (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and
force

force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*, which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and, to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the whisperers and low speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the whistlers or tune-hummers, who

who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert: and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the founding brass; the bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier,

The tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the soft parts of conversation, and sweetly prating out of fashion, make very pretty musick from a beautiful face and a female tongue: but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the half swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fish*, and *demme*; the gothic humbuggers, and those who nick-name God's creatures, and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable muskin, should never come
into

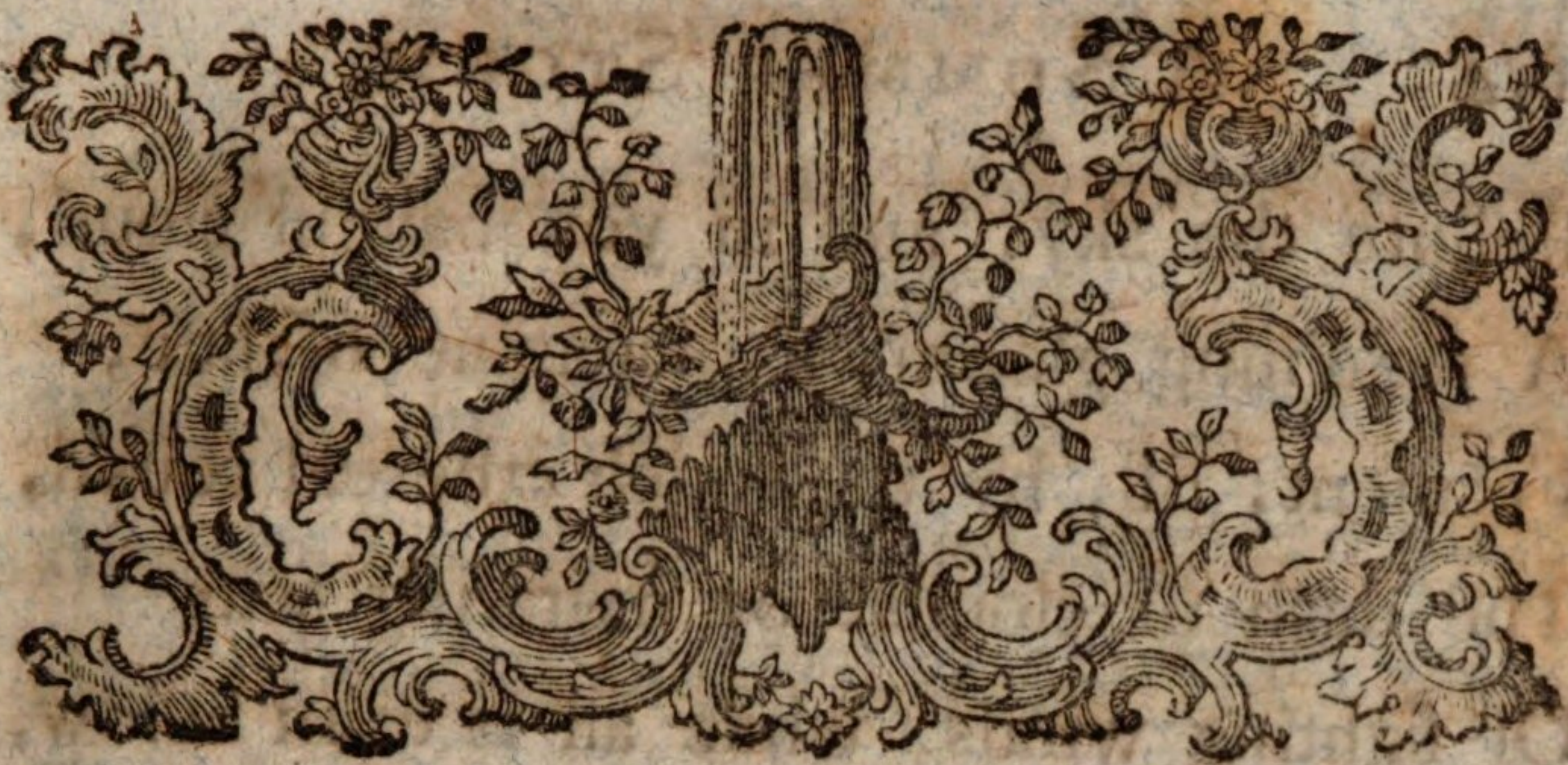
into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the sensibiles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the wonderers, who are always wondering what o' clock it is, or wondering whether, it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the phraseologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars with this that and t'other; and, lastly, the silent men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and nay, nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs
of

of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood - notes, as any Signor or Signora for an Italian Air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants of High - Germany and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low - Dutch. However this may be,
we

we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: grunTERS and growlers may be justly compared to hogs: snarlers are curs; and the spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroaking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckows. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses: critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing, and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.





A

SUMMER STORM.

BEHOLD, slow - settling o'er the lu-
cid grove

Unusual darknefs broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd
With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:

When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of
heaven,

The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and
more

The noise astounds; till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling; peal on
peal

Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and
earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,

Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the
clouds,

Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame
unquench'd,

Th'unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled
rage.

Black from the stroke above, the smould-
ring pine

Stands a sad shattered trunk, and, stretch'd
below,

A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:

Here the soft flocks, with that same harm-
less look

They wore alive, and ruminating still

In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,

And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled
cliff,

The venerable tower and spiry fane

Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods

Start at the flash, and from their deep re-
cess,

Wide-

Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates
shake.

Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar, with mighty crush
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and *Snowden's*
peak,

Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot*
blaze,

And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troub-
led thought.

And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young *Celadon*
And his *Amelia* were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd: But such their guileless passion was,

As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,

Th'enchancing hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th'awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes
stray'd,

While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

Hea-

Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
On the big gloom, on *Celadon* her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain, assuring love, and confidence
In heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and
shook

Her frame near dissolution, He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying faints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. „Fear not, he
said,

„Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
„And inward storm! He, who yon skies
involves

„In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
„With kind regard. O'er thee the secret
shaft

„That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded
hour

„Of noon, flies harmless: and that very
voice,

„Which thunders terror thro' the guilty
heart,

„With tongues of seraphs whispers peace
to thine.

„'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus

„To clasp perfection!" From his void em-
brace,

Mysterious heaven! that moment, to the
ground,

A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous
maid.

But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of
woe!

So, (faint resemblance,) on the marble tomb,
The well - dissembled mourner stooping
stands,

For ever silent, and for ever sad.



DAMON



D A M O N A N D M U S I D O R A.

TIS beauty all, and grateful song
around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous
bleat
Of flocks thick - nibbling thro' the clover'd
vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless
Man,

Most - favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serene the
sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest
wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his
own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Chear'd by the milder beam, the spright-
ly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose
cristal depth
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
Gazing th'inverted landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling
flood;
His ebon tresses; and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and thro' th'obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd
With

With arms and legs according well, he
makes,

As humour leads, an easy - winding path:
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
Nor, when cold winter keens the bright'ning
flood,

Would I weak-shiv'ring linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the
wave.

Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes

Runs

Runs out the rambling dale, young *Damon*
fat,

Pensive, and pierc'd with loves delightful
pangs.

There to the stream that down the distant
rocks

Hoarse-murm'ring fell, and plaintive breeze
that play'd

Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of *Musidora's* cruelty complain'd,

She felt his flame; but deep within her
breast,

In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it
stole

In side-long glances from her down-cast
eye,

Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.

Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his
vows,

He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy
swain!

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
This cool retreat his *Musidora* fought:
Warm in her cheek the fultry season glow'd:
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to
bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flatt'rings, he a while re-
main'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to re-
tire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue,
say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have
done?
Mean time, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous
limbs,

To

With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted
flood

Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And ev'ry beauty soft'ning, ev'ry grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed;
As shines the lily thro' the cristal wild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly
glows.

While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the
wave

But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming
locks,

That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent *Damon* drew
Such madning draughts of beauty to the
soul

As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd
thought

With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd

The

The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from
the shade,
With headlong hurry fled; but first these
lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. „Bathe on,
my fair,
„Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
„Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
„To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
„And each licentious eye.” With wild sur-
prize,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood;
So stands the statue * that enchants the
world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those
robes.
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, th'alarining paper snatch'd.
But,

* The *Venus* of Medecis.

But, when her *Damon's* well known hand
she saw,

Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,

By modesty exalted; even a sense
Of self - approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul:
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the
stream

Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her *Damon* kiss'd with weeping
joy;

„Dear youth! Sole judge of what these ver-
ses mean,

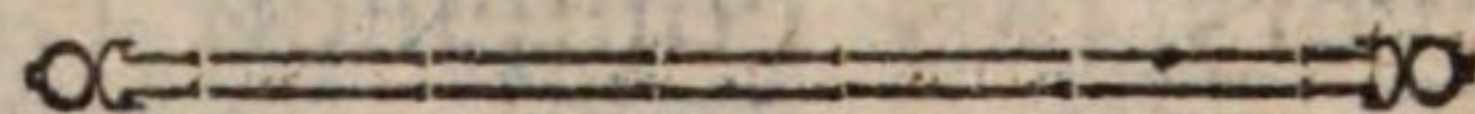
„By fortune too much favour'd, but by Love

„Alas! favour'd not less. Be still, as now

„Discreet. The time may come, you need
not fly.”



THE
LIFE
OF THE
COUNT
DE
CAYLUS.



COUNT de CAYLUS, Marquis de Sternay, Baron de Bransac, was born at Paris, the 31st day of October, 1692. He was the eldest of the two sons of John Count de Caylus, Lieutenant-General of the armies of the King of France, and of the Marchioness de Villette.

It

It is feldom that the memoirs of a man of letters commence with titles of nobility. It was destined that Count de Caylus should unite these different kinds of glory, and should make them mutually reflect a lustre on one another. His merits deserve that it be remembered, that his ancestors were particularly distinguished in the twelfth century; and that his mother was a descendant of the celebrated D'Aubigné, who was the friend and the historian of Henry the fourth.

The Count and the Countess his father and mother, were particularly attentive to the education of their son. The former instructed him in the profession of arms, and in bodily exercises. The latter watched over and fostered the virtues of his mind; and this delicate task she discharged with singular success. The Countess was the niece of Madame de Maintenon, and was remarkable for the solidity of her under-

standing, and the charms of her wit. She was the author of that agreeable book, intitled, the recollections of Madame de Caylus; of which Voltaire has lately published an elegant edition. This illustrious woman was careful to inspire her son with the love of truth, justice, and generosity, and with the nicest sentiments of honour. The amiable qualities and talents of the mother appeared in the son; but they appeared with a bold and military air. In his natural temper he was gay and sprightly, had a taste for pleasure, a strong passion for independence, and an invincible aversion to the servitude of a court.

Such were the first instructors of Count de Caylus. He was only twelve years of age, when his father died at Brussels, in November 1704. After finishing his exercises he entered into the corps of Mousquetaires, and in his first campaign in the year 1709. he distinguished himself by his

va-

valour, in such a manner, that Louis the fourteenth commended him in the presence of all the court, and rewarded his merit with an ensigncy in the Gendarmerie. In 1711. he commanded a regiment of dragoons, which was called by his own name; and he signalized himself at the head of it in Catalonia. In 1713, he was at the siege of Fribourg, where he was exposed to imminent danger in the bloody attack of the covered way. Had he been disposed to enter into the views of his family, the favour of Madame de Maintenon and his own personal merit could not fail to have raised him to the highest honours; but the peace of Rastad left him in a state of inactivity, ill-suited to his natural temper.

His vivacity carried him soon to travel into Italy; and his curiosity was greatly excited by the wonders of that country, where antiquity is still fruitful, and produ-

ces so many objects to improve taste and to excite admiration. The eyes of the Count were not yet learned, but they were struck with the sight of so many beauties, and soon became acquainted with them. After a year's absence, he returned to Paris, with so strong a passion for travelling, and for antiquities, as induced him to quit the army. Italy had enlightened his taste; and in that country of the arts he perceived that he was born to cultivate them.

He had no sooner quitted the service of Louis, than he sought for an opportunity to set out for the Levant. When he arrived at Smyrna, he visited the ruins of Ephesus. From the Levant, he was recalled in February 1717, by the tenderness of his mother. From that time, he left not France, but to make two excursions to London.

The Countess of Caylus died in the
year

year 1729. aged 56 years. When he had become sedentary, his mind was by no means inactive; he applied himself to music, drawing and painting. He wrote too, but it was chiefly for the amusement of his friends, he had fire and spirit, but did not aim at correctness or elegance of style. In order to judge of the works of art, he had taste, that instinct superior to study, surer than reasoning, and more rapid than reflection. With one glance of his eye, he was able to discover the defects and the beauties of every piece.

The Academy of painting and sculpture adopted him as an honorary member in the year 1731; and the Count, who loved to realize titles, spared, neither his labour, nor his credit, nor his fortune, to instruct, assist, and animate the artists. He wrote the lives of the most celebrated painters and engravers that have done honour to this illustrious Academy; and, in order to

extend the limits of the art, which seemed to him to move in too narrow a circle, he collected, in three different works, new subjects for the painter, which he had met with in the works of the ancients. It is left to the artists to pronounce upon the utility of these collections, and to determine whether the beautiful images of a Virgil and a Homer are all of them fit to appear upon canvas or in marble.

The zeal of writers, who propose to instruct mankind, is not always disinterested; they pay themselves for their instructions by the reputation they expect to derive from them. Count de Caylus did not despise this noble recompence; but it is also to be observed, that he loved the arts on their own account; a circumstance, which very plainly appears, from many private instances of his generosity to those who were possessed of talents, but were not the favourites of fortune.

Besi-

Besides the presents, which he made from time to time to the Academy of painting and sculpture, he founded an annual prize in it for such of the pupils as should succeed best in drawing, or modelling a head after nature, and in giving the truest expression of the characteristical features of a given passion. He encouraged the study of anatomy and perspective by generous rewards; and if he had lived longer he would have executed the design which he had formed of founding a new prize in favour of those who should apply themselves with most success to these two essential branches of the art.

Such was his passion for antiquity, that he wished to have had it in his power to bring the whole of it to life again. He saw with regret, that the works of the ancient painters, which have been discovered in our times, are effaced and destroyed almost as soon as they are drawn

from the subterraneous mansions where they were buried. A fortunate accident furnished him with the means of shewing us the composition and the colouring of the pictures of ancient Rome. The coloured drawing, which the famous Pietro Sante Bartoli had taken there from antique paintings, happened to fall into his hands. He had them engraved, and, before he enriched the King of France's cabinet with them he gave an edition of them at his own expence. It is, perhaps, the most extraordinary book of antiquities that will ever appear. The whole is painted with a precision and a purity that is inimitable; we see the liveliness and freshness of the colouring that charmed the Caesars. There were only thirty copies published; and there is no reason to expect that there will be any more. What will, hereafter, be the value of these admirable copies, the faithful monuments of

of ancient painting, in all its grace and beauty.

Count de Caylus was engaged at the same time in another enterprize, still more honourable for the Roman grandeur, and more interesting to the French nation. In the last age, Dez Godetz, under the auspices of Colbert, published the antiquities of Rome. The work was admired by all Europe, and gave birth to that indefatigable emulation which carried able ingenious travellers to Spalatra, Balbec, and even to the burning sands of Palmyra; in order to visit the famous ruins of so many magnificent buildings, and to present them to our view. It is this that has made us spectators of the monuments of Athens; that mother of learning, of arts, and of sciences; where, in spite of the injuries of time and barbarism, so many illustrious sculptors and architects still live in the ruins of their edifices, in like manner as
so

so many incomparable authors still breathe in the valuable fragments of their writings. The same Colbert had framed the design of engraving the roman antiquities, that are still to be seen in the southern provinces of France. By his orders, Mignard, the architect, had made drawings of them, which Count de Caylus had the good fortune to recover. He resolved to finish the work projected by Colbert, and to dedicate it to that great minister: and so much had he this glorious enterprize at heart, that he was employed in it during his last illness, and recommended it warmly to M. Mariette. The project will be faithfully executed. All the plates are already engraved; and, if no unforeseen obstruction arises, the work will be finished with the utmost precision and beauty. An able architect is now upon the spot, employed by M. Mariette in measuring those edifices which escaped former researches, and

and in verifying the drawings of Mignard.

The confidence which all Europe placed in the knowledge and taste of Count Caylus, has contributed to decorate and embellish it. The powers of the North have more than once consulted him, more than once referred the choice of artists to him for the execution of great undertakings. It is to the protection of Count de Caylus that Bouchardon, that immortal sculptor, whose name will in future times accompany that of Phidias and Praxiteles, was indebted for the noblest opportunities of displaying his talents. It is to Count Caylus that the city of Paris is indebted for those master-pieces of art, which are two of its noblest ornaments, viz. the equestrian statue of Louis XIV, and the fountain in the Rue de Grenelle.

He shunned honours, but was desirous of being admitted into the number of the honorary members of the Academy of belles

les lettres; he entered into it in the year 1742, and then it was that he seemed to have found the place for which nature designed him. The study of literature now became his ruling passion, he consecrated to it his time and his fortune; he even renounced his pleasures, to give himself wholly up to that of making some discovery in the field of antiquity.

But, amidst the fruits of his researches and invention, nothing seemed more flattering to him than his discovery of encaustic painting. A description of Pliny's, but too concise a one to give him a clear view of the matter, suggested the idea of it. He availed himself of the friendship and skill of M. Magault, a physician in Paris, and an excellent chymist; and by repeated experiments, found out the secret of incorporating wax with different tints and colours, of making it obedient to the pencil, and thus rendering paintings immortal.

Pliny

Pliny has made mention of two kinds of encaustic painting practised by the ancients; one of which was performed with wax, and the other upon ivory, with hot punches of iron. It was the former that Count de Caylus had the merit of reviving; and M. Munz afterwards made many experiments to carry it to perfection.

In the hands of Count Caylus, literature and the arts lent each other a mutual aid. But it would be endless to give an account of all his works. He published above forty dissertations in the *Memoirs of the Academy of belles lettres*. Never was there an Academician more zealous for the honour of the society to which he belonged. The artists he was particularly attentive to; and, to prevent their falling into mistakes, from an ignorance of costume, which the ablest of them have sometimes done, he founded a prize of five hundred livres, the object of which is to
ex-

explain, by means of authors and monuments, the usages of ancient nations.

In order that he might enjoy with the whole world the treasures he had collected, he caused them to be engraved, and gave a learned description of them in a work which he embellished with eight hundred plates.

His curiosity, though excessive, he was always careful to proportion to his income. He had too much pride to be burthenfome to his friends. His name, which was known in every country where letters are respected, procured him a great number of correspondents. All the antiquaries, those who thought themselves such, those who were desirous of being thought such, were ambitious of corresponding with him. They flattered themselves that they were intitled to the character of learned men, when they could shew a letter from Count Caylus.

His

His literary talents were embellished with an inexhaustible fund of natural goodness, an inviolable zeal for the honour of his prince and the welfare of his country, an unaffected and genuine politeness, rigorous probity, a generous disdain of flatterers, the warmest compassion for the wretched and the indigent, the greatest simplicity of character, and the utmost sensibility of friendship.

The strength of his constitution seemed to give him the hopes of a long life; but in the month of July 1764, a humour settled in one of his legs, which entirely destroyed his health. Whilst he was obliged to keep his bed, he seemed less affected by what he suffered, than with the restraint upon his natural activity. When the wound was closed, he resumed his usual occupations with great eagerness, visited his friends, and animated the labour of the artists, while he himself was dying.

Carried in the arms of his domestics, he seemed to leave a portion of his life in every place he went to. He expired on the 5th of September 1765. By his death his family is extinct; and the arts, and the literary world in general, have lost their warmest, their most active friend, and their most zealous benefactor.

The tomb erected to the honour of Count de Caylus, is to be seen in the chappel of St. Germain - L'Auxerrois, and deserves to be remarked. It is perfectly the tomb of an antiquary. This monument was an ancient sepulchral antique of the most beautiful porphyry, with ornaments in the Egyptian taste. From the moment that he had procured it, he had destined it to grace the place of his interment. While he awaited the fatal hour, he placed it in his garden; where he used to look upon it with a tranquil but thoughtful eye, and pointed it out to the inspection

tion of his friends. He has even given a description of it in the VIIth Vol. of his Antiquities, which has appeared since his death.

The character of Count Caylus is to be traced in the different occupations which divided his cares and his life. In society he had all the frankness of a soldier, and a politeness which had nothing in it of deceit or circumvention. Born independent, he applied to studies which suited his taste. His heart was yet better than his abilities; the former made him beloved; the latter intitled him to respect. It happened one day, that he saw on the border of a ditch a countryman asleep, and a boy, about eleven years of age, regarding the lineaments of his face, and his picturesque dress, with a fixed attention. The count approaching with affability, asked him about what he was thinking. Sir, said the child, if I knew how

to design, I would trace out the figure of this man. Do so then, said the admirer of artists, here are tablets and a crayon. Emboldned by this encouragement, the child attempted to take a representation of the figure before him, and he had scarcely finished the head when the count embraced him, and informed himself of the place of his abode, that he might raise him to a better condition.

In his walks, he used frequently to try the honesty of the poor, by sending them with a piece of money to get change for him. In these cases, he concealed himself to enjoy their confusion at not finding him; and then, presenting himself, used to commend their honesty, and give them double the sum. He said frequently to his friends. I have this day lost a crown; but I was sorry that I had not an opportunity to give a second. The beggar ought not to want integrity.

The candour of this great man, and the simplicity of his character added to his merits, and to the regrets which his loss occasioned.





IMPUDENCE
AND
MODESTY,
AN
ALLEGORY.

IAM of opinion, that the common complaints against Providence are ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the causes of their good or bad

fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and these too, pretty numerous: but few, in comparaiſon of the inſtances we have of a right diſtribution of proſperity and adverſity: nor indeed could it be otherwiſe from the common courſe of human affairs. To be endued with a benevolent diſpoſition, and to love others, will almoſt infallibly procure love and eſteem, which is the chief circumſtance in life, and facilitates every enterprize and undertaking; beſides the ſatiſfaction, which immediately reſults from it. The caſe is the ſame with the other virtues. Proſperity is naturally, though not neceſſarily attached to virtue and merit; and adverſity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

I muſt, however, confeſs, that this rule admits of an exception, with regard to one moral quality; and that modeſty has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents,

lents, as impudence displays them to the utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth, and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he is pleased to put himself off for; and admit his overbearing airs, as proofs of that merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can distinguish impudence from it: as, on the other hand, diffidence being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which in outward appearance so nearly resembles it.

As impudence, though really a vice, has the same effect upon a man's fortune, as if it were a virtue; so we may observe, that it is almost as difficult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished

from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually encrease upon indulgence. Many a man being sensible that modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter: but 'tis observable that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true genuine natural impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits and is sensible of, he is so much the nearer his end. But when he endeavours at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of that failure will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him: after which every blush is a cause for new blushes, 'till he is found out to be

be

be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre when a person is endowed with it, and supply its place in a great measure when it is absent. 'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves, with large possessions, give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations; they rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine every thing with the greatest accuracy: as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their senti-

ments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose in the practice of the world that integrity of virtue, so to speak, of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence, is as difficult as to reconcile vice and modesty.

These are the reflections which have occurred upon this subject of impudence; and I hope the reader will not be displeased to see them wrought into the following allegory.

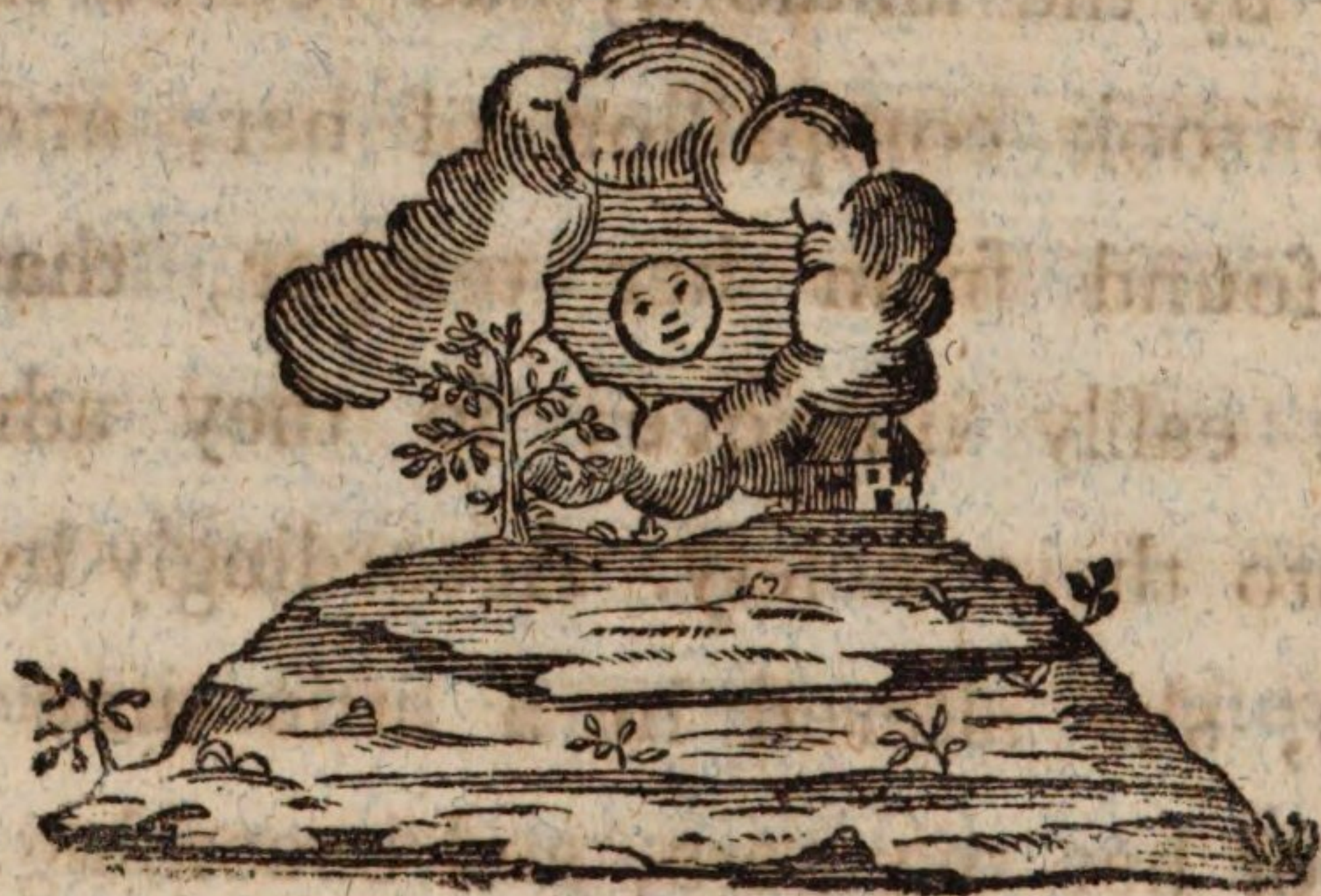
Jupiter, in the beginning, joined virtue, wisdom, and confidence together; and vice, folly, and diffidence: and thus connected, sent them into the world. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment; and said that confidence was the natural companion of virtue, and that vice deserved to be attended with diffidence, they had not been gone far before dissensions arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one
com-

company, was always accustomed before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whither it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time; which delay was very displeasing to confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much fore-thought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and virtue were inseparable: but confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner the other society though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As folly saw very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference.

ference to one above another, and this want of resolution was encreased by diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career, in whatever his inclination led him to. Folly, he knew, though he hearkened to diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companions, wandered for some time, till at last chance led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to wealth, the lord of the village; and without staying for a
por-

porter, indruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found vice and folly well received before him. He joined the train recommended himself very quickly to his landlord, and entered into such a familiarity with vice, that he enlisted in the same company with folly. They were frequent guests of wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from poverty, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found wisdom and virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion of her, and wisdom found from her temper, that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manners, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called

led by the name of modesty. As ill company has a greater effect than good, confidence, though more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of vice and folly, as to pass by the name of impudence. Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and knowing nothing of these mutual desertions are thereby led into strange mistakes; and wherever they see impudence, make account of virtue and wisdom, and wherever they observe modesty, call her attendants vice and folly.





THE
STUDY
OF
HISTORY
RECOMMENDED TO THE
LADIES.

THERE is nothing which I would recommend more earnestly to my female readers than the study of history, as an occupation, of all others, the best

best suited to their sex and education; much more instructive than their ordinary books of amusement, and more entertaining than those serious compositions, which are usually to be found in their closets.

Among other important truths which they may learn from history, they may be informed of two particulars, the knowledge of which may contribute very much to their quiet and repose: that our sex, as well as theirs, are far from being such perfect creatures as they are apt to imagine; and that love is not the only passion which governs the male world, but is often overcome by avarice, ambition, vanity, and a thousand other passions. Whether they be false representations of mankind in those two particulars, which endear romances and novels so much to the fair sex, I know not; but must confess, that I am sorry to see them have such an aversion to matter of fact, and such an appetite for

fal-

falsehood. I remember I was once desired by a young beauty, for whom I had some passion, to send her some novels and romances for her amusement in the country; but was not so ungenerous as to take the advantage which such a course of reading might have given me, being resolved not to make use of poisoned arms against her. I therefore sent her *Plutarch's Lives*, assuring her at the same time, that there was not a word of truth in them from beginning to end. She perused them very attentively, till she came to the lives of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, whose names she had heard of by accident; and then returned me the book, with many reproaches for deceiving her.

The advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds; as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

In reality, what more agreeable enter-

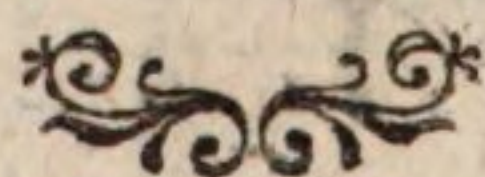
tainment to the mind, than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint efforts towards the arts and the sciences? to see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing which is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection? To remark the rise, progress, declension and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin? In short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass, as it were, in review before us; appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises, which during their lifetime so much perplexed the judgment of the beholders? What spectacle can be so magnificent, so various, so interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or
imagi-

imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures!

But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well, as an agreeable amusement; and a great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value so highly is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind, belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, together with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome. A woman may behave herself with good manners, and have even some vivacity in her turn of wit; but where her mind is so unfurni-

shed 'tis impossible her conversation can afford any entertainment to men of sense and reflection.

I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life and limited knowledge, even of what passes in our time, we must be sensible, that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention which extends our experience to all past ages and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

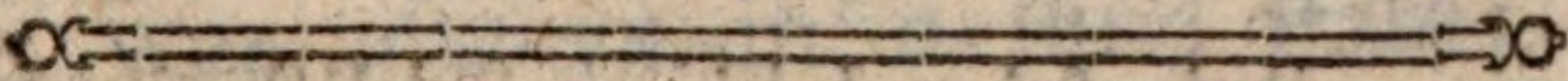


LORD



L O R D
B O L I N G B R O K E
T O
D^R. S W I F T.

From my Farm, June 27, 1734.



I THANK you, my dear *Dean*; or, to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of the 23d of May, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and, provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and

read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good, their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion I imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere, cordial friendship, subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of Pythagoras, or some other collection of wise apothems of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim?

Is

Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed as the result of them. This we affirm; and, in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers if we have any.

Thus the king of Siam affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the Talopoins (do they not call them so?) hold this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Aoa; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims founded on observations of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We

see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty, from a thousand reasons, concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And, even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are, comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age, and our own country, chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man, in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the
same

same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, (when that was the theme of the day,) his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribbands &c. who should, to have been consistent, have had this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough and yet I have known some resembling it very much in the general, and many exactly like it, In the strongest marks it bore.

Now, let us suppose that some Rochefaucault, or other, some anthroponomical sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business never does it: nor this

that he who brings about great revolutions is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the others.

Proceed we now, dear doctor, to the application. A man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy, that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his

pas-

passions, or made them all subservient to that one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world errant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as *Seneca* mentions in one of his letters to *Lucilius*, to have been put over the door of one *Vattica*, *Hic situs est Vattica*. But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austere to himself, and more beneficially to mankind than a man out of it. The stoics were an affected pedantical sect: but I have always approved that rule of the portique, that a philosopher was not to except himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind.

Men-

Mencius, and his master, *Confucius*, were good moralists and they divided their doctrines into three parts, the duties of a man; of an individual, as a member of a family; and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been and some are, I believe, philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy and forget to speak of *Pope*. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at *Cirencester*; he came thither from Mylord *Lobham's*, he came to Mylord *Lobham's* from Mr *Dormer's*, to Mr *Dormer's* from *London*; to *London* from *Cheswick*, to *Cheswick* from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and from thence he goes soon to Lord *Bathurst's*, from Lord *Bathurst's* to Lord *Peterborow's*; after which, he returns to my farm again. The dae-
mon

mon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of *Horace* which begins, *Ambubaiarum* collegia pharmacopolæ &c. and has chosen rather to weaken the images than to hurt chaste ears over much. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret, as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me which some events of my life would seem perhaps, to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his *Moral Essays*. They will do more good than the sermons, and writings of some who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrine taught, hinted at and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines were to be disputed in prose; I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things

things may be expressed a little hardly but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence which I wonder at the more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid, likewise, to the other friends you mention,

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming amongst us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads, you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if any thing else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.





PALEMON AND LAVINIA.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the
sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading
day;

Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty
sheaves,

While

While thro' their chearful band the rural
talk,

The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the
stacks;

And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with
joy.

The gleaners spread around, and here and
there,

Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, o grateful think!
How good the God of harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing
fields;

While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide - hover round you, like the fowls of
heaven,

And ask their humble dole. The various
turns

Of

Of fortune ponder; that your sons may
want

What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye
give.

The lovely young *Lavinia* once had
friends;

And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.

For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,

Of every stay, save innocence and heaven,

She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,

And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd

Among the windings of a woody vale;

By solitude and deep furrounding shades,

But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet

From giddy passion and low-minded pride:

Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;

Like the gay birds that sung them to re-
pose,

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning
rose,

When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd
and pure,

As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:

Or when the mournful tale her mother
told,

Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy
star

Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace.
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's
self,

Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,

A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the
wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet *Lavinia*; till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she
went
To glean *Palemon's* fields. The pride of
swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper - train
To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning
quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze;
He saw her charming, but he saw not half

The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.

That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread
laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

„What pity! that so delicate a form,
„By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
„And more than vulgar goodness seem to
dwell,
„Should be devoted to the rude embrace,
„Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
„Of old *Acasto's* line; and to my mind
„Recalls that patron of my happy life,
„From whom my liberal fortune took its
rise,
„Now to the dust gone down; his houses,
lands,
„And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
„ 'Tis

„ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
„ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent
pride,
„ Far from those scenes which knew their
better days,
„ His aged widow and his daughter live,
„ Whom yet my fruitless search could never
find.
„ Romantic wish! would this the daughter
were! .”

When, strict enquiring, from herself he
found
She was the same, the daughter of his
friend,
Of bountiful *Acasto*; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in shivering transport
ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, arrow'd,
and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once,
Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,

Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus *Palemon*, passionate, and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

„And art thou then *Acasto's* dear re-
mains?

„She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
„So long in vain? O yes! the very same,
„The softened image of my noble friend,
„Alive his every look, his every feature,
„More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than
spring!

„Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
„That nourish'd up my fortune! Say! ah
where,

„In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
„The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
„Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
„Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing
rain,

„Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?

„O let me now, into a richer soil,

„Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns,
and showers,

„Dif-

„Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
„And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
„Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
„*Acasto's* daughter, his whose open stores,
„Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
„The father of a country, thus to pick
„The very refuse of those harvest fields,
„Which from his bounteous friendship I
 enjoy.
„Then throw that shameful pittance from
 thy hand,
„But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
„The fields, the master, all, my fair, are
 thine;
„If to the various blessings which thy house,
„Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that
 bliss,
„That dearest bliss, the power of blessing
 thee! .”

Here ceas'd the youth; yet still his speaking eye

Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude and love,

Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she
pin'd away

The lonely moments for *Lavinia's* fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright
gleam.

Of setting life shone on her evening hours;
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair:
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and
rear'd

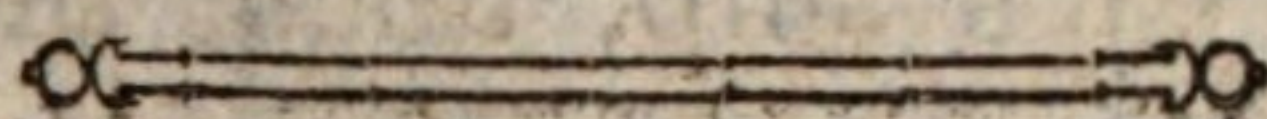
A numerous offspring, lovely like them-
selves,

And good, the grace of all the country
round.





ANECDOTE OF A BRITISH SAILOR.



IN 1756, Admiral *Watson* having failed with his squadron and the king's troops from fort St. David to the assistance of Calcutta, in the East-Indies, stopped at Mayapore, on the banks of the Ganges, where the ennemy had a place of considerable strength, called Bougee Fort, which it was necessary to secure before he proceeded farther in the expedition. The action was begun by a brisk cannonade from the

squadron, which soon silenced the cannon of the fort; but the garrison not offering to surrender, and continuing to discharge fire - arrows and small arms, it was determined in a council of sea and land Officers, that Colonel *Clive* should endeavour to take it by assault. For this purpose at five in the evening, the Admiral landed an Officer, two midshipmen, and about forty sailors from each ship, under the command of Capt. *King*, to assist the Colonel in storming the fort, which he intended doing just before day - light, under the cover of two twenty - four pounders mounted, close to the ditch. In the mean time the Colonel had given directions that the whole army, (the necessary guards excepted) and the detachment from the ships, should rest on the ground, in order to recover themselves as much as possible from the great fatigues, they had undergone in the preceding day's service.

All

All now was quiet in the camp; and we on board the ships, which lay at their anchors but at a small distance from the shore, had entertained thoughts of making use of this interval to refresh ourselves also with an hour or two of sleep; but suddenly a loud and universal acclamation was heard from the shore, and soon after an account was brought to the Admiral, that the fort had been taken by storm. This was a joyful piece of news, and the more so as it was quite unexpected; but when the particular circumstances that ushered in this success were related, our exultation was greatly abated, because we found that the rules so indispensibly necessary in all military exploits had been entirely disregarded in the present instance, and therefore could not help looking upon the person who had the principal hand in this victory rather as an object of chastisement than of applause. The case was this:

During

During the tranquil state of the camp, one *Straban*, a common sailor belonging to the *Kent*, having been just served with a quantity of grog (arrack mixed with water), had his spirits too much elated to think of taking any rest; he therefore strayed by himself towards the fort, and imperceptibly got under the walls. Being advanced thus far without interruption, he took it into his head to scale a breach that had been made by the cannon of the ships; and having quickly gotten upon the bastion, he there discovered several Moor-men sitting upon the platform, at whom he flourished his cutlafs, and fired his pistol, and then, after having given three loud huzzas, cried out; "*The place is mine.*" The moorish foldiers immediately attacked him, and he defended himself with incredible resolution, but in the rencounter had the misfortune to have the blade of his cutlafs cut in two about a foot from the hilt; this

mis-

mischance however did not happen, till he was near being supported by two or three other Sailors, who had accidentally straggled to the same part of the fort on which the other had mounted. They, hearing *Strahan's* cries, immediately scaled the breach likewise, and echoing the triumphant sound, roused the whole army, who taking the alarm presently fell on pell-mell, without order, and without discipline, following the example of the Sailors. This attack, though made in such confusion, was followed with no other ill consequence but the death of the worthy Capt. *Dougal Campbell*, who was unfortunately killed by a musket-bullet from one of our own pieces in the general confusion. Capt. *Coote* commanded the fort for that night, and at day-light the fort saluted the Admiral. It was never exactly known what number of Moors there were in the fort, when our people first entered. We took in the
fort

fort eighteen cannon from twenty - four pounders downwards, and forty barrels of powder.

Strahan, the hero of this adventurous action, was soon brought before the Admiral, who, notwithstanding the success that had attended it, thought it necessary to shew himself displeased with a measure in which the want of all military discipline so notoriously appeared. He therefore angrily inquired into the desperate step which he had taken. "Mr. *Strahan*, what is this that you have been doing?" The fellow, after having made his bow, scratched his head, and with one hand twirling his hat upon the other, replied, "Why, to be sure, Sir, it was I who took the fort, but I hope *there was no harm in it* —". The Admiral with difficulty was prevented from smiling at the simplicity of *Strahan's* answer; and the whole company were exceedingly diverted with his awkward appearance, and
his

his language and manner in recounting the several particulars of his mad exploit. Mr. *Watson* expatiated largely on the fatal consequences that might have attended his irregular conduct, and then with a severe rebuke dismissed him; but not before he had given the fellow some distant hints, that at a proper opportunity he would be certainly punished for his temerity. *Strahan*, amazed to find himself blamed where he expected praise, had no sooner gone from the Admiral's cabin than he muttered these words — "If I am flogged for this here action, I will never take an other fort by myself as long as I live, by G—d!"

The novelty of the case, the success of the enterprize, and the courageous spirit which he had displayed, pleaded strongly in behalf of the offender; and yet at the same time the discipline of the service required that he should shew him outwardly some marks of his displeasure; this the

Admi-

Admiral did for some little time; but afterwards, at the intercession of some Officers, which intercession the Admiral himself prompted them to make, he most readily pardoned him. And it is not improbable, that had *Strahan* been properly qualified for the office of boatswain, he might on some other pretence, before the expedition had ended, been promoted to that station in one of his majesty's ships. But unfortunately for this brave fellow, the whole tenor of his conduct, both before and after the storming of the fort, was so very irregular, as to render it impossible for the Admiral to advance him from his old station to any higher rank, how strongly soever his inclinations led him to do it.

Since these sheets (says Mr. *Ives* in a note subjoined to this account) were sent to the press, *Strahan* paid me a visit and told me that he had served in every one of Admiral's *Pocock's* East - India engagements;

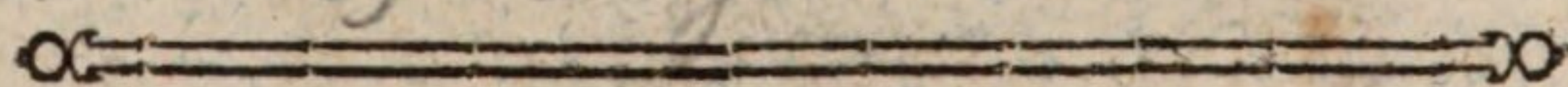
ments; and that in consequence of a wound he received in one of them, he is become a pensioner to the chest at Chatham. At present he acts also as a sailor in one of the guard-ships at Portsmouth; and he says that his highest ambition is to be made cook of one of his majesty's capital ships.





ALCANDER
AND
SEPTIMIUS.

by O. Goldsmith.



ATHENS long after the decline of the *Roman* Empire still continued the seat of learning, politeness and wisdom. *Theodoric*, the *Ostrogoth*, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions

sions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, *Alcander* and *Septimius* were fellow-students together. The one, the most subtle reasoner of all the *Lyceum*; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for *Alcander* was of *Athens*, *Septimius* came from *Rome*.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when *Alcander*, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on *Hypatia*, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were per-

formed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend *Septimius* a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce *Hypatia* to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for *Septimius* no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, *Alcander* watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable

ble offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and *Alcander* being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of *Alcander* on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the *Athenians* were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride; in all her charms, to the young *Roman*. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy *Septimius*. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for *Rome*. Here, by an

exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, *Septimius*, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge or Praetor.

In the mean time *Alcander* not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of *Hypatia*, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise, so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of *Thrace* becoming his purchaser, *Alcander*, with some other companions of distress was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered, he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in *Rome*. The same day on which *Alcander* arrived, *Septimius* sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole

day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the Praetor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he
for

forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and *Alcander* being found, was immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, fal-

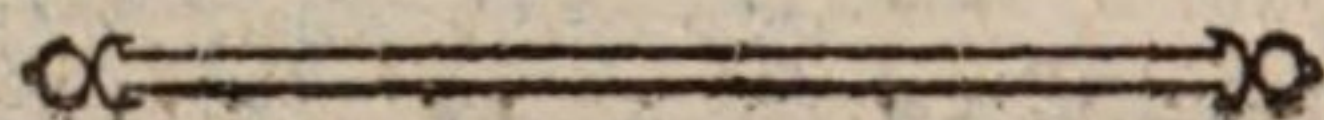
shood and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of *Septimius*. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. *Alcander's* innocence therefore appeared, but the fullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther encreased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal;

minal; *Septimius* recollected his friend and former benefactor; and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? *Alcander* was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of *Rome*; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.





L O V E
Q U I T S T H E
E A R T H.



THE formalities, delays and disappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce, but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propagating hemp, madder and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meets with discouragement.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency

rency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel amidst gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and, when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or an union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love according to act of Parliament.

Thus they, who have fortune, are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those who have none. I am told there was a time, when ladies,
with

with no other merit but youth, virtue and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least, amongst our clergymen and officers. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions. But of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling and smiling, has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, ogles and whispers, is declared utterly contraband till she arrives in the warm latitude of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably entrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time, have forsaken her; the Captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude, to bewail
her

her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the *Europeans* discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of *Sofala*. The genius is surely now no more. In every region there seem enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in *Europe*, jealousy in *Persia*, ceremony in *China*, poverty among the *Tartars*, and lust in *Circassia*, are all prepared to oppose his power. The genius is certainly banished from earth, tho' once adored under such a variety of forms. He is no where to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling reliques, as instances of his former residence and favour.

„The Genius of Love,” Says the Eastern Apologue, „had long resided in the
„ happy plains of *Abra*, where every breeze
„ was health, and every sound produced
„ tranquility. His temple at first was
„ crow-

„ crowded, but every age lessened the
„ number of his votaries, or cooled their
„ devotion. Perceiving therefore his altars
„ at length quite deserted, he was resol-
„ ved to remove to some more propitious
„ region; and he apprized the fair sex of
„ every country, where he could hope for
„ a proper reception, to assert their right
„ to his presence among them. In return
„ to this proclamation, embassies were sent
„ from the ladies of every part of the
„ world to invite him, and to display the
„ superiority of their claims.

„ And, first, the beauties of *China* ap-
„ peared. No country could compare with
„ them for modesty, either of look, dress
„ or behaviour; their eyes were never lif-
„ ted from the ground; their robes, of the
„ most beautiful silk, hid their hands, bo-
„ som and neck, while their faces only
„ were left uncovered. They indulged no
„ airs that might express loose desire, and
„ they

„ they seemed to study only the graces of
„ inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and
„ plucked eye-brows were, however, al-
„ ledged by the genius against them, but
„ he set them entirely aside when he came
„ to examine their little feet.

„ The beauties of *Circassia* next made
„ their appearance. They advanced, hand
„ in hand, singing the most immodest airs,
„ and leading up a dance in the most lu-
„ xurious attitudes. Their dress was but
„ half a covering; the neck, the left breast,
„ and all the limbs, were exposed to view;
„ which, after some time, seemed rather
„ to satiate than inflame desire. The lily
„ and the rose contended in forming their
„ complexions; and a soft sleepiness of
„ eye added irresistible poignance to their
„ charms; but their beauties were obtru-
„ ded, not offered, to their admirers; they
„ seemed to give rather than receive court-
„ ship; and the Genius of love dismissed

„ them as unworthy his regard, since they
„ exchanged the duties of love, and made
„ themselves not the pursued, but the pur-
„ suing sex.

„ The kingdom of *Cashmire* next pro-
„ duced its charming deputies. This happy
„ region seemed peculiarly sequestered by
„ nature for his abode. Shady mountains
„ fenced it on one side from the scorching
„ sun; and sea-born breezes, on the other;
„ gave peculiar luxuriance to the air.
„ Their complexions were of a bright yel-
„ low, that appeared almost transparent,
„ while the crimson tulip seemed to blos-
„ som on their cheeks. Their features and
„ limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's
„ power to express; and their teeth whiter
„ than their own ivory. He was almost
„ persuaded to reside among them, when
„ unfortunately one of the ladies talked
„ of appointing his seraglio.

„ In this procession the naked inhabitants
„ of

„ of Southern *America* would not be left
„ behind; their charms were found to sur-
„ pass whatever the warmest imagination
„ could conceive; and served to shew,
„ that beauty could be perfect, even with
„ the seeming disadvantage of a brown com-
„ plexion. But their savage education ren-
„ dered them utterly unqualified to make
„ the proper use of their power, and they
„ were rejected as being incapable of uni-
„ ting mental with sensual satisfaction. In
„ this manner the deputies of other king-
„ doms had their suits rejected; the black
„ beauties of *Benin*, and the tawny daugh-
„ ters of *Borneo*, the women of *Juida*
„ with scarred faces, and the hideous vir-
„ gins of *Cafraria*; the squab ladies of
„ *Lapland*, three feet high, and the giant
„ fair ones of *Patagonia*.

„ The beauties of *Europe* at last ap-
„ peared; grace in their steps, and sensibi-
„ lity smiling in every eye. It was the

„ universal opinion, while they were ap-
„ proaching, that they would prevail; and
„ the Genius seemed to lend them his most
„ favourable attention. They opened their
„ pretensions with the utmost modesty; but
„ unfortunately, as their orator proceeded,
„ she happened to let fall the words,
„ house in town, settlement and pin-mo-
„ ney. These seemingly harmless terms
„ had instantly a surprizing effect: the Ge-
„ nius, with ungovernable rage, burst from
„ amidst the circle; and, waving his youth-
„ ful pinions, left this earth, and flew
„ back to those etherial mansions, from
„ whence he descended.

„ The whole assembly was struck with
„ amazement: they now justly apprehended
„ that female power would be no more,
„ since love had forsaken them. They con-
„ tinued some time thus in a state of tor-
„ pid despair, when it was proposed by
„ one of the number, that, since the real

„ ge-

„ Genius of love had left them, in order
„ to continue their power, they should
„ set up an idol in his stead; and that the
„ ladies of every country should furnish
„ him with what each liked best. This
„ proposal was instantly relished and agreed
„ to. An idol of gold was formed by
„ uniting the capricious gifts of all the
„ assembly, though no way resembling the
„ departed Genius. The ladies of *China*
„ furnished the monster with wings; those
„ of *Cashmire* supplied him with horns;
„ the dames of *Europe* clapped a purse
„ into his hand; and the virgins of *Congo*
„ furnished him with a tail. Since that
„ time, all the vows addressed to Love
„ are in reality paid to the idol; while, as
„ in other false religions, the adoration
„ seems most fervent, where the heart is
„ least sincere. ”





THE
CANDID
LOVERS.

JAMES, the son of *David Lloyd*, a dealer, or rather merchant of *Swansy*; a port town of brisk trade in *South - Wales*, was brought up by his father according to the strictest principles of honour and probity. When about twenty, he sent him to *London* under the care of a friend, more with the design of making him unlearn that

that air and those manners of rusticity which are contracted by a life always spent in the country, than to give him an insight into any business. In spite of all remonstrances to the contrary, young *Lloyd* soon became remarkable in *London* for dissipation and levity; and as the man of pleasure, gave into all such as but too easily destroy the seeds of the best education. To keep him, if possible, from inevitable ruin, his father recalled him; and fortunately love, soon after his return, suspended the course of his first wanderings.

He had seen Miss *Winifrid Price*, a native of the same town, but who had lived for some years past with an aunt at *Bristol*, from whose house she had resorted to a boarding-school there for her education. The curious looks young *Lloyd* had fixed on Miss *Price* had made him find in beauty what he had not yet perceived in it, that is, modesty, decency, and a cer-

tain noble air, which, without taking from our desires the fondness of inclination, fills them with respect for the beloved person, and a strenuous study to become agreeable.

The father, attentive to all the son's pursuits, perceived sooner than himself the change that happened in him. Investigating the cause he discovered it, and then meditated on the means of uniting him with the object, which had restored him to a sense of his moral character.

His acquaintance with Miss *Price's* father was but slender. He dwelt on a small estate he had within two miles of *Swansey*, but trafficked as himself, and he knew his thirst after gain to be so ardent, that it was the moving spring of all his actions. However, as their fortunes were pretty equal, he did not despair, and sought to negotiate in favour of his son.

A common friend facilitated the interview of the two fathers, and it was agreed that

that young *Lloyd* should be allowed at times to pay his respects to Miss *Winifrid*. He was young, comely, and of an agreeable figure; enlivened by the desire of pleasing; and *Winifrid* was much taken with him. Their first conversation was as timid, and as embarrassed, as if they had already confided to each other what had passed in their hearts. The contrary happens to those, who see one another with most indifference: They shew more ease, and a greater command over their wit on a first visit.

Suitable inclinations and manners; in short, a sort of sympathy in affection was so easily discoverable in these young people, that nothing more seemed wanting than the stipulated terms for marriage to be ratified by the fathers; but a reverse of fortune, which happened suddenly to young *Lloyd's* father, changed *Price's* favourable dispositions, and marred all the sweets the

two lovers promised themselves from their wished for union.

Mr. *David Lloyd* had been joint owner with a merchant of *Waterford*, of a ship destined for the *Leeward* islands, and freighted chiefly on his own account. His whole wealth might be said to have been centered in the cargo, and the returns expected by him were considerable. This ship perished on her voyage, and but few of the crew were saved, being taken up from the wreck, by another ship sailing homewards. The fatal news soon reached him, and in apprizing his son of it, he did not dissemble to him, that he was no longer in a condition to answer *Price's* demands, too covetous, and too hard to require only love in behalf of his daughter.

Young *Lloyd* felt all the heaviness of this dreadful blow. He spent two days in deep silence, and an incredible dejection of spirit; but perceiving that, by indulging grief,

grief, he only added to the affliction of a father who wanted some comfort to bear up against his misfortunes, he endeavoured to resume his former tranquillity of mind, and by a first effort of virtue he might not be thought capable of, he came to a resolution to mention no more the name of his dear *Winifrid*, to whom he could not now with propriety aspire. The only weakness he believed he might allow himself, was to send to her without any precaution, and without being sealed up, the following letter:

„You are not unacquainted with the misfortunes of the most honest, the most affectionate, and the most virtuous of fathers. His ruin affects equally his son, whom you may see no more, and who has for the future nothing to ask of heaven, but to give you a husband, who may ever have the same tender regard for you.”

Young *Lloyd* had not flattered himself;
he

he expected no answer; yet the next day he received with a little precaution a note, in which Miss *Winifrid* intimated to him, that by reason of her dependence on a father, she could not give a suitable answer to his farewell; but that she would secrete herself unknowing and unknown in her father's house, and not admit of the addresses of any lover, which was all she could do.

Soon after poor *James's* misfortunes received an additional increase by the loss of the best of fathers, who had been worn out by his distresses, which proved too rude a trial to him. After collecting together what little remained to him, all creditors being duly satisfied, he retired twenty miles farther into the heart of the country to a small farm, which he had the good luck to purchase a beneficial lease of. Here, whatever his employments were, he was ever internally occupied with his *Winifrid*,
lamen-

lamenting his separation from her, yet taking no step to inquire after her. Sometimes he imagined that she could not help obeying her father, and was become the darling of a rival more happy than himself. However, the works of his hands, and the pleasure almost ever certain, which arises from the care of second nature in her endeavours for helping our wants, were still a source of contentment to him, and this was what principally recruited his spirits.

Two years had now elapsed amidst these alternatives of recreation and sorrow, when he received a letter from an attorney at *Bath*, informing him that his maternal uncle, by the name of *Jones*, who had but just time, from the stroke of almost sudden death to make his will, had left him in cash and bank to the amount of twenty thousand pounds, with an estate in *Gloucestershire* of about one hundred pounds per annum.

His

His astonishment was great on this occasion, not being able to imagine how his uncle could become possessed of so much money; for he knew him to be a person of no industry, and that he lived on the income of his little estate, which he had always farmed out. Having secured this money in the hands of Bankers at *Bath* and *Bristol*, his next care, as soon as he returned home, brought to his consideration his dear *Winifrid*. The impediment of poverty could now be no longer a plea to obstruct his marrying her, and he had taken the resolution to impart to her in person the news of his good fortune, when he saw *Price*, her father, arrive at his house.

Though for some time past old *Price* had been very infirm, and kept his bed, having had a stroke of the palsy, he ardently wanted to verify himself the certainty of the report of Mr. *Lloyd's* getting so
un-

unexpectedly rich. The young man immediately saw into his curiosity, and shewed him his vouchers, that fame has not a liar. How did this miser's eyes glisten with joy! My dear Sir, my dear Mr. *Lloyd*, says he, squeezing his hand, you are not yet married, I hope. — No Sir — That's well; one marries often but too soon But it does not signify; you hear me; you once, I think, loved my daughter, there is not a better girl in the world — I did, do still, and shall always love her — Very well; you like then my *Winifrid*; you are not disagreeable to her; that I am sure of; Will you go home with me and see her? — I will? — Young *Lloyd* and *Winifrid* met and embraced each other with transports of joy; and it is in such happy moments, when perhaps least thought of, that love displays with success its most eloquent language.

Old *Price*, animated with the hopes
that

that all *Lloyd's* money would be deposited in his custody, was the first to press the two lovers to fix their wedding-day. That day so much wished for by both, was hastening its approaches, when *Winifrid* saw her lover ride briskly into the yard of her father's house, with paleness and consternation painted on his countenance. 'James, cried she to him, as he entered, what are you come to apprise me of?—Have you met with any disaster, any thing to my prejudice in your opinion? For I neither find in you the looks of a friend, nor of an intended husband?—All is lost, my once dear *Winifrid*; I fall back into my first great crime, and heaven did not present me with the image of the greatest happiness, but to withdraw it immediately, and to make me a thousand times more unfortunate — . What, Sir, has my father started any difficulty to you? Not one. He is not yet my enemy, but my

my ill luck will make him so. — What ill luck can this be? — You have not been robbed; or are there any other claimants to your uncle's fortune? Alas! I too well know my father; he will never consent to see us married, till he weighs every particular circumstance, and it is quite to his wish. — Judge how the affair is: if, in an inheritance which might have fallen to you, chance directed you to find proofs that the wealth, conveyed to you, does not belong to him who has left it to you, but to other proprietors, true and rightful Here Miss *Price* fainted away and whilst young *Lloyd* was striving to recover her, giving vent to the most pathetic expressions of what his heart felt on her account, the father entered, inquiring what was the matter? *Lloyd* desired he would first help his daughter, and then he should expose to him in order what he was going to communicate to

her. *Winifrid* came to herself and retired. The father was amazed to hear *Lloyd's* story, and seemed thunder-struck when he produced a fatal letter, which he said he had but found that morning in a secret part of a cabinet belonging to his uncle, and which he had brought away with him from *Bath*. He read it over; there was no obscurity in the sense of the words it was conceived in, and it was to his uncle it had been directed upwards of a year before. The purport was:

"Just going to leave this life, my dear and old friend *Jones*, to you I have recourse for making reparation for the injustice I have committed, yet saving, as much as may be consistent with your prudence, the honour of my family. Being left executor to a merchant at *Bristol*, I made him out insolvent at the time of his death, and by other stratagems, unnecessary to be here revealed, I stripped of their
for-

fortune two unhappy poor orphans. They are both living in the city of *Bristol*, and you may find them in the workhouse of *St. Stephen's* parish. Their name is *Carey*. I fend you from *Gloucester*, where I am now paying the debt of nature, bank notes for twenty thousand and three hundred pounds sterling, and, when you have received, pay them into the hands of the Rector and Churchwardens of the parish, on account of the poor orphans, enjoining the parties secrecy in consequence of a handsome reward. It is a pleasure to me in my dying moments, that I have made choice of a man of your approved integrity, to give peace to my conscience by a faithful discharge of this friendly office."

"Nothing, said young *Lloyd*, can be plainer or more positive than the words of this letter. My uncle was only trustee of the twenty thousand pounds he left me. Gracious heaven! it is now a year since the receipt

of this letter, and it has been buried in silence. It shall be my business to atone for the horrid fault, and the three hundred pounds, over and above what I have received, I shall raise on my uncle's estate in *Gloucestershire*. I must go directly in quest of the injured orphans — *Winifrid*! ah my dear *Winifrid*, I must then loose you; yes, and I myself do labour for your destruction. It must be so! — . I should be unworthy of you, and the light of this world, if I one instant hesitated to comply with this pressing duty. ”

An effusion of tears burst from young *Lloyd* after making this speech, which our miser observing undismayed, and without any turn in his countenance to sympathy.

I believe, said he, half the world are mad and fools; and I took you, friend *Lloyd*, to be a young fellow of better sense, else I never should have thought of you for my daughter. Pish! unlearn your
stupid

stupid notions of honesty and conscience: I tell you, now - a - days they are out of fashion; don't be a fool to yourself; keep your own secret, and keep your money; or if you fancy it not safe where it is, I will be your banker, and I warrant you, nor law nor devil shall force it from me —. I find, replied *Lloyd*, Mr. *Price's* notions not tally with those I have learned from my father, so shall beg leave to decline taking any notice of them. He only spoke these few words and hurried out of the house.

Beneficence and eternal justice guided his route to *Bristol*, for which place he set out without further delay. He addressed himself to the Rector of the parish, settled with him and the church wardens all that was necessary in the affair, and at parting embraced affectionately the orphans, telling them: you owe me nothing; in your case I am but the instrument of providence

which has been watchful over you; but let it be your care not to make yourselves unworthy of its blessings?

Returning home, far from feeling any troublesome alteration in his spirits from what he had done, he never spent more delicious moments than those which succeeded to the divesting himself of a fortune, which he may be said to have enjoyed only, as it were, in a dream. *Winifrid* occurred to his mind, but without causing any uneasiness in it, as now it was no longer in the power of the ills that infest human nature to bear down upon a soul that had aggrandised and raised herself to the highest sacrifices demanded by virtue.

The trial he had made of those pleasures a good heart is repayed with after a good action, inspired him with the thought, and indeed no one with so narrow a fortune did oftner indulge himself in the pleasure

sure of obliging. The respect he acquired in his village, and all its environs, made his company much sought after. Matches, and some of them greatly to his advantage, were proposed to him, but the image of *Winifrid* ever dear to him forbade the notion, and kept his heart from being estranged to her.

Such was the life he led, when a new attack of *Price's* palsy, severed him, in spite of himself, and for ever, from the good things of this earth. *Winifrid*, at full liberty to dispose of herself, let pass the time required by decency for grief; but soon after begged the favour of a female friend to accompany her on a short journey she had to take.

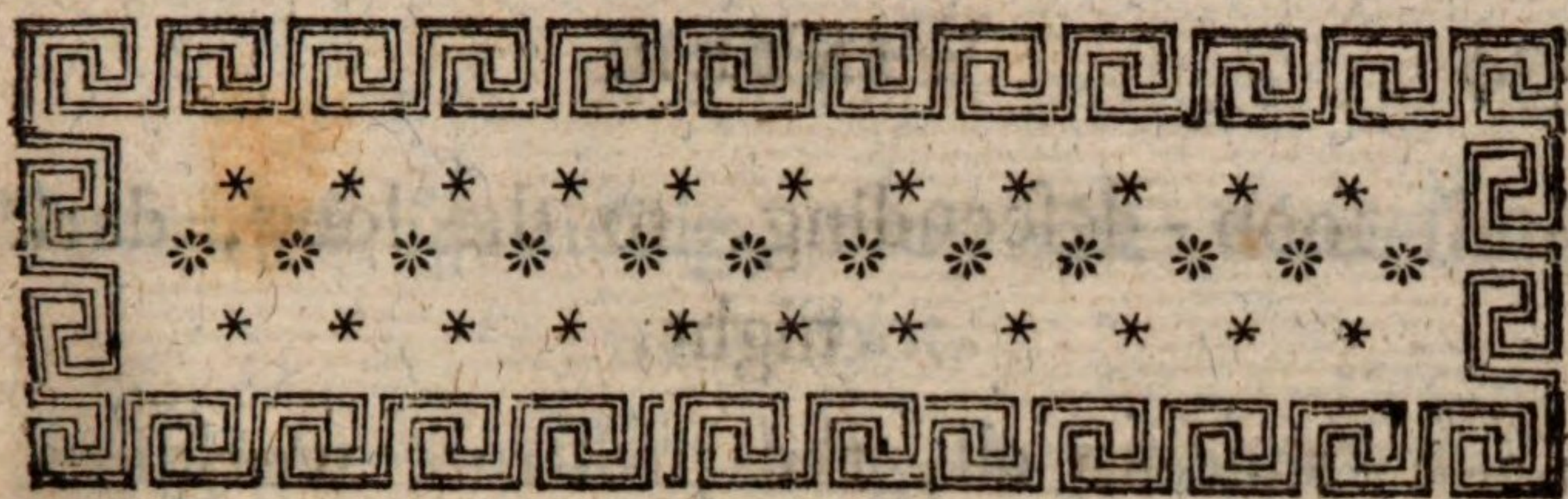
Curious to know herself in person, how Mr. *Lloyd* lived in his farm, she appeared there, but without signifying by mourning cloaths that she had lost her father.

Surprized at this unexpected visit, *Lloyd*

could only pronounce her name. *Winifrid*, my dear *Winifrid*, cried he, is it you I see? The very person, answered she. Ah! says he, hitherto it has been my fate never to see you without losing you? That time is no more, replied she; my father treated you with a scorn, which it is my business to make reparation for, and it is this that brought me hither. He is dead, I am free, and have learned not to value men by their fortune. In short I am yours, if your heart is still mine.

Lloyd, now throwing himself in a tender embrace about *Winifrid's* neck, deserved by that mark of fondness a new assurance of his happiness. In fact, they were soon married, and he was the happiest of husbands.





WINTER.

Now whent he Chearless empire of the
sky,

To *Capricorn* the *Centaur - Archer* yields,
And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th'inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven,
the sun

Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and, ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy
storm,

Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the sou-
thern sky;

And, soon - descending, to the long, dark
night,

Wide - shading all, the prostrate world re-
signs,

Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day for-
fake.

Mean-time, in fable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep - ting'd and damp, and congregated
clouds,

And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter
falls,

A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy
views.

The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed
land,

Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd
flocks,

Unten-

Untended spreading, crop the wholesome
root.

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose, disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling
brook

And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest
forth,

Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains
obscure

Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour
foul;

Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake
the woods,

That grumbling wave below. Th'unfrightly
plain

Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent
clouds

Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still

Combine, and deepening into night shut up

The

At last the rous'd up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes
From the rude mountain, and the mossy
wild,

Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and founding
far:

Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts its way,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the tur-
bid stream;

There gathering triple force, rapid, and
deep,

It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thun-
ders through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing
hand

Rolls round the seasons of the changeful
year,

How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the
soul!

That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!

Ye

Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to
you.

Where are your stores, ye powerful beings!
say,

Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far - distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis
calm?

When from the pallid sky the sun
descends,

With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden - colour'd east, the
moon

Wears a wan circle round her blunted
horns.

Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;

Or

Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the
gloom,

And long behind them trail the whitening
blaze.

Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd
leaf;

And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

With broadened nostrils to the sky upturn'd,

The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.

Even as the matron, at her nightly task,

With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,

The wasted taper and the crackling flame

Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,

The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.

Retiring from the downs, where all day

long

They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening

train

Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary

flight,

And seek the closing shelter of the grove;

Affiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl

Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high

Wheels

Wheels from the deep, and screams along
the land

Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with
wild wing

The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.

Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from
the shore,

Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn founding bids the world pre-
pare.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden
burst,

And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th'ethereal force, and with strong
gust

Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that sits immense
around,

Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:

Mean-

Mean - time the mountain - billows, to the
clouds

In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into *Chaos* with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations
drive,

Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now th'inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous
shoot

Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry *Baltic* thundering o'er their
head.

Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full - exerted heaven they wing their
course,

And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp
rock,

Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating
round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest
reigns.

The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they
shade.

Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and
sheds

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain:
Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing
wind's

Affiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen - fast'ning, shakes them to the solid
base.

Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking
dome,

For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd
air,

Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and
distant sighs,

That,

That, uttered by the *Demon* of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds
commix'd

With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's king, who
oft

Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully ferene, commands a calm;
Then straight air sea and earth are hush'd
at once.

The keener tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious
womb

A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower
descends,

At first thin wavering; 'till at last the flakes

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming
the day,

With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow
melts

Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid
fun

Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labour-
rer - ox

Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then
demands

The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of
heaven,

Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
The winnowing store, and claim the little
boon

Which providence assigns them. One alone,
The *red-breast*, sacred to the household gods,
Wife-

Wisely regardful of th'embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted
Man

His annual visit. Half - afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk,
 alights

On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er
the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where
he is:

'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitant. The
bare,

Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares,
and dogs,

And more unpitying man, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating
kind

Eye the black heaven, and next the glistering earth,

With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-
dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of
snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge
be kind,

Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the
storm,

And watch them strict; for, from the bello-
wing east,

In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry
plains

At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless
flocks,

Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; 'till upward
urg'd,

The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and
fierce,

All

All winter drives along the darkened air.
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands: sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes
Of horrid prospect shade the tractless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home: the
thoughts of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour
forth

In many a vain attempt. How sinks his
soul!

What black despair, what horror fills his
heart!

When for the dusky spot, which fancy
feign'd

His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of
Man;

While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land
unknown,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom
boils.

These check his fearful steps; and down he
sinks

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends un-
seen.

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares

The

The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment
warm;

In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he be-
hold,

Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every
nerve

The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along, the snows, a stiffened
corse,

Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern
blast,





D I E G O
A N D
J U L I A .

IT was on a cool refreshing evening, at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of August, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak - bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and

a

a crimfon-fattin pair of breeches, entered the town of *Strasbourg*.

He told the centinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the promontory of Nofes — was going on to *Frankfort* — and should be back again at *Strasbourg* that day month, in his way to the borders of *Crim Tartary*.

The centinel looked up into the ftranger's face — never faw fuch a nofe in his life! — I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the ftranger, — fo flipping his wrift out of the loop of a black ribbon, to which a short fcymetar was hung; he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courtefy touching the forepart of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right — he put a florin into the centinel's hand, and paffed on.

It grieves me, faid the centinel, fpeaking to a dwarfish bandy-legg'd little drummer, that fo courteous a foul should have loft
his

his scabbard — he cannot travel without one to his scymetar, and will not be able to get a scabbard to fit it in all *Strasbourg* — I never had one, replied the stranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he spoke, — I carry it, continued he, thus — holding up his naked scymetar, his mule moving on slowly all the time, on purpose to defend my nose.

It is well worth it, gentle stranger, replied the centinel.

— 'Tis not worth a single stiver, said the bandy legg'd drummer, 'tis a nose of parchment.

As I am a true catholic, — except that it is six times as big — 'tis a nose, said the centinel, like my own.

— I heard it crackle, said the drummer.

By dunder, said the centinel, I saw it bleed.

What

What a pity, cried the bandy legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this dispute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer — was the same point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were just then coming up, and had stopped to see the stranger pass by. Benedicity! — what a nose! 'tis as long, said the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the same metal, said the trumpeter, as you hear by its sneezing.

'Tis as soft as a flute, said she.

'Tis brass, said the trumpeter.

'Tis a pudding's end — said his wife.

I tell thee again, said the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen nose.

I'll know the bottom of it, said the trumperer's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before I sleep.

The stranger's mule moved on at so slow a rate, that he heard every word of
the

the dispute, not only betwixt the centinel and the drummer, but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

No! said he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breast, the one over the other in a faint-like position, his mule going on easily all the time, no! said he, looking up — I am not such a debtor to the world, slandered, and disappointed as I have been, — as to give it that conviction, — no! said he, my nose shall never be touched whilst heaven gives me strength — To do what? said a burgomaster's wife.

The stranger took no notice of the burgomaster's wife, — he was making a vow to *saint Nicolas*; which done, having uncrossed his arms with the same solemnity with which he crossed them, he took up the reins of his bridle, with his left-hand, and putting his right-hand into his bosom,

bosom, with his scymetar hanging loosely to the wrist of it, he rode on as slowly as one foot of the mule could follow another thro' the principal streets of *Strasbourg*, till chance brought him to the great inn, in the market-place over against the church.

The moment the stranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the stable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimson-sattin breeches, with a silver-fringed — appendage to them, which I dare not translate — he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his short scymetar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the opposite side of it — so turning short, in pain lest his nose should be attempted, he instantly went
back

back to his inn — undressed himself, packed up his crimson-fattin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, said the stranger, for *Frankfort*, — and shall be back at *Strasburg* this day month.

I hope, continued the stranger, stroking down the face of his mule with his left hand as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful slave of mine — it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above fix hundred leagues.

— 'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the master of the inn — unless a man has great business — Tut! tut! said the stranger I have been at the promontory of *Nofes*, and have got me one of the goodliest, thank heaven, that ever fell to a single man's lot.

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn
and

and his wife kept their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose — By *saint Radagunda* said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together in all *Strasburg*! is it not, said she, whispering her husband in his ear, is it not a noble nose?

'Tis an imposture, my dear, said the master of the inn, 'tis a false nose. 'Tis a true nose, said his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, faith he, — I smell the turpentine —

There's a pimple on it, said she.

'Tis a dead nose, replied the inn-keeper.

'Tis a live nose, and if I am alive myself, said the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to *saint Nicolas* this day, said the stranger, that my nose shall not be touched till — Here, the stran-

ger, suspending his voice, looked up — Till when? said she hastily.

It never shall be touched, said he, clasping his hands, and bringing them close to his breast, till that hour — What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife — . Never — ! — never! — said the stranger, never till I am got — . For heaven sake into what place? said she. The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards *Frankfort* before all the city of *Strasburg* was in an uproar about his nose. The *Compline* bells were just ringing to call the *Strasburghers* to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer: — no soul in all *Strasburg* heard 'em — the city was like a swarm of bees — men, women, and children, the *Compline* bells tinkling all the time, flying here and there — in at one door, out at another — this way and that way

way — long ways and cross ways, — up one street, down another street — in at this alley — out of that — did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it? — who saw it? who did see it? for mercy's sake, who has seen it?

Alack o'day! I was at vespers! — I was washing, I was starching; I was scouring, I was quilting — God help me! I never saw it, — I never touch'd it! would I had been a centinel, a bandy legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of *Strasburg*.

Whilst all this confusion and disorder triumphed throughout the great city of *Strasburg*, was the courteous stranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to *Frankfort*, as if he had had no concern at all in the affair — talking, all the way he rode, in broken sentences; sometimes to

his mule — sometimes to himself — sometimes to his *Julia*.

Julia, my lovely *Julia*! — Nay I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle — that ever the suspected tongue of a rival should have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it —

— Pugh! — 'tis nothing but a thistle, never mind it — thou shalt have a better supper at night.

— Banish'd from my country — my friends — from thee —

Poor devil, thou'rt sadly tired with thy journey! — come — get on a little faster — there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two shirts — a crimson-fattin pair of breeches, and a fringed — Dear *Julia*!

— But why to *Frankfort*? — is it that there is a hand unfelt, which secretly is conducting me through these meanders and unsuspected tracts?

Stumbling! by *St. Nicolas*! every step —

why

why at this rate we shall be all night in getting in —.

— To happiness — or am I to be the sport of fortune and slander — destined to be driven forth unconvicted — unheard — untouched — if so, why did I not stay at *Strasburg*, where justice, — but I had sworn! Come thou shalt drink — to *St. Nicolas* — O *Julia*! What dost thou prick up thy ears at? — 'tis nothing but a man, &c.

The stranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and *Julia* — till he arrived at his inn, where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted, — saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of — took off his cloak-bag, with his crimson-fattin breeches, &c. in it — called for an omelet to his supper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

It was about the same hour when the

tumult in *Strasburg* being abated for that night, — the *Strasburghers* had all got quietly into their beds — but not like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies; Queen *Mab*, like an elf as she was, had taken the stranger's nose, and, without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of slitting and dividing it into as many noses of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in *Strasburg* to hold them. The abbess of *Quedlinburg*, who with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, and senior canons, had that week come to *Strasburg* to consult the University upon a case of conscience relating to their placket holes — was ill all the night.

The courteous stranger's nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made such rousing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of

of her chapter, they could not get a wink of sleep the whole night thro' for it — . There was no keeping a limb still amongst them, in short, they got up like so many ghosts.

The penitentiaries of the third order of *St. Francis* — the nuns of mount *Calvary* — the *Præmonstratenses* — the *Clunienses* — the *Carthusians*, and all the severer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were still in a worse condition than the abbess of *Quedlinburg* — by tumbling and tossing, and tossing and tumbling from one side of their beds to the other the whole night long, — the several sisterhoods had scratch'd and mawl'd themselves all to death — they got out of their beds almost flea'd alive — every body thought *saint Antony* had visited them for probation with his fire — they had never once, in short, shut their eyes the whole night long from vespers to matins.

The nuns of *saint Ursula* acted the wisest — they never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of *Strasburg*, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars, capitularly assembled in the morning to consider the case of butter'd buns, all wished they had followed the nuns of *saint Ursula's* example — .

In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven — there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfast in all *Strasburg* — the whole clofe of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion — such a cause of restlessness and disquietude, and such a zealous inquiry into the cause of that restlessness, had never happened in *Strasburg*, since *Martin Luther*, with his doctrines, had turned the city up - side down.

If the stranger's nose took this liberty
of

of thrusting itself thus into the dishes of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his nose make of it, in those of the laity! — 'tis more than my pen, worn to the stump as it is, has power to describe; tho' I acknowledge, cries *Slawkenbergius* with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him, that there is many a good simile now subsisting in the world which might give my countrymen some idea of it; but at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their sakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my life — tho' I own to them the simile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to search for it? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and disorder it occasioned in the *Strasburgers* fantasies was so general — such an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of the *Strasburgers* minds — so

many strange things, with equal confidence on all sides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn too concerning it, that turned the whole stream of all discourse and wonder towards it — every soul, good and bad, rich and poor, — learned and unlearned — doctor and student, — mistress and maid, — gentle and simple, — nun's flesh and woman's flesh in *Strasburg* spent their time in hearing tidings about it — every eye in *Strasburg* languished to see it — every finger — every thumb in *Strasburg* burned to touch it.

Now what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add to so vehement a desire — was this, that the centinel, the bandy legg'd drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgo-master's widow, the master of the inn, and the master of the inn's wife, how widely soever they all differed every one from

from another in their testimonies and description of the stranger's nose — they all agreed together in two points, — namely, that he was gone to *Frankfort*, and would not return to *Strasburg* till that day month; and secondly, whether his nose was true or false, that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty — the finest made man — the most genteel! — the most generous of his purse — the most courteous in his carriage that had ever entered the gates of *Strasburg* — that as he rode, with his scymetar hung loosely to his wrist, thro' the streets — and walked with his crimson - latten breeches across the parade — 'twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so manly withal — as would have put the heart in jeopardy, had his nose not stood in the way of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a
stran-

stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited to justify the abbess of *Quedlinburg*, the prioress, the deaness and sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife; she went through the streets of *Strasburg* with her husband's trumpet in her hand, — the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for the illustration of her theory — she staid no longer than three days.

The centinel and the bandy legg'd drummer! — nothing on this side of old *Athens* could equal them! they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a *Chrysippus* and a *Crantor* in their porticos.

The master of the inn, with his ostler on his left-hand, read his also in the same stile under the portico or gateway of his stable-yard — his wife read her's more privately in a back room; all flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously — but
to

to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshal'd them — in a word, each *Strasburgher* came crouding for intelligence — and every *Strasburgher* had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c., that as soon as the trumpeter's wife had finished the abbess of *Quedlinburg's* private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which she did upon a stool in the middle of the great parade — she incommoded the other demonstrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the most fashionable part of the city of *Strasburg* for her auditory — . But when a demonstrator in philosophy, cries *Slawkenbergius*, has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in science can pretend to be heard besides him?

Whilst the unlearned, thro' these conduits of intelligence, were all busied in getting

ting

ting down to the bottom of the well, where *Truth* keeps her little court — where the learned in their way are busy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialect induction — they concerned themselves not with facts — they reasoned —.

Not one profession had thrown more light upon this subject than the faculty — had not all their disputes about it run into the affair of *Wens* and oedematous swellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and souls — the stranger's nose had nothing to do either with wens or oedematous swellings.

It was demonstrated however very satisfactorily, that such a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was in *utero*, without destroying the statical balance of the foetus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time —.

The

The opponents granted the theory — they denied the consequences.

And if a suitable provision of veins, arteries &c. said they, was not laid in, for the due nourishment of such a nose, in the very first stamina and rudiments of its formation, before it came into the world, bating the case of *Wens*, it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.

This was all answered by a dissertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels, and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable — In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, that there was no cause in nature, why a nose might not grow to the size of the man himself.

The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them so long
as

as a man had but one stomach and one pair of lungs —. For the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle — and the lungs the only engine of sanguification — it could possibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it; or admitting the possibility of a man's overloading his stomach, nature had set bounds however to his lungs — the engine was of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time — that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more; so that, if there was as much nose as man — they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue; and forasmuch as there could not be a support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his nose.

Nature accommodates herself to these
emer-

emergencies, cried the opponents — else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach — a whole pair of lungs, and but half a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately shot off?

He dies of a plethora, said they — or must spit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption —.

— It happens otherways — replied the opponents —.

It ought not, said they:

The more curious and intimate enquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the faculty itself.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to its several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits —

that nature, though she sported — she sported within a certain circle; and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians stuck much closer to the point before them than any of the classes of the literati; — they began and ended with the word nose; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ablest of them ran his head against in the beginning of the combat, the whole controversy had been settled at once.

A nose, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood — and not only blood, but blood circulating in it to supply the phænomenon with a succession of drops — a stream being but a quicker succession of drops, that is included, said he — now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the stagnation of the blood — .

I deny the definition — Death is the separation of the soul from the body, said his antagonist — Then we don't agree about

about our weapon, said the logician — . Then there is an end of the dispute, replied the antagonist.

The civilians were still more concise; what they offered being more in the nature of a decree — than a dispute.

— Such a monstrous nose, said they, had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil society — and if a false — to impose upon society with such false signs and tokens, was a still greater violation of its rights, and must have had still less mercy shewn it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the stranger's nose was neither true, nor false.

This left room for the controversy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclesiastic court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger *ex mero motu* had confessed he had been at the promontory of Noses, and had got

one of the goodliest &c. &c. —. To this it was answered, it was impossible there should be such a place as the promontory of Noses, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commissary of the bishop of *Strasburg* undertook the advocates, explained this matter in a treatise upon proverbial phrases, shewing them, that the promontory of Noses was a mere allegoric expression, importing no more than that nature had given him a long nose: in proof of which, with great learning he cited the underwritten authorities, which had decided the point incontestably, had it not appeared that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened — I must not say unluckily for truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so doing; that the two Universities of *Strasburg* — the *Lutheran*, founded in the year 1538. by

Jaco-

Jacobus Sturmius, Counsellor of the Senate, — and the *Popish*, founded by *Leopold*, Arch-Duke of *Austria*, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge, except just what the affair of the Abbess of *Quedlinburg's* placket — holes required, — in determining the point of *Martin Luther's* damnation.

The popish Doctors had undertaken to demonstrate *a priori*; that from the necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of October 1483 — when the moon was in the twelfth house, *Jupiter*, *Mars*, and *Venus* in the third, the *Sun*, *Saturn* and *Mercury* all got together in the fourth, — that he must in course, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man, — and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damn'd doctrines too.

By inspection into this horoscope, where five planets were in conjunction all at once with *Scorpio* — in reading this my father

would always shake his head — in the ninth house which the *Arabians* allotted to religion — it appeared that *Martin Luther* did not care one stiver about the matter — and that from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of *Mars* — they made it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming — with the blast of which his soul, being steep'd in guilt, failed before the wind, in the lake of hell fire.

The little objection of the *Lutheran* doctors to this was, that it must certainly be the soul of another man, born October 22, 83, which was forced to sail down before the wind in that manner — inasmuch as it appeared from the register of *Islaben* in the county of *Mansfeld*, that *Luther* was not born in the year 1483 but in 84; and not on the 22d day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of *Martinmas* day, from whence he had the name of *Martin* —.

— I must break off my translation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the Abbess of *Quedlinburg* — It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of *Slawkenbergius* to my uncle *Toby*, but with triumph, — not over my uncle *Toby* for he never opposed him in it, — but over the whole world.

— Now you see, brother *Toby*, he would say, looking up. "That *Christian* „ names are not such indifferent things;" — had *Luther* now been called by any other name but *Martin*, he would have been damned to all eternity — not that I look upon *Martin*, he would add, as a good name — far from it — 'tis something better than a neutral, and but a little, yet little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis, as well as the best

logician could shew him — yet so strange is the weakness of men at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it, and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories in *Hafen Slawkenbergius's Decades* full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight — it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together — his *names* and his *noses*.

— I will be bold to say, he might have read all the books in the *Alexandrian Library*, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.

The two Universities of *Strasburg* were hard tugging at this affair of *Luther's* navigation. The protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right
be-

before the wind, as the popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it — they were going to settle, in case he had failed, how many points he was off; whether *Martin* had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon the lee-shore; and no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of *Navigation*, they had gone on with it in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about — it was their business to follow.

The Abbess of *Quedlinburg* and her four dignitaries was no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's nose running full as much in their fancies as their case of conscience — the affair of their placket-holes kept cold, — in a word, the printers were ordered to

distribute their types, — all controversies dropp'd.

'Twas a square cap with a silk tassel upon the crown of it, — to a nut-shell, — to have guessed on which side of the nose the two Universities would split.

'Tis above reason, cried the doctors on one side.

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried the one.

'Tis a fiddle-stick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried the one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nofarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinofarians which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, said the Nofarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear, replied the Antinofarians.

He

He can not make two and two five, replied the popish doctors — 'Tis false, said their other opponents —.

Infinite power is infinite power, said the doctors who maintained the reality of the nose —.

It extends only to all possible things, replied the *Lutherans*.

By God in heaven, cried the popish doctors, he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of *Strasburg*.

Now the steeple of *Strasburg* being the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinofarians denied that a nose of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-fiz'd man —. The popish doctors swore it could —. The *Lutheran* doctors said no; — it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural

tural attributes of God —. That controversy led them naturally into *Thomas Aquinas*, and *Thomas Aquinas* to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute — it just served as a frigate to launch them into the gulph of school-divinity — and then they all failed before the wind.

Heat in disputing is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes, &c, instead of cooling, on the contrary had inflamed the *Strasburghers* imagination to a most inordinate degree —. The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it — they were left in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied — saw their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*, the *Brassarians*, the *Turpentarians*, on one side, — the popish doctors on the other, like *Pantagruel* and his companions in quest of the

the oracle of the bottle, all embarked and out of sight.

— The poor *Strasburghers* left upon the beach!

— What to be done? — no delay — the uproar increased — every one in disorder, — the city gates set open —.

Unfortunate *Strasburgers*! was there in the store-house of nature — was there in the lumber-rooms of learning — was there in the great arsenal of chance, one single engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiosities, and stretch your desires, which was not pointed by the hand of fate to play upon your hearts? — I dip not my pen into my ink to excuse the surrender of yourselves — 'tis to write your panegyrick. Shew me a city so macerated with expectation — who neither eat, or drank, or slept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion

or

or nature for seven — and twenty days longer.

On the twenty-eighth the courteous stranger had promised to return to *Strasburg*.

Seven thousand coaches, *Slawkenbergius* must certainly have made some mistake in his numeral characters, 7000 coaches — 15000 single-horse chaises — 20000 waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold with Senators, Counsellors, Syndics — beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches —. The Abbess of *Quedlinburg*, with the Priorefs, the Deanefs, and Sub-Chantrefs, leading the procession in the one coach, and the Dean of *Strasburg*, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter, on her left-hand — the rest following higglety-pigglety as they could; some on horseback, some on foot, — some led — some driven — some down the *Rhine* — some this way —
some

some that — all set out at sunrise to meet the courteous stranger on the road.

We haste now towards the catastrophe of my tale —. I say Catastrophe, cries *Slawkenbergius*, inasmuch as a tale, with parts rightly disposed, not only rejoiceth, gaudet, in the Catastrophe and Peripeitia of a Drama, but rejoiceth moreover in all the essential and integrant parts of it, — it has its Protasis, Epitasis, Catastasis, its Catastrophe or Peripeitia growing one out of the other in it, in the order *Aristotle* first planted them — without which a tale had better never be told at all, says *Slawkenbergius*, but be kept to a man's self.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I, *Slawkenbergius*, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the stranger and his nose.

— From his first parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of *Strasburg*,
after

after pulling off his crimson-fattin pair of breeches, is the protasis or first entrance — where the characters of the *personæ dramatis* are just touched in, and the subject slightly begun.

The epitasis, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its state or height called the Catastasis, and which usually takes up the 2^d and the 3^d act; is included within that busy period of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute — to the doctors finally failing away, and leaving the *Strasburghers* upon the beach in distress, is the Catastasis or the ripening of the incidents and passions for their bursting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the setting out of
the

the *Strasburghers* in the *Frankfort* road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation, as *Aristotle* calls it, to a state of rest and quietness.

This, says Hafen *Slackenbergius*, constitutes the catastrophe or peripeitia of my tale — and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep — he enters now upon the stage.

— What dost thou prick up thy ears at? — 'tis nothing but a man upon a horse, — was the last word the stranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his master's word for it, and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horse pass by.

The traveller was hastening with all diligence to get to *Strasburg* that night. —

What a fool am I, said the traveller to

himself, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into *Strasburg* this night — *Strasburg!* — the great *Strasburg!* — *Strasburg*, the capital of all *Alsatia*, *Strasburg*, an imperial city! *Strasburg*, a sovereign state! *Strasburg*, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world! — Alas, if I was at the gates of *Strasburg* this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat — nay a ducat and a half — 'tis too much, — better go back to the last inn I have passed, than lie I know not where — or give I know not what. The traveller, as he made these reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about, and three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

— We have bacon in the house, said the host, and bread, — and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it, — but a stranger, who arrived an hour ago, has

has had them dressed into an omelet, and we have nothing —.

— Alas! said the traveller, harassed as I am, I want nothing but a bed. — I have one as soft as is in *Alsatia*, said the host.

— The stranger, continued he, should have slept in it, for 'tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose —. He has got a defluxion, said the traveller —. Not that I know, cried the host. — But 'tis a camp-bed, and *Jacinta*, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in —. Why so? cried the traveller starting back — It is so long a nose, replied the host —. The traveller fixed his eyes upon *Jacinta*, then upon the ground — kneeled upon his right knee, — had just got his hand laid upon his breast — Trifle not with my anxiety, said he, rising up again. — 'Tis no trifle, said *Jacinta*, — 'tis the most

glorious nose! — The traveller fell upon his knee again — laid his hand upon his breast — then said he, looking up to heaven! thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage — 'Tis *Diego*.

The traveller was the brother of the *Julia*, so often invoked that night by the stranger as he rode from *Strasburg* upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from *Valadolid* across the *Pyrenean* mountains through *France*, and had many an entangled skain to wind off in pursuit of him through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracks.

— *Julia* had sunk under it — and had not been able to go a step farther than to *Lions*, where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of — but few feel — she sicken'd, but had just strength to write a letter to *Diego*; and having conjured her brother never to see her face
till

till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, *Julia* took to her bed.

Fernandez, for that was her brother's name — tho' the camp-bed was as soft as any one in *Alsace*; yet he could not shut his eyes in it —. As soon as it was day he rose, and hearing *Diego* was risen too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his sister's commission.

The letter was as follows:

„*Seign.* DIEGO,

„**W**hether my suspicions of your nose
„ were justly excited or not — 'tis not
„ now to inquire — it is enough I have
„ not had firmness to put them to farther
„ trial.

„How could I know so little of my-
„ self, when I sent my *Duena* to forbid
„ your coming any more under my lattice?
„ or how could I know so little of you,

„ *Diego*, as to imagine you would not
„ have staid one day in *Valadolid*, to have
„ given ease to my doubts? — Was I to
„ be abandoned, *Diego*, because I was de-
„ ceived? or was it kind to take me at
„ my word, whether my suspicions were
„ just or no, and leave me, as you did,
„ a prey to much uncertainly and sorrow?

„ In what manner *Julia* has repented
„ this — my brother, when he puts this
„ letter into your hands, will tell you: he
„ will tell you in how few moments she
„ repented of the rash message she had
„ sent you, — in what frantic haste she
„ flew to her lattice, and how many days
„ and nights together she leaned immo-
„ veably upon her elbow, looking thro' it
„ towards the way which *Diego* was wont
„ to come.

„ He will tell you, when she heard of
„ your departure — how her spirits de-
„ serted her — how her heart sicken'd —

„ how

„ how piteously she mourned — how low
„ she hung her head. O *Diego*! how ma-
„ ny weary steps has my brother's pity
„ led me by the hand, languishing to trace
„ out yours; how far has desire carried
„ me beyond strength — and how oft
„ have I fainted by the way, and sunk
„ into his arms, with only power to cry
„ out — O my *Diego*!

„ If the gentleness of your carriage has
„ not belied your heart, you will fly to
„ me, almost as fast as you fled from me —
„ haste as you will — you will arrive but
„ to see me expire. — 'Tis a bitter
„ draught, *Diego*, but oh! 'tis embitter'd
„ still more by dying *un* — ”.

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius supposes the word intended was *unconvinced*, but her strength would not enable her to finish her letter.

The heart of the courteous *Diego* overflowed as he read the letter, — he orde-

red his mule forth - with and *Fernandez's* horse to be saddled; and as no vent in prose is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts, — chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to diseases, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window —. *Diego* availed himself of it, and whilst the hostler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows.

ODE.

Harsh and untuneful are the notes of love,
 Unless my *Julia* strikes the key,
 Her hand alone can touch the part,
 Whose dulcet movement charms the
 heart,
 And governs all the man with sympathetic
 sway.

2d.

O *Julia*!

The lines were very natural — for they were nothing at all to the purpose, says *Slawkenbergius*, and 'tis a pity there were
 no

no more of them; but whether it was that Seign. *Diego*, was slow in composing verses — or the hostler quick in saddling mules — is not averred; certain it was, that *Diego's* mule and *Fernandez's* horse were ready at the door of the inn, before *Diego* was ready for his second stanza; so without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the *Rhine*, traversed *Alsace*, shaped their course towards *Lyons*, and before the *Strasburghers* and the Abbess of *Quedlinburg* had set out on their cavalcade, had *Fernandez*, *Diego*, and his *Julia*, crossed the *Pyrenean* mountains, and got safe to *Valadolid*.

'Tis needless to inform the geographical reader, that when *Diego* was in *Spain*, it was not possible to meet the courteous stranger in the *Frankfort* road; it is enough to say, that of all restless desires, curiosity being the strongest; — the *Strasburghers* felt the full force of it; and that for three

days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the *Frankfort* road, with the tempestuous fury of this passion, before they could submit to return home. — When alas! an event was prepared for them, of all other, the most griveous that could befall a free people.

As this revolution of the *Strasburghers* affairs is often spoken of, and little understood, I will in ten words, says *Slawkenbergius*, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand system of Universal Monarchy, wrote by order of *Monf. Colbert*, and put in Manuscript into the hands of *Lewis* the fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that system, was the getting possession of *Strasburg*, to favour an entrance at all times into *Suabia*, in order to disturb the quiet of *Germany* — and that

that in consequence of this plan, *Strasburg* unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of few to trace out the true springs of this and such like revolutions — The vulgar look too high for them — Statesman look too low — Truth, for once, lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one historian — The *Strasburghers* deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garrison — and so fell a prey to a *French* one.

The fate of the *Strasburghers*, says another, may be a warning to all free people to save their money. — They anticipated their revenues — brought themselves under taxes, exhausted their strength, and in the end became so weak a people, they had no strength, to keep their gates shut, and so the *French* pushed them open.

Alas! Alas! cries *Slawkenbergius*, 'twas not the *French* — 'twas *Curiosity* pushed them

them open, the *French* indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they saw the *Strasburghers* men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the stranger's nose — each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever since — but not from any cause which commercial heads have assigned; for it is owing to this only, that noses have ever so run in their heads, that the *Strasburghers* could not follow their business.

Alas! alas, cries *Slawkenbergius*, making an exclamation — it is not the first — and I fear will not be the last fortrefs that has been either won — or lost by noses.





L I F E
O F T H E
E A R L
O F
C H E S T E R F I E L D .

TH E memoirs and anecdotes of so great a character as the late *Earl of Chesterfield*, must certainly excite the curiosity of the public, and we shall lay before them such facts as have come to our knowledge, which may illustrate his
public

public and private conduct; but if we were to relate only one hundreth part of the anecdotes and nominal *bon mots* that have been ascribed to him, we should make him talk more nonsense than any man in *England*; we shall therefore select only such as have been pronounced his by universal assent.

His Lordship was born September 22, 1695, was elected a member for the borough of *St. Germain's* in the parliament called in 1714, and sat in the next for *Lesbwithiel*, till he succeeded to the title upon the death of his father in January 1726. He was previous to this one of the lords of the bed-chamber to his late majesty GEORGE II. then prince of *Wales*; and when that prince acceded to the throne, he was continued in his post, and sworn of his privy council. His majesty having appointed his lordship ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States-

States-General, he set out for *Holland* April 23, 1728, where he continued till the beginning of the year 1730, when returning to *England*, he was on the 18th of May, with the late duke of *Cumberland* and the *Earl* of *Barlington*, elected a knight of the *Garter*, and was installed at *Windsor* June 18 following, 1730, the sovereign, with his royal highness the prince of *Wales* being present. He was next appointed Lord *Steward* of his Majesty's household. In August following, he returned to his embassy in *Holland*. In 1732, his lordship returning again to *England*, resigned, in April, his place of Lord *Steward* of his majesty's household. In January 1745, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*. Soon after he was nominated Ambassador to the States-General, May 18, 1745, he presented a memorial to them on that occasion, which displayed his lordships eminent abilities, and the public spirit he exerted in
all

all that concerned the honour and interests of his country. He was in the same year, on his majesty's going abroad, declared one of the Lords justices for the Administration of the Government in his absence; and his lordship's presence being required in *Ireland*, he landed at *Dublin* August 31, 1745; where he was joyfully received. In April 1746. he returned to *England*. On November 4, 1746, he was sworn one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, which he chose to resign February 6, 1748. His Lordship married lady *Melosianna de Schulenburg*, Countess of *Walsingham*, natural daughter of his majesty GEORGE I, by whom he had no issue.

If we view his lordship in his public or his private character, we shall distinguish such abilities and genius as are scarce to be paralleled. His negotiations as a minister placed him at the head of the diplomatic body; his measures as a states-
man

man evinced that he was perfectly acquainted with the constitution and interests, as well commercial as political, of his own country, and the views and intrigues of foreign courts. As a Viceroy, he gained such a reputation, as will ever be held in the highest veneration by the kingdom of *Ireland*. In private life, he blended the scholar and the gentleman, the man of sense and the *bon vivant*. Intimately acquainted with all the litterati that flourished in his time, he might be ranked with almost any of them. In gaiety and amusements few surpassed his lordship; and the fair sex did not go unobserved by him. The celebrated *Constantia Philips* had the honour of his acquaintance, with the group of attainable beauties of that period; but his chief attachment was to Madame du *Bouchet*, a french Lady, who is still living, by whom he had a son, that died some time since, after having approved himself

the offspring of so great a man, not only in private life, but by filling a public character as a minister in *Germany*.

His lordship, with all his eminent talents, was not without his foibles, amongst which we may place his violent passion for gaming; and it is remarkable that he always gave the preference to playing with sharpers or persons of suspicious characters, rather than amuse himself with gentlemen. The reason he assigned was not a little whimsical; he said; "When he played with sharpers he was sure of being paid; but if he played with gentlemen, they frequently acknowledged the debt, but seldom acquitted it." His lordship, it is plain, did not at that time advert to the many stratagems, ledgerdemains, and artifices, that are practised by professed gamesters to obtain undue influence; or that if by any accident he had won a considerable sum, it was out of their power to have acquitted the debt.

debt. These gentry knew their man so well, that they followed him wherever he went; he no sooner landed in *Holland*, upon his embassy, than many of his *Bath* friends made their appearance at *Helvæts-luys*, and did him the honour of their company at the *Hague*. When he went over Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, though that country is pretty well stocked with connoisseurs at play, they did not chuse to lose his money, and waited upon him at the castle of *Dublin*. In this pursuit, however, they deceived themselves, for he never played, but discountenanced gaming, during his whole viceroyalty.

An anecdote is related of him when once at *Bath*, which proves he was conscious of his own weakness in this respect. The famous or infamous *Charles Jones* (who was afterwards master of the ceremonies at *Tunbridge*, and who is said to have borrowed ten thousand pounds in

half crowns) meeting his lordship in the walks addressed him in the usual style for the loan of a guinea. Lord *Chesterfield* had too much generosity to refuse any one he had ever spoke to such a trifle. In a few minutes his lordship went into the billiard-room, and here he found *Charles*. Being desirous of playing a game, he asked the marker to give him a lesson, when *Charles* modestly offered to amuse his patron. "You know, *Charles*, I do not like playing for nothing, if I play with a gentleman." By this time some of the group of adventurers had assembled, when *Charles* pulling out the guinea he had just borrowed, and throwing it into one of the nets, said; "Well my Lord, I'll play you for a guinea." His lordship did not chuse to expose him, and answered the bett. *Charles* was a superior player, and won several games. The black-legs seeing so good a thing going on, were desirous of sharing the spoils, and

offe-

offered several betts, some of which his lordship took. *Charles* (who possessed a negative kind of gratitude, or rather being influenced by self-interest, and desirous of winning all that could be got) now threw down his stick, saying he would not let his lordship lose his money in that manner, as he had the best of the match. Upon which his lordship very coolly replied, "These gentlemen do me the honour to accompany me wherever I go, and the least I can do is to support my attendants."

His lordship had for a considerable time a standing piquet match at the rooms with *Baron Nieuman*, who at that period dressed very pompously; when a nobleman of his lordship's acquaintance hinted, that the baron had, in many respects the advantage. "Let him have his pulls," said his lordship "I have my pulls too: pull baker, pull devil; the baron's always good for fifty, he will at any time burn for that."

This makes us call to mind a few more of his *bon mots*: The celebrated Miss *A—b*, who was always considered as a demi-rep, being absent from court some weeks. The world very freely spoke of her having lain in. Upon her re-appearance at *St. James's* his lordship paid his compliments to her, and concluded with this severe witticism. Indeed, Miss, the voice of scandal says, that you have been brought to bed of twins, but I never believe above half what the world says.

The late king, who was very fond of Lord *Chesterfield*, could not help, however, now and then sparring with him. He brought his majesty a patent that was to be filled up, and recommended from the duke of *Newcastle*, for a certain candidate, who had great borough interest. The king had in some degree promised it to the Countess of *Yarmouth* for one of her creatures. His lordship expostulated, and en-
dea-

deavoured to shew the ill effects of giving it to any other than the duke's friend; when the king cried out in a pet; "Give it to the devil if you will! Upon which his lordship immediately filled up the blank with the devil, and then read." GEORGE the II.d by the grace of God &c. to his trusty and well - beloved friend the devil, greeting. This put the king into such a good humour, that he readily consented the borough monger should be provided for.

Soon after the duke of *B—d* met with very rough treatment at *Litchfield* races, Admiral *Hawke* gained a considerable victory over the *French*, and in his letter to the admiralty expressed himself "that he had given the *French* a hearty drubbing," which Lord *Chesterfield* reading to the king he asked "what the Admiral meant by drubbing? To which the witty *Earl* replied "He recommended his majesty to inquire

of the duke of *B — d*, as he could give him a very ample definition of it."

For some years his lordship passed a very recluse life, seldom appearing in public, and associating only with a few particular friends, Mr. *D'Ayrolles* being almost his constant companion. He wrote several pieces to which he did not affix his name; but we have reason to believe he has left some very valuable manuscripts, that will do justice to his literary character. Mr. *Johnson* addressed the plan of his celebrated dictionary to him, by which we may perceive in what high estimation this great luminary of letters, held his lordship's knowledge and judgement.

From the time he quitted public life, he was never engaged in play, except for his amusement; and from some passages in his will relative to his god-son and heir, we may easily perceive, that he was thoroughly convinced of his folly in being addicted

dicted to that vice, and was resolved that his successor should not tread in the same path of destruction.

The following extract from his will, may shew the state of his lordship's mind last year, at which time he made it. We shall leave the reader to make his own remarks upon them, and only observe that the words in *Italic*, are copied verbatim.

Satiated with the pompous follies of this life, I am unwilling any posthumous ones should be displayed in my funeral, and therefore will not have above one hundred pounds laid out upon it. He bequeaths to Mrs. Elizabeth du Bouchet, mother to his late natural son, as some small reparation for the injury he did her, five hundred pounds.

To Mrs. Isley, twenty - five pounds a year.

To his brother's natural son, *William Stanhope*, one hundred a year.

He chuses that his god-son and heir,

Philip Stanhope should travel through *France*, *Flanders*, *Holland* and *Germany*, and he may visit the northern courts, but by no means *Italy*, that foul sink of illiberal manners and vices.

If ever his god-son keeps a pack of hounds, or running horses, sleeps one night at *Newmarket* during the races, or loses at one sitting; five hundred pounds for every such offence, to the dean and chapter of *Westminster*.

The *Earl of Huntington* and Sir *Charles Hotham* are nominated to superintend his education, his lordship judging them properly qualified to make, him a complete gentleman.

His capital diamond ring, left him by the late *dutchess of Malborough*, he bequeaths to his god-son; his rose-diamond ring, to his sister, lady *Hotham*; the rest of his jewels to his lady; and after her demise to go with the title.

The

The capital mansion in *May-Fair*, in trust for his lady; after her death, the furniture, pictures &c., to Sir *Charles Hotham*. His seat at *Blackheath* also to his wife.

To his secretary three hundred pounds. To his valet de Chambre, named *Walsh*, eighty pounds per annum, and twenty pounds a year to his son, with all his wardrobe.

To his menial servants, whom he considers as his unfortunate friends, equal by birth and only inferior by fortune, two years wages, besides what may be due at his demise.

To the hospital near *Hyde-Park* one hundred pounds. To the protestant *Charter-School*, in *Ireland*, two hundred pounds. To the *Magdalen* - hospital two hundred pounds.

His executors are Sir *Charles Hotham*, *Bart.* and *Lovel Stanhope*, Esq; to whom he makes several bequests. His lordship's health

health had been declining for some years; he had lost his hearing a considerable time before his death; and if we may judge from the signature of the codicil, which was made in February last, he must have been afflicted with a paralytic complaint.

The career of this great man was terminated *March, 5, 1773*, at the age of 78, sincerely lamented by all who knew him; but the pungent sorrow of all his relations and friends can only be imagined, not expressed.



A VIEW OF THE PROGRESS
 OF
 SOCIETY
 IN
 EUROPE,
 FROM THE SUBVERSION
 OF THE
 ROMAN EMPIRE,
 TO THE BEGINNING
 OF THE
 SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Two great revolutions have happened
 in the political state, and in the
 manners of the European nations. The first
 was occasioned by the progress of the Ro-
 man power; the second by the subversion
 of the Roman Empire. When the spirit of
 conquest led the armies of Rome beyond
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the Alps, they found all the countries which they invaded, inhabited by people whom they denominated barbarians, but who were nevertheless brave and independant. A single battle did not decide the fate of a state. The vanquished people resumed their arms, undisciplined valour and the love of liberty supplied the want of conduct as well as of union. During these long struggles the countries of Europe were successively laid waste, a great part of their inhabitants perished in the field, many were carried into slavery, and a feeble remnant, incapable of further resistance, submitted to the Roman power. As a consolation for the loss of liberty, the Romans communicated their arts, sciences, language and manners to their new subjects. Europe began to breathe; agriculture was encouraged; population encreased; new towns were founded; an appearance of prosperity succeeded, and repaired in some degree, the ha-

havock of war. This state, however, was far from being favourable to the improvement of the human mind. The vanquished nations were disarmed by their conquerors, drained and plundered of their wealth by the imposition of exorbitant taxes, and by rapacious governors. The martial and independant spirit, which had distinguished their ancestors became extinct; and the dominion of the Romans degraded and debased the human species.

A Society in this state could not subsist long. There were defects in the Roman government, even in its most perfect form, which threatened its dissolution. The violent irruption of the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other barbarians hastened this event, and precipitated the downfall of the Empire. These fierce tribes either inhabited the various provinces in Germany which had never been subdued by the Romans, or were
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scattered over the vast countries now occupied by the Danes, the Swedes, the Poles, the subjects of the Russian empire, and the Tartars. Inured by the rigour of their climate to hardships which rendered their bodies firm, and their mind vigorous; continually prepared for action, and disdaining every occupation but that of war; they undertook, and prosecuted their military enterprizes with ardour and impetuosity. Their first inroads into the Empire proceeded rather from the love of booty, than from the desire of new settlements. When nothing was left to plunder in the adjacent provinces ravaged by frequent incursions, they marched farther from home, and began to settle in the countries which they had subdued. In less than two centuries from their first irruption, Barbarians of various names and lineage, plundered and took possession of Thrace, Pannonia, Gaul, Spain, Africa, and at last of Italy, and Rome
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itself. The vast fabric of the Roman power, which it had been the work of ages to perfect, was in that short period overturned from the foundation.

Many concurring causes prepared the way for this great revolution, and ensured success to the nations which invaded the Empire. The Roman commonwealth had conquered the world by the wisdom of its civil maxims, and the rigour of its military discipline. But, under the Emperors, the former were forgotten or despised, and the latter was gradually relaxed. The armies of the Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries bore scarce any resemblance to those invincible legions which had been victorious wherever they marched. Instead of freemen, provincials and barbarians were bribed or forced into the service. They were too feeble, or too proud to submit to the fatigue of military duty. They even

complained of the weight of their defensive armour, as intolerable; and laid it aside. Infantry fell into contempt, the effeminate soldiers of later times could scarce be brought to venture into the field but on horseback. These wretched troops, however, were the only guardians of the Empire. The jealousy of despotism had deprived the people of the use of arms; and subjects oppressed and rendered incapable of defending themselves had neither spirit nor inclination to resist their invaders, from whom they had little to fear, because they could scarce make their condition more unhappy. As the martial spirit became extinct, the revenues of the Empire gradually diminished. The taste for the luxuries of the East encreased to such a pitch in the imperial court, that great sums were carried into India, from whence money never returns.

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The frontier provinces, wasted by frequent incursions, became unable to pay the customary tribute; the limits of the Empire continued to be as extensive as ever, while the spirit requisite for its defence declined, and its resources were exhausted. A vast body, languid, and almost unanimated, became incapable of any effort to save itself, and was easily overpowered.

In every respect, the condition of the barbarous nations was the reverse of that of the Romans. Among them, the martial spirit was in full vigour; their Leaders were hardy and enterprizing, and such was the nature of their military institutions, that they brought forces into the field without any trouble, and supported them at little expence. Their rapid conquests were accompanied with horrible devastations and an incredible destruction of

the human species. Wherever they marched, their rout was marked with blood. They ravaged or destroyed all around them. They made no distinction between what was sacred, and what was profane. They respected no age, or sex, or rank. The most fertile and populous provinces were converted into deserts, in which were scattered the ruins of villages and cities, that afforded shelter to a few miserable inhabitants whom chance had preserved, or the sword of the enemy, wearied with destroying, had spared. The conquerors who first settled in the countries which they had wasted, were expelled or exterminated by new invaders, who, coming from regions still more removed from the civilized parts of the world, were more fierce and rapacious. This brought new Calamities upon mankind, which did not cease until the North, by pouring forth successive swarms, was drained of people, and could

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no longer furnish instruments of destruction.

But no expressions can convey so perfect an idea of the destructive progress of the Barbarians as that which must strike an attentive observer, when he contemplates the total change, which he will discover in the state of Europe, when it began to recover some degree of tranquillity towards the close of the sixth century. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dresses, new languages, and new names of men and countries, were every where introduced, the total change which the settlement of the barbarous nations occasioned in the state of Europe, may, therefore, be considered as a more decisive proof, than even the testimony of contemporary historians, of the destructive violence with which they carried on their conquests.

In the obscurity of the chaos occasioned by this general wreck of nations, we must

search for the seeds of order, and endeavour to discover the first rudiments of the policy and laws now established in Europe. It is not my province to give a minute detail of the progress of government and manners in each particular nation, whose transactions are the object of the following history. But in order to exhibit a just view of the state of Europe at the opening of the sixteenth century, it is necessary to contemplate the condition of the northern nations upon their first settlement in those countries which they occupied. It is necessary to mark the great steps by which they advanced from barbarism to refinement, and to point out those general principles and events which conducted all of them to the degree of improvement in policy and in manners which they had attained at the period when *Charles V.* began his reign.

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When nations subject to despotic government make conquests, these serve only to extend the dominion and power of their master. But armies composed of freemen conquer for themselves. The people who overturned the Roman Empire, and settled in its various provinces were of the latter class. They followed the chieftain who led them not by constraint but from choice; not as soldiers whom he could order to march, but as volunteers who considered their conquest as a common property, in which all had a title to share, as all had contributed to acquire them.

This new division of property gradually introduced a species of government formerly unknown, and now distinguished by the name of the *Feudal System*. But the principles of disorder and corruption are discernable in this constitution under its most perfect form. They soon unfolded

themselves, and produced the most fatal effects. The powerful vassals of the crown extorted a confirmation for life of those grants of land, which had been bestowed only during pleasure. They afterwards prevailed to have them converted into hereditary possessions, and (what completed their usurpations) rendered unalienable. All personal marks of distinction were annexed to certain families, and transmitted from father to son by hereditary right; having thus secured the possession of their lands and dignities they soon verged to independence and made still more dangerous encroachments on the prerogative of the sovereign. They obtained the power of supreme jurisdiction both civil and criminal within their own territories; the right of coining money and the privilege of carrying on war in their own name against their private enemies. Nobles who had acquired such enormous power, scorned to
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consider themselves any longer as subjects: They aspired openly at being independant: The bonds which connected them with the crown were dissolved, and a kingdom considerable in name and extent, was broken into as many separate principalities as it contained powerful barons. Jealousy and discord among themselves gave rise to as many wars. Every country in Europe was kept in continual alarm during these endless contests; the people, the most useful and numerous part of the community, were reduced to a state of actual servitude; the king, without force or authority could neither protect the innocent, nor punish the guilty. The nobles harraased each other with perpetual wars, oppressed their fellow subjects and humbled or insulted their sovereign. An universal ignorance and anarchy, destructive of all the advantages of society prevailed; and to crown all, time gradually fixed, and rendered venerable

this pernicious system, which violence had established.

The disorders in the feudal government seem to have attained their utmost point of excess towards the close of the eleventh century. From that æra, we may date the return of government and manners in a contrary direction and can trace a succession of causes and events which contributed to abolish confusion and barbarism, and to introduce order, regularity, and refinement.

The Crusades seem to be the first event that roused Europe from the lethargy in which it had been long sunk, and that tended to operate any change in government or in manners.

From these wild and extravagant expeditions beneficial consequences followed, which had neither been foreseen or expected.

ted. The Crusaders, in their progress towards the Holy land, marched through countries better cultivated and more civilized than their own. It was not possible for them to travel through so many fine provinces of Asia without acquiring information and improvement. Their views enlarged; their prejudices wore off; new ideas crowded into their minds; and they must have been sensible on many occasions of the rusticity of their own manners when compared with those of a more polished people. These impressions were not easily effaced upon their return to their native countries. A close intercourse subsisted between the East and West during two centuries. Some of the first Christian adventurers on their return home imported many of the customs to which they had been long familiarized abroad. Accordingly, we discover, soon after the commencement of the Crusades, greater splendour in the courts

courts of Princes, greater pomp in public ceremonies, a more refined taste in pleasure and amusements, together with a more romantic spirit of enterprize spreading gradually over Europe; and to these wild expeditions, the effect of folly and superstition, we owe the first gleams of light which tended to dispel barbarity and ignorance. But these beneficial consequences of the Crusades took place slowly; their influence upon the state of property and of power was more immediate as well as discernable. The nobles who bound themselves to march to Palestine, soon perceived that great sums were necessary towards defraying the expences of such a distant expedition: The feudal system being averse to the imposition of extraordinary taxes, no expedient remained for levying the sums requisite, but the sale of their possessions. Inflamed with such zeal for recovering the Holy land as swallowed up every other
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passion, they sold their ancient inheritance for prices far below their value; and the Monarchs of the different kingdoms, none of whom had engaged in the first Crusade, eagerly seized this opportunity of annexing considerable territories to their crowns at small expence. Besides this, several great barons who perished in the Holy war, having left no heirs, their fiefs reverted to their sovereigns, and by these accessions of property as well as of power, the regal authority increased in proportion as that of the aristocracy declined. We may add to this that the anathemas of the church being denounced against such as should disquiet those who had assumed the cross, the private quarrels and hostilities which banished tranquillity from a feudal kingdom were suspended or extinguished; a more general and steady administration of justice began to be introduced, and some advances were made towards the establishment

ment of regular government in the several kingdoms of Europe.

The commercial effects of the crusades were still greater than those I have already mentioned. The first armies under Peter the hermit suffered so much by the length of the march and the fierceness of the barbarous people who inhabited the eastern parts of Europe that it deterred others from taking the same route; they chose rather to go by sea. Venice, Genoa and Pisa furnished the transports and received immense sums merely for freight; but this was only a small part of what they gained by the expeditions to the Holy land; the Crusaders contracted with them for military stores and provisions; their fleets kept on the coast as the army advanced by land; and supplying them with whatever was wanting, engrossed all the profits of that lucrative branch of commerce.

merce. The success which attended the arms of the Crusaders was productive of advantages still more permanent. There are charters yet extant, containing grants to the Venetians, Pisans and Genoese of the most extensive immunities in the several settlements which the Christians made in Asia. Thus a succession of events occasioned by the Holy war, opened various sources, from which wealth flowed in such abundance into these cities, as enabled them, in concurrence with another institution, to secure their own liberty and independance.

The institution I mean, was the forming of towns into communities, corporations or bodies politick, and granting them the privilege of municipal jurisdiction, which contributed more, perhaps, than any other cause to introduce regular government, police and arts, and to diffuse them over Europe.

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The feudal Government had degenerated into a system of oppression. The usurpations of the nobles were become unbounded and intolerable. They had reduced the great body of the people into a state of actual servitude; the cities and villages were no less subject to their arbitrary jurisdiction. The inhabitants were deprived of the natural, and most unalienable rights of humanity. They could not dispose of their effects, either by will or by any deed executed during their life. They had no right to appoint guardians for their children during their minority. They were not permitted to marry without purchasing the consent of the Lord on whom they depended. Disgraceful and oppressive services were exacted from them without mercy or moderation. The spirit of industry was choaked in them by absurd regulations, or unreasonable exactions: nor would the narrow and tyrannic maxims of a

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military aristocracy have permitted it ever to rise to any degree of height or vigour.

But as soon as the cities of Italy began to turn their attention towards commerce, they became impatient to shake off the yoke of their insolent lords, and to establish among themselves a free and equal government. The rights which many towns acquired by bold or fortunate usurpations, others purchased from the Emperors. In short the great increase of wealth which the Crusades brought into Italy, excited in the minds of the people such a general passion for liberty and independance, that before the conclusion of the last Crusade, all the considerable cities in that country had either purchased or had extorted large immunities from the Emperors.

Louis the Gros, in order to create some power that might counterbalance

those potent vassals who gave law to the crown, first adopted the plan of conferring new privileges on the towns situated within his own domaine. These privileges were called *charters of community*, by which he abolished all marks of servitude, and formed the inhabitants into corporations, to be governed by their own magistrates. The great barons imitated the example of their monarch, and granted like immunities to the towns within their territories in order to raise money to carry on their expeditions to the Holy Land, though these concessions were as repugnant to their political maxims as they were adverse to their power. In less than two centuries servitude was abolished in most of the towns in France, and much about the same period, the great cities in Germany began to acquire like privileges, and laid the foundation of their present liberty and independence. The practice spread quickly
over

over Europe, and was adopted in Spain, England, Scotland, and all the other feudal kingdoms. The acquisition of liberty made such a happy change in the condition of all members of communities, as roused them from that stupidity and inaction into which they had been sunk by the wretchedness of their former state. The spirit of industry revived. Commerce became an object of attention, and began to flourish. Population increased. Independance was established; and wealth flowed into cities which had long been the seat of poverty and oppression. Wealth was accompanied by its usual attendants, ostentation and luxury; and though the former was inelegant and cumbersome, and the latter indelicate, they led gradually to greater refinement in manners, and in the habits of life. Together with this improvement in manners, a more regular species of government and police was introduced.

Laws and subordination, as well as polished manners, took their rise in cities, and diffused themselves insensibly through the rest of the society.

The inhabitants of cities having obtained personal freedom, and municipal jurisdiction, soon acquired civil liberty and political power: for, as soon as they were enfranchised, and formed into Bodies Corporate, they became legal and independent members of the constitution, and acquired all the rights essential to freemen. Amongst these, the most valuable, was the privilege of a decisive voice in enacting laws, and in granting subsidies. In England, one of the first countries in which the representatives of Boroughs were admitted into the great council of the nation, the barons who took arms against Henry III. summoned them to attend parliament in order to add greater popularity to their party, and
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to strengthen the barrier against the encroachment of regal power. In France, Philip the Fair, a Monarch no less sagacious than enterprizing, considered them as instruments which might be employed with equal advantage to extend the royal prerogative, to counterbalance the exorbitant power of the nobles, and to facilitate the imposition of new taxes. With these views, he introduced the deputies of such towns as were formed into communities, into the states general of the nation. In the Empire, the wealth and immunities of the Imperial cities placed them on a level with the most considerable members of the Germanic body. They pretended to the privilege of forming a separate bench in the diet; and made good their pretension. The inhabitants of towns having been declared free by the *charters* of communities, that part of the people which resided in the country; and was employed in agricul-

ture, began to recover liberty by enfranchisement. During the rigour of feudal government, the great body of the lower people were slaves fixed to the soil which they cultivated, and, together with it, were transferred from one proprietor to another, by sale, or by conveyance. No vassal could legally diminish the value of a fief, to the detriment of the lord from whom he had received it. In consequence of this, manumission by the authority of the immediate master was not valid; and, unless it was confirmed by the superior Lord of whom he held, slaves of this species did not acquire a complete right to their liberty. Thus it became necessary to ascend through all the gradations of feudal holding to the King, the lord Paramount.

But the freedom and independance which one part of the people had obtained by the institution of communities, inspired

spired the other with the most ardent desire of acquiring the same privileges; and their superiors, sensible of the benefits which they themselves had derived from former concessions, were less unwilling to gratify them by the grant of new immunities. The Monarchs of France, in order to reduce the power of the nobles, endeavoured to render the enfranchisement of slaves general. Louis X. and his brother Philip issued ordinances, declaring: "*That as all men were by nature free-born, and as their kingdom was called the kingdom of Franks, they determined it should be so in reality, as well as in name; therefore they appointed that enfranchisements should be granted throughout the whole kingdom, upon just and reasonable conditions.*" These edicts were carried into immediate execution within the royal domaine. Many of the nobles followed the example of their sovereigns, and servitude was gradually abolished in almost every

province of the kingdom. In Italy, the establishment of republican government in their great cities gradually introduced the practice of enfranchising the ancient *predial* slaves. In some provinces of Germany, the persons who had been subject to this species of bondage, were released; in others, the rigour of their state was mitigated. In England, as the spirit of liberty gained ground, the very name and idea of personal servitude, without any formal interposition of the legislature to prohibit it, was totally banished.

The effects of such a great change in the condition of the people were considerable and extensive. The husbandman became the farmer of the same fields which he was formerly compelled to cultivate for the sole benefit of another. The odious names of master and of slave, the most mortifying and depressing of all distinctions
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to human nature, were abolished. The expectation of bettering their fortune, as well as that of raising themselves to a more honorable condition, concurred in calling forth the activity and genius of those who were emancipated. A numerous class of men, formerly employed as mere instruments of labour, became useful citizens, and contributed towards augmenting the force or riches of the society which adopted them as members.

The various expedients which were employed to introduce a more regular, equal, and vigorous administration of justice, contributed greatly towards the improvement of society. The first considerable step which was taken in order to attain this salutary end, was the abolishment of the right which individuals claimed of waging war with each other, in their own name, and by their own authority. The different

kingdoms of Europe were torn and afflicted, during several centuries, by intestine wars, excited by private animosities, and carried on with all the rage natural to men of fierce manners and of violent passions. The nobles, accustomed to avenge themselves on such as had injured them, did not think of relinquishing a right which they considered as the highest and most honorable distinction of their order. They continued to assert this dangerous privilege and refused, for a long time, to obey the laws calculated to annul or circumscribe it. The final abolition of this practice in France, and the other countries in which it prevailed, is not to be ascribed so much to the force of statutes and decrees, as to the gradual increase of the royal authority, and to the imperceptible progress of juster sentiments, concerning government, order, and public security.

The prohibition of the form of trial by judicial combat, was another considerable step towards the introduction of such regular government as secured public order and private tranquillity.

Among all the whimsical and absurd institutions which owe their existence to the weakness of human reason, this, which submitted questions that affected the property, the reputation and the lives of men to the determination of chance, or of bodily strength and address, appears to be the most extravagant and preposterous. There were circumstances, however, which led the nations of Europe to consider this equivocal mode of deciding any point in contest, as a direct appeal to heaven, and a certain method of discovering its will. As men are unable to comprehend the manner in which the Almighty carries on the government of the universe, by equal, fixed, and general laws, they are apt to ima-

imagine that in every case which their passions or interest render important in their own eyes, the Supreme Ruler of all, ought visibly to display his power, in vindicating innocence and punishing vice. It requires no inconsiderable degree of science and philosophy to correct this popular error. But the sentiments prevalent in Europe during the dark ages, instead of correcting, strengthened it. Religion, for several centuries, consisted chiefly in believing the legendary history of those saints whose names crowd and disgrace the Romish calender. The fabulous tales concerning their miracles, had been declared authentic by the bulls of Popes, and the decrees of councils; they made the great subject of the instructions which the clergy offered to the people, and were received by them with implicit credulity and admiration. One superstition prepared the way for another; and whoever believed that the

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the Supreme Being had interposed miraculously on those trivial occasions mentioned in legends, could not but expect his intervention in matters of greater importance, when solemnly referred to his decision.

With this superstitious opinion, the martial spirit of Europe, during the middle ages, concurred in establishing the mode of trial by judicial combat. To be ready to maintain with his sword whatever his lips had uttered, was the first maxim of honour with every gentleman. To assert their own rights by force of arms, to inflict vengeance on those who had injured or affronted them, were the distinction and pride of high-spirited nobles. Every man was the guardian of his own honour; the justice of his cause depended on his own courage and skill.

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This mode of decision was considered accordingly, as one of the happiest efforts of wise policy; and as soon as it was introduced, all the forms of trial by fire or water, and other superstitious experiments, fell into disuse. The trial by combat was authorized over all Europe. Not only questions concerning uncertain or contested facts, but general and abstract points in law were determined by the issue of a combat; and the latter was deemed a method of discovering truth more liberal as well as more satisfactory, than by examination and argument.

Not only might parties defy their antagonist, and require him to make good his charge or to prove his innocence with his sword, but witnesses, who had no interest in the issue of the question, were equally exposed to the danger of a challenge, and equally bound to assert the veracity of their

evidence by dint of arms. Ecclesiastics, women, minors, superannuated and infirm persons who could not with decency or justice be compelled to take arms were obliged to produce champions to fight their battles. By this barbarous custom the natural course of proceeding, both in civil and criminal questions, was entirely perverted. Force usurped the place of equity in courts of judicature, and justice was banished from her proper mansion. Discernment, learning, integrity, were qualities less necessary to a judge than bodily strength and dexterity in the use of arms. Daring courage, and Superior vigour or address, were of more moment towards securing the favourable issue of a suit, than the equity of a cause, or the clearness of the evidence. Men of course, applied themselves to cultivate the talents which they found to be of greatest utility. As strength of body and address in arms were no less

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requisite in those lists which they were obliged to enter in defence of their private rights, than in the field of battle, where they met the enemies of their country, it became the great object of education, as well as the chief employment of life, to acquire these martial accomplishments. The administration of justice, instead of accustoming men to listen to the voice of equity, or to reverence the decisions of law, added to the ferocity of their manners, and taught them to consider force as the great arbiter of right and wrong.

These pernicious effects of the trial by combat were so obvious, that they did not altogether escape the view of the unobserving age in which it was introduced. The clergy from the beginning, remonstrated against it as repugnant to the spirit of Christianity, and subversive of justice and order. But the maxims and passions, which
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favoured it, had taken such hold of the minds of men, that they disregarded admonitions and censures, which, on other occasions, would have struck them with horror. The evil was too great and inveterate to yield to that remedy, and continuing to increase, the civil power at length found it necessary to interpose. Conscious, however, of their own limited authority, monarchs proceeded with caution, and their first attempts to restrain, or to set any bounds to this practice were extremely feeble. One of the earliest restrictions of this practice which occurs in the history of Europe, is that of Henry I. of England. It extended no farther than to prohibit the trial by combat in questions concerning property of small value. Louis VII. of France imitated his example, and issued an Edict to the same effect. St. Louis, whose ideas as a legislator, were far superior to those of his age, endea-

voured to introduce a more perfect jurisprudence, and to substitute the trial by evidence, in place of that by combat. But his regulations, with respect to this, were confined to his own domains; for the great vassals of the crown, possessed such independent authority, and were so fondly attached to the ancient practice, that he durst not venture to extend it to the whole kingdom. Some barons voluntarily adopted his regulations. The spirit of courts of justice became averse to the mode of decision by combat, and discouraged it on every occasions. The nobles, nevertheless, thought it so honourable to depend for the security of their lives and fortunes on their own courage alone, and contended with so much vehemence for the preservation of this favourite privilege of their order, that the successors of St. Louis, unable to oppose, and afraid of offending such powerful subjects, were obli-

obliged not only to tolerate, but to authorize the practice which he had attempted to abolish. In other countries of Europe, efforts equally zealous were employed to maintain the established custom; and similar concessions were extorted from their respective sovereigns. It continued, however, to be an object of policy with every monarch of abilities or vigour, to explode the trial by combat; and various edicts were issued for this purpose: But the observation which was made concerning the right of private war, is equally applicable to the mode of trial under review. No custom, how absurd soever it may be, if it has subsisted long, or derives its force from the manners and prejudices of the age in which it prevails, was ever abolished by the bare promulgation of laws and statutes. The sentiments of the people must change, or some new power sufficient to counteract it must be introduced. Such a

change, accordingly, took place in Europe, as science gradually increased, and society advanced towards more perfect order. In proportion as the prerogative of Princes extended, and came to acquire new force, a power, interested in suppressing every practice favourable to the independance of the nobles was introduced. The struggle, nevertheless, subsisted for several centuries; sometimes the new regulations and ideas seemed to gain ground; sometimes ancient habits recurred; and though, upon the whole, the trial by combat went more and more into disuse, yet instances of it occur, as late as the sixteenth century, in the history both of France and of England. In proportion as it declined, the regular administration of justice was restored, the proceedings of courts were directed by known laws, the study of these became an object of attention to judges, and the people of Europe advanced fast towards civility, when

when this great cause of the ferocity of their manners was removed.

The revival of the knowledge and study of the Roman law co-operated with the causes which I have mentioned, in introducing more just and liberal ideas concerning the nature of government and the administration of justice. Among the calamities, which the devastations of the barbarians who broke in upon the empire, brought upon mankind, one of the greatest was their overturning the system of Roman jurisprudence, the noblest monument of the wisdom of that great people, formed to subdue and to govern the world. The laws and regulations of a civilized community were altogether repugnant to the manners and ideas of these fierce invaders. They had respect to objects, of which a rude people had no conception; and were adapted to a state of society with which

they were entirely unacquainted. For this reason, wherever they settled, the Roman jurisprudence soon sunk into oblivion and lay buried for some centuries under the load of those institutions, which the inhabitants of Europe dignified with the name of laws. But towards the middle of the twelfth century, a copy of Justinian's Pandects was accidentally discovered in Italy. By that time the state of society was so far advanced, and the ideas of men so much enlarged and improved by the occurrences of several centuries, during which they had continued in political union, that they were struck with admiration of a system, which their ancestors could not comprehend. Though they had not hitherto attained such a degree of refinement, as to take from the ancients a relish for true philosophy or speculative science, though they were still insensible to the beauty and elegance of classical composition;

tion; they were sufficiently qualified to judge with respect to the merit of their system of laws, in which all the points most interesting to mankind, and the chief objects of their attention in every age, were settled with discernment, precision and equity. All men of letters studied this new science with eagerness; and within a few years after the discovery of the Pandects, professors of civil law were appointed, who taught it publickly in most countries of Europe.

The effects of having such a perfect model to study and to imitate were soon manifest. Men, as soon as they were acquainted with fixed and general laws, perceived the advantage of them, and became impatient to ascertain the principles and forms by which judges should regulate their decisions. Such was the ardor with which they carried on an undertaking of so great

importance to society that before the close of the twelfth century, the feudal law was reduced into a regular system; the code of canon-law was enlarged and methodized; and the loose uncertain customs of different provinces or kingdoms, were collected and arranged with an order and accuracy acquired from the knowledge of Roman jurisprudence. In some countries of Europe, the Roman law was adopted as subsidiary to their own municipal law; and all cases to which the latter did not extend, were decided according to the principles of the former. In others, the maxims as well as forms of Roman jurisprudence mingled imperceptibly with the laws of the country, and had a powerful, though less sensible influence, in improving and perfecting them.

These various improvements in the system of jurisprudence, and administration
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of justice, occasioned a change in manners of great importance and of extensive effect. They gave rise to a distinction of professions; they obliged men to cultivate different talents, and to aim at different accomplishments, in order to qualify themselves for the various departments and functions which became necessary in society. Among uncivilized nations, there is but one profession honourable, that of arms. All the ingenuity and vigour of the human mind are exerted in acquiring military skill or address. The functions of peace are few and simple; and require no particular course of education or of study, as a preparation for discharging them. This was the state of Europe during several centuries. Every gentleman, born a soldier, scorned any other occupation, he was taught no science but that of war; even his exercises and pastimes were feats of martial prowess. Nor did the judicial charac-

ter, which persons of noble birth were alone entitled to assume, demand any degree of knowledge beyond that which such untutored soldiers possessed. To recollect a few traditional customs which time had confirmed, and rendered respectable; to mark out the lists of battle with due formality; to observe the issue of the combat; and to pronounce whether it had been conducted according to the laws of arms, included every thing that a baron who acted as a judge, found it necessary to understand. But when the forms of legal proceedings were fixed, when the rules of decision were committed to writing, and collected into a body, law became a science, the knowledge of which required a regular course of study, together with long attention to the practice of courts. Martial and illiterate nobles, had neither leisure nor inclination to undertake a task so laborious, as well as so foreign from all the occu-

occupations which they deemed entertaining, or suitable to their rank. They gradually relinquished their places in courts of justice, where their ignorance exposed them to contempt. They became weary of attending to the discussion of cases, which grew too intricate for them to comprehend. Not only the judicial determination of points which were the subject of controversy, but the conduct of all legal business and transactions was committed to persons trained by previous study and application to the knowledge of law. An order of men, to whom their fellow-citizens had daily recourse for advice, and to whom they looked up for decision in their most important concerns, naturally acquired consideration and influence in society. They were advanced to honours which had been considered as the peculiar rewards of military virtue. They were entrusted with offices of the highest dignity and most extent.

tenfive power. Thus, another profession than that of arms, came to be introduced among the laity, and was reputed honourable. The functions of civil life were attended to. The talents requisite for discharging them were cultivated. A new road was opened to wealth and eminence. The arts and virtues of peace were placed in their proper rank, and received their due recompence.

While improvements so important with respect to the state of society, and the administration of justice, gradually made progress in Europe, sentiments more liberal and generous had begun to animate the nobles. These were inspired by the spirit of chivalry, which, though considered, commonly, as a wild institution, the effect of caprice, and the source of extravagance, arose naturally from the state of society at that period; and had a very serious influence.

fluence in refining the manners of the European nations. The feudal state was a state of perpetual war, rapine, and anarchy; during which the weak and unarmed were exposed every moment to insults or injuries. The power of the sovereign was too limited to prevent these wrongs; and the administration of justice too feeble to redress them. There was scarce any protection against violence and oppression, but what the valour and generosity of private persons afforded. The same spirit of enterprize which had prompted so many gentlemen to take arms in defence of the oppressed pilgrims in Palestine, incited others to declare themselves the patrons and avengers of injured innocence at home. When the final reduction of the Holy Land under the dominion of Infidels put an end to these foreign expeditions, the latter was the only employment left for the activity and courage of adventurers. To check the
info-

insolence of over grown oppressors; to succour the distressed; to rescue the helpless from captivity; to protect, or to avenge women, orphans, and ecclesiastics, who could not bear arms in their own defence; to redress wrongs, and to remove grievances; were deemed acts of the highest prowess and merit. Valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were the characteristic qualities of chivalry. To these were added religion, which mingled itself with every passion and institution during the middle ages, and by infusing a large proportion of enthusiastic zeal, gave them such force, as carried them to romantic excess. Men were trained to knighthood by a long previous discipline; they were admitted into the order by solemnities no less devout than pompous; every person of noble birth courted that honour; it was deemed a distinction superior to royalty; and monarchs were proud to receive it

it from the hands of private gentlemen.

This singular institution, in which valour, gallantry, and religion, were so strangely blended, was wonderfully adapted to the taste and genius of martial nobles; and its effects were soon visible in their manners. War was carried on with less ferocity, when humanity came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood no less than courage. More gentle and polished manners were introduced, when courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of knightly virtues. Violence and oppression decreased, when it was reckoned meritorious to check and to punish them. A scrupulous adherence to truth, with the most religious attention to fulfil every engagement, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because chivalry was regarded as the school of honour, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with
re-

respect to that point. The admiration of these qualities, together with the high distinctions and prerogatives conferred on knighthood in every part of Europe, inspired persons of noble birth on some occasions with a species of military fanaticism, and led them to extravagant enterprizes. But they imprinted deeply in their minds the principles of generosity and honour. These were strengthened by every thing that can affect the senses, or touch the heart. The wild exploits of those romantic knights who sallied forth in quest of adventures, are well known, and have been treated with proper ridicule. The political and permanent effects of the spirit of chivalry have been less observed. Perhaps, the humanity which accompanies all the operations of war, the refinements of gallantry, and the point of honour; the three chief circumstances which distinguish modern from ancient manners, may be ascri-

ascribed in a great measure to this whimsical institution, seemingly of little benefit to mankind. The sentiments which chivalry inspired, had a wonderful influence on manners and conduct during the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They were so deeply rooted, that they continued to operate after the vigour and reputation of the institution itself began to decline. Some considerable transactions, recorded in the following history, resemble the adventurous exploits of chivalry, rather than the well regulated operations of sound policy. Some of the most eminent personages, whose characters will be delineated, were strongly tinctured with this romantic spirit. Francis I. was ambitious to distinguish himself by all the qualities of an accomplished knight, and endeavoured to imitate the enterprizing genius of chivalry in war, as well as its pomp and courtesy, during peace. The fame which he acquired by

these splendid actions, so far dazzled his more temperate rival, that he departed on some occasions from his usual prudence and moderation, and emulated Francis in deeds of prowess, or of gallantry.

The progress of science, and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their Empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which has rendered the productions of their ancestors the standards of excellence, and models for imitation to succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They
were

were not arrived at that state of society, in which those faculties of the human mind that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to all those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them, with industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve, or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by their settlement in the Empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established; together with the interior defects in the form of government, which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste, or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centuries, in that state of ignorance which has been al-

ready described. But the events and institutions which I have enumerated, produced great alterations in society. As soon as their operation, in restoring liberty and independance to one part of the community, began to be felt; as soon as they began to communicate to all the members of society some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects.

The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations in the middle ages, were

were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they make but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But, unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from this course which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abstruse and metaphysical inquiry. They had been converted to the Christian faith; soon after they settled in their new conquests. But they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity, the theories of a vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries,

and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to resolve. These over-curious speculations were incorporated with the system of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon, then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtle distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of enquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe. It was not this circumstance alone that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth
and

and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the eastern Empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. But these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, corrupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority, they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of

their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these uninviting studies, was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of these instituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented,
as

as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was opened to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review, were barbarous. They were destitute of elegance, of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The latin tongue was

consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarce less sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were taught in latin. All books with respect to them were written in that language. To have treated of any important subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

But though science was thus prevented, during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed; the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of
of

of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged spirit of enquiry which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners, and to give them some relish for those gentle virtues, which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success.

The progress of commerce had considerable influence in polishing the manners of the European nations, and in leading them to order, equal laws and humanity. The wants of men, in the original and most simple state of society, are so few, and their desires so limited, that they rest contented with the natural productions of
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their climate and soil, or with what they can add to these by their own rude industry. They have no superfluities to dispose of, and few necessities that demand a supply. Every little community subsisting on its own domestic stock, and satisfied with it, is either unacquainted with the states around it, or at variance with them. Society and manners must be considerably improved, and many provisions must be made for public order and personal security, before a liberal intercourse can take place between different nations. We find, accordingly, that the first effect of the settlement of the barbarians in the Empire, was to divide those nations which the Roman power had united. Europe was broken into many separate communities. The communication between these divided states ceased almost totally during several centuries. Navigation was dangerous in seas infested by pirates; nor could strangers trust to a friendly reception
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in the ports of uncivilized nations. Even between distant parts of the same kingdom, the intercourse was rare and difficult. The lawless rapine of Banditti, together with the avowed exactions of the nobles, scarcely formidable and oppressive, rendered a journey of any length a perilous enterprize. Fixed to the spot in which they resided, the greater part of the inhabitants of Europe lost, in a great measure, the knowledge of remote regions, and were unacquainted with their names, their situations, their climates, and their commodities.

Various causes contributed to revive the spirit of commerce, and to renew in some degree the intercourse between different nations. The Italians, by their connection with Constantinople and other cities of the Greek Empire, preserved in their own country some relish for the precious commodities and curious manufactures of
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the East. They communicated some knowledge to the countries contiguous to Italy. This commerce, however, was extremely limited, nor was the intercourse considerable which it occasioned between different nations. The Crusades, by leading multitudes from every corner of Europe into Asia, opened a more extensive communication between the East and West, which subsisted for two centuries; and though the object of these expeditions was conquest and not commerce, though the issue of them proved as unfortunate, as the motives for undertaking them were wild and enthusiastic, their commercial effects, as hath been shewn, were both beneficial and permanent.

During the continuance of the Crusades, the great cities in Italy and in other countries of Europe acquired liberty, and together with it such privileges as rendered them

them respectable and independant communities. Thus, in every state, there was formed a new order of citizens, to whom commerce presented itself as their proper object, and opened to them a certain path to wealth and dignity. Soon after the close of the Holy war, the mariner's compass was invented, which, by rendering navigation more secure as well as more adventurous facilitated the communications between remote nations and brought them nearer to each other. The Italian States, during the same period, established a regular commerce with the East in the parts of Egypt, and drew from thence all the rich products of the Indies. They introduced into their own territories manufactures of various kinds, and carried them on with great ingenuity and vigour. They attempted new arts, and transplanted from warmer climates, to which they had been hitherto deemed peculiar, several natural productions which

which now furnish the materials of a lucrative and extended commerce. All these commodities, whether imported from Asia, or produced by their own skill, they disposed of to great advantage among the other people of Europe, who began to acquire some taste of elegance unknown to their ancestors, or despised by them. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the commerce of Europe was almost entirely in the hands of the Italians, more commonly known in those ages by the name of Lombards. Companies or societies of Lombard merchants settled in every different kingdom. They were taken under the immediate protection of the several governments. They enjoyed extensive privileges and immunities. The operation of the ancient barbarous laws concerning strangers was suspended with respect to them. They became the factors, the manufacturers, and the bankers of all Europe.

While

While the Italians, in the south of Europe, cultivated trade with such industry and success, the commercial spirit awakened in the north, towards the middle of the thirteenth century. As the nations round the Baltick were, at that time, extremely barbarous, and infected that sea with their piracies, this obliged the cities of Lubec and Hamburgh, soon after they began to open some trade with these people, to enter into a league of mutual defence. They derived such advantages from this union, that other towns acceded to their confederacy, and, in a short time, eighty of the most considerable cities scattered through those vast countries which stretch from the bottom of the Baltick to Cologne on the Rhine, joined in the famous Hanseatic league. The members of this powerful association formed the first systematic plan of commerce known in the middle ages, and conducted it by common laws enacted in

their general assemblies. They supplied the rest of Europe with naval stores, and pitched on different towns, the most eminent of which was Bruges in Flanders, where they established staples in which their commerce was regularly carried on. Thither the Lombards brought the productions of India, together with the manufactures of Italy, and exchanged them for the more bulky, but not less useful commodities of the North. The Hanseatic merchants disposed of the cargoes which they received from the Lombards, in the ports of the Baltick, or carried them up the great rivers into the interior parts of Germany.

The regular intercourse opened between the North and South of Europe made them sensible of their mutual wants, and created such new and vast demands for commodities of every kind, that it excited among
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the inhabitants of the Netherlands a more vigorous spirit in carrying on the two great manufactures of wool and flax, which seem to have been considerable in that country as far back as the age of Charlemagne. As Bruges became the center of communication between the Lombard and Hanseatic merchants, the Flemings traded with both in that city, to such extent as well as advantage, as spread among them a general habit of industry, which long rendered Flanders, and the adjacent provinces the most opulent, the most populous, and best cultivated countries in Europe.

Struck with the flourishing state of these provinces, of which he discerned the true cause, Edward III. of England, endeavoured to excite a spirit of industry among his own subjects, who, blind to the advantages of their situation, and ignorant of the source from which opulence was

destined to flow into their country, totally neglected commerce, and did not even attempt those manufactures, the materials of which they furnished to foreigners. By alluring Flemish artificians to settle in his dominions, as well as by many wise laws for the encouragement and regulation of trade, he gave a beginning to the woollen manufactures of England, and first turned the active and enterprizing genius of his people towards those arts which have raised the English to the highest rank among commercial nations.

This increase of commerce, and of intercourse between nations how inconsiderable soever it may appear in respect of their rapid and extensive progress during the last and present age, seems vast, when we compare it with the state of both in Europe previous to the twelfth century. It did not fail of producing great effects.

Com-

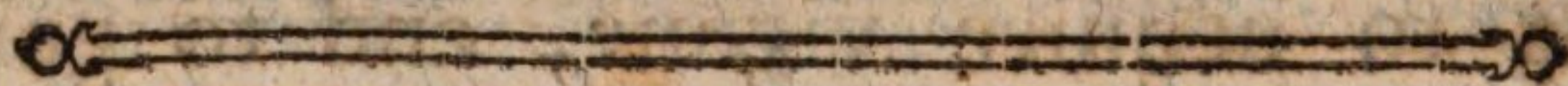
Commerce tends to wear of those prejudices which maintain distinction and animosity between nations. It softens and polishes the manners of men. It unites them by one of the strongest of all ties, the desire of supplying their mutual wants. It disposes them to peace, by establishing in every state an order of citizens bound by their interest to be the guardians of public tranquillity. As soon as the commercial spirit begins to acquire vigour, and to gain an ascendant in any society, we discover a new genius in its policy, its alliances, its wars, and its negociations. Conspicuous proofs of this occur in the history of the Italian States, of the Hanseatic league, and the cities of the Netherlands during the period under review. In proportion as commerce made its way into the different countries of Europe, they successively turned their attention to those objects, and adopted those manners, which occupy and distinguish polite nations.





SCENES
FROM THE
COZENERS,
A COMEDY,

WRITTEN
BY
SAMUEL FOOTE. *Esq.*



Mrs. Fleece'em a female cheat, is supposed to have purchased some silks at an eminent Mercer's, who attends her to a Mad-house (supposing it her friend's Mansion) in order to be paid for his goods.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Fleece'em and Prig.

Mrs. Fleece'em.

IT is lucky the Doctor is at home (*aside*).
John you may take the silks of Mr. Prig,
and

and put them into the coach — How could I be so giddy to forget my purse, and leave it on the table? All my servants are honest, I hope.

Prig.

No doubt; it would be the greatestest of crimes to injure a Lady of your affability and amiability.

Mrs. Fleece'em. Quite polite, I protest, Mr. Prig! I am sorry however, Sir, to have given you all this trouble.

Prig. I consider it, Madam, as one of the most greatestest pieces of happiness that could have befallen Paul Prig. Your La'ship is a perfect pattern of humility; to suffer a simple tradesman like me to occupy part of your La'ship's coach is such an honour that —

Mrs. Fleece'em. Honour? by no means, Mr. Prig: I don't know a station more useful, or indeed more reputable, than that of a citizen like you, who condescends to

employ his genius in adorning his fellow-creatures. The ladies, indeed, are most obliged to your labours.

Prig. Were all ladies like you, Madam, my condition would be celestial indeed; for, as Master Shakspar says:

"The labour we delight in physics pain."

Mrs. Fleece'em. Mr. Prig, I protest you surprise me! who could have expected so much gallantry from the Ward of *Farringdon - Within?*

Prig. Your charms, Madam, would animate even a native of *Hockley - in - the - Hole!*

Mrs. Fleece'em. Fy. Mr —.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My master begs you would step into his study. (exit.)

Mrs. Fleece'em. Mr. Prig you will excuse me a moment; it is lucky my lawyer is at home; I shall take the money, and not give you the trouble to go so far as my house;

house; I shall soon call again at your shop.

(exit.)

Prig. The greatest pleasure, Madam, that I could ever have — Ha, ha! left her purse on the table? a likely story, indeed! No, no, I understand her ogles and leers; her eyes spoke more truth than her tongue. I don't recollect to have seen her before; but she has seen me, that is clear, from the strength of her passion. "Soon call at your shop?" and how soft the tone of her voice! yes, yes, I believe you will. Well, well, you sha'n't be disappointed, my dear; his worst enemies can't accuse Paul Prig of being cruel.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. You had better step into this room, there is a fire.

Prig. By all means. "A station more useful, or more reputable, than that of a — poor creter! she must be very far gone indeed.

(exeunt.)

ANOTHER ROOM.

Doctor Hellebore, and Mrs. Fleece'em discovered.

Hellebore. To whose recommendation, Madam, do I owe the honour — .

Mrs. Fleece'em. The world's, Doctor; your great reputation.

Hellebore. Oh, Madam!

Mrs. Fleece'em. But as I was observing to you, Sir, if it was not for these unaccountable whims in my uncle, no man in England has a finer understanding, or a clearer conception: Nothing irregular in his conduct; discharges all the social duties with the utmost exactness; reasons with the most perfect precision upon every subject.

Hellebore. And the state of his bodily health?

Mrs. Fleece'em. He does not complain.

Hellebore. And these distractions are frequent?

Mrs.

Mrs. Fleece'em. I think more so, of late.

Hellebore. Ay, the great tension of the *Pia-mater* must infeeble the system; and the paroxysms, of course, oftener repeated, and of longer continuance. And his whims, you say —

Mrs. Fleece'em. To the last degree extravagant: Last week he supposed himself a young nestling crow, and constantly opened his mouth, like a bill, and cawed for food, when he found himself hungry.

Hellebore. A manifest mark of distraction!

Mrs. Fleece'em. His whim of to-day is peculiar enough.

Hellebore. Of what kind?

Mrs. Fleece'em. He supposes himself a mercer upon Ludgate - Hill.

Hellebore. A Mercer?

Mrs. Fleece'em. And that he has sold me a parcel of silks, for the payment of which I have conducted him hither.

Hellebore. Why, Madam, we do now
and

and then meet with extraordinary instances; But could not I see your uncle?

Mrs. Fleece'em. I brought him hither on purpose.

Hellebore. (calling) Desire the gentleman below to walk up. Why, Madam, the goodness of his health we look upon as a bad symptom, in these kind of cases; when they arise from a fever, why —

Mrs. Fleece'em. I hope there will be no occasion for violent remedies, such as correction, or strait waistcoats?

Hellebore. Not if he is tractable.

Mrs. Fleece'em. But, if that should not be the case, Sir?

Hellebore. The best way, Ma'am, is to leave him to my care a little; I have a convenient house not far from town, where mad people are managed with greater advantage.

Mrs. Fleece'em. I shall submit his treatment intirely to you — . But I suppose
Sir,

Sir, it will be right for me to withdraw, as you may have some questions to ask him, improper for the ear of a lady. I will pay a short visit, now I am in this part of the town.

Hellebore. As you please, Madam — A discreet person! this does not seem to be a family complaint.

Mrs. Fleece'em. Here he is. (aside) I must humour him a little.

Enter Prig.

This Gentleman, Sir, will settle our little affair. Depend upon it, I shall be with you soon.

(exit).

Prig. I shall wait for that honour with the greatest impatience — She is a fine creter!

Hellebore. Come Sir, take a chair.

Prig. Sir, there is no occasion.

Hellebore. You had better, as I shall have a good many questions to ask you —

(They

(They sit) Well, Sir, and how do you find yourself?

Prig. Sir, you are very obliging! I am, I thank you, in very good health.

Hellebore. Don't you feel yourself at times inclined to be feverish?

Prig. Feverish! not I, Sir.

Hellebore. And have you had no material complaints, for any time back?

Prig. Not that I recollect; a slight touch of the influenza, indeed; but fared full as well as my neighbours.

Hellebore. And your appetite?

Prig. As usual; but I am at no time an over - great eater.

Hellebore. So much the better. Favour me with your hand, if you please.

Prig. Sir! (rises, and offers his hand).

Hellebore. Keep your seat, if you please — (feels his pulse) Rather a little too lively! and, as to your sleep now, is it continued or broken?

Prig.

Prig. Sir!

Hellebore. Are your slumbers without interruption? have you no starts?

Prig. Not that I know of; indeed, I never was over-fond of my bed.

Hellebore. Ay, restless; I thought so.

Prig. Indeed, my business requires that I should be an early riser; when an apprentice, I was always the first in the shop.

Hellebore. An apprentice? poor man! but however, I see no violent symptoms at present; a preparatory medicine, till we can put him into a regimen. Be seated! I will fetch you a draught that will immediately settle the business. (exit.)

Prig. A draft! —. A draft on his banker, I reckon. Why could not he have given it me at first? An odd man! what the duce has my health to do with my bill? Let us see; what is the tote? A hundred and ninety-two pounds, six, and oh —! here he is, I suppose, with the cash.

Enter

Enter Hellebore, with a bottle and phial.

Hellebore. You will take this draught, three times a a-day, at two hours distance, first shaking it well.

Prig. Sir.

Hellebore. And nine drops of this, in a glass of water, first going to bed, it will serve to compose —

Prig. Compose? here must be some mistake in this matter! I fancy, Sir, you take me for some body else — my name, Sir, is Prig, I keep the great Mercer's shop, as you go up Ludgate —

Hellebore. Hum, very well Sir.

Prig. And am come with the lady below, to be paid this here bill in my hand.

Hellebore. Oh Sir, I am no stranger to the whole of that story; But how could you now — for, as you are cool at present, I will reason the matter a little — how could a man of your rank and fortune

tune indulge, such an improbable whim? —
I say a mercer indeed!

Prig. And pray, good Sir, who d'ye
take me to be?

Hellebore. Oh Sir, I know very well;
your niece has fully informed me.

Prig. My niece? I have no niece; at
least, not in London, I am sure.

Hellebore. No? what d'ye think of the
lady who conducted you hither?

Prig. She my niece? Damn me, Sir,
till this morning, if ever I set eyes on her!
Sure —

Hellebore. Oh, ho! what, you are be-
ginning to be violent; you had better be
quiet, or I shall find a method to tame
you.

Prig. Tame me, Sir? I don't under-
stand what you would be at! Will you
pay me my bill here, or not?

Hellebore. Your bill, poor creature!

Prig. Poor creter, Sir? none of your

creters to me! follow your client's directions, and discharge me at once.

Hellebore. My client?

Prig. Ay, Sir. When money is in the case, a man may as well have to do with *Old Nick*, as a lawyer, there is no getting it out of their hands.

Hellebore. Oh, he takes me for a lawyer! The paroxysm is exceedingly strong. Who is there? Order a coach, and let the three Keepers convey him to Chelsea.

Enter three Keepers.

Prig. Me to Chelsea? let any body touch me that dare!

Hellebore. Ay, ay, we will see that.

Prig. This is some conspiracy, I suppose, to bam, to chouse me out of my money.

Hellebore. You will take him to Chelsea.

Prig. Hands off!

Hellebore. And, as you see he is violent,

lent, let him have the back room, with the barr'd windows, up two - pair of stairs.

Prig. Me to Chelsea? me barr'd windows, and back room two - pair of stairs?

Hellebore. If the fit should increafe, put on the freight waistcoat. I shall call myself in the evening.

Prig. Let me go gentlemen! This is a damn'd contrivance, to rob me! Unhand me, or you shall be all fwing'd and fous'd! imprifon a citizen, that only comes for his money? Damn me, Jack Wilkes's affair will be but a flea bite to this!

(Keepers hurry him off).

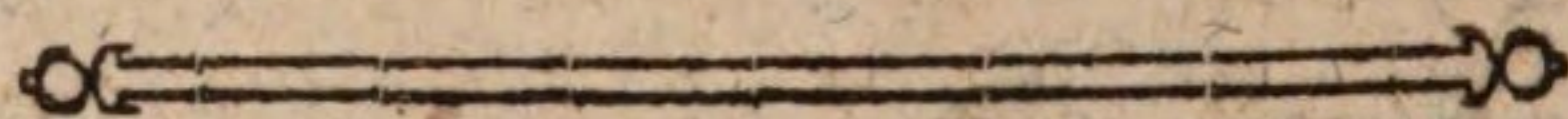
Hellebore. If this is the cafe, on with the waift - coat.

(exeunt).





SCENES
FROM THE
NABOB,
A COMEDY,
WRITTEN
BY
MR. FOOTE.



Sir Matthew Mite, the Nabob, having brought with him from Italy several Curious Antiques, the Antiquarian Society agree in chusing him one of their body, which occasions the following humorous Scene.

The Antiquarian Society.

Secretary.

SIR Matthew Mite, preceded by his presents, will attend this honourable Society this morning.

I. Ant.

1. *Antiquar.* Is he apprized that an inauguration - speech is required, in which he is to express his love of *virtù*, and produce proofs of his antique erudition?

Secret. He has been apprized, and is rightly prepared.

2. *Antiquar.* Are the minutes of our last meeting fairly recorded and entered?

Secret. They are.

1. *Antiquar.* And the valuable antiques which have happily escaped the depredations of time ranged and registered rightly?

Secret. All in order.

2. *Antiquar.* As there are new acquisitions to the Society's stock, I think it is right that the members should be instructed in their several natures and names.

1. *Antiquar.* By all means. Read the list!

Secret. "Inprimis. In a large glass-case,

and in fine preservation, the toe of the slipper of Cardinal Pandulpho, with which he kick'd the breech of King John at Swinstead-Abbey, when he gave him absolution and penance."

2. *Antiquar.* A most noble remains!

1. *Antiquar.* An excellent antidote against the progress of Popery, as it proves the Pontif's insolent abuse of his power! — Proceed.

Secret. 'A pair of nut-crackers presented by Harry VIII. to Anna Bullen the eve of their nuptials; the wood supposed to be walnut.'

1. *Antiquar.* Which proves that before the reformation walnut-trees were planted in England.

Secret. "The cape of Queen Elisabeth's riding-hood, which she wore on a solemn festival, when carried behind Burleigh to Paul's; the cloth undoubtedly Kidderminster."

2. *Ant.*

2. *Antiquar.* A most instructive lesson to us, as it proves that patriotic princes wore nothing but the manufactures of England.

Secret. "A cork - screw presented by Sir John Falstaff to Harry V. with a tobacco - stopper of Sir Walter Raleigh's, made of the stern of the ship in which he first compassed the globe; given to the Society by a clergyman from the North - Riding of Yorkshire."

1. *Antiquar.* A rare instance of generosity, as they must have both been of singular use to the reverend donor himself!

Secret. "A curious collection, in general and undoubted succession, of all the tickets of Islington - Turnpike, from its first institution to the twentieth of May.

2. *Antiquar.* Preserve them with care, as they may hereafter serve to illustrate that part of the English History.

Secret. "A wooden medal of Shakespeare,

made from the mulberry - tree he planted himself, with a Queen Anne's farthing; from the Manager of Drury - Lane Play-house."

I. *Antiquar.* Has he received the Society's thanks?

Secret. They are sent.

Enter Beadle.

Beadle. Sir Matthew Mite attends at the door.

I. *Antiquar.* Let him be admitted directly.

Enter Sir Matthew Mite, preceded by four Blacks; first Black bearing a large book; second, a green chamber - pot; third, some Lava from mount Vesuvius; fourth a box. Sir Matthew takes his seat; Secretary receives the first present, and reads the label.

Secret. Purchased of the Abbe Montini at Naples, for five hundred pounds, an illegible manuscript in Latin, containing the

the twelve books of Livy, supposed to be lost.

Mite. This invaluable treasure was very near falling into the hands of the pope, who designed to deposit it in the Vatican library, and I rescued it from idolatrous hands.

I. *Antiquar.* A pious, learned and laudable purchase!

Secret. (Receives the second present, and reads the label). 'A sarcophagus or roman urn, dug from the temple of Concord.

Mite. Supposed to have held the dust of Marc Antony's coachman.

Secret. (Receives the third present, and reads). 'A large piece of the Lava, thrown from the Vesuvian volcano, at the last great eruption.

Mite. By chymical analysis, it will be easy to discover the constituent parts of this mass; which, by properly preparing it, will make it no difficult task to propa-

gate burning mountains in England, if encouraged by premiums.

2. *Antiquar.* Which it will, no doubt!

Mite. Gentlemen! Not contented with collecting, for the use of my country, these inestimable relics, with a large catalogue of petrifications, bones, beetles, and butterflies, contained in that box (pointing to the present borne by the fourth black). I have likewise laboured for the advancement of national knowledge; for which end, permit me to clear up some doubts relative to a material and interesting point in the English history. Let others toil to illuminate the dark annals of Greece, or of Rome, my searches are sacred only to the service of Britain!

The point I mean to clear up is an error crept into the life of that illustrious Magistrate, the great Whittington, and his no - less - eminent Cat; and in this disquisition four material points are in question?

1. ft. Did Whittington ever exist?
2. ft. Was Whittington Lord - Mayor of London?
3. ft. Was he really possessed of a Cat?
4. ft. Was that Cat the source of his wealth?

That Whittington lived no doubt can be made; that he was Lord Mayor of London is equally true; but, as to his cat, that, Gentlemen, is the gordian knot to untie. And here, Gentlemen, be it permitted me to define what a cat is. A cat is a domestic, whiskered, four-footed animal, whose employment is catching of mice; but let Pufs have been ever so subtle, let Pufs have been ever so successful, to what could Pufs's captures amount? No tanner can curry the skin of a mouse, no family make a meal of the meat; consequently, no cat could give Whittington his wealth. From whence then does this error proceed? Be that my care to point out!

The

The commerce this worthy merchant carried on was chiefly confined to our coasts; for this purpose, he constructed a vessel, which, from its agility and lightness, he aptly christened a cat. Nay, to this our day, Gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported in nothing but cats. From thence it appears, that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing cat, that was the source of the Magistrate's wealth, but the coasting sailing, coal-carrying cat; that, Gentlemen, was Whittington's cat.

1. *Antiquar.* What a fund of learning!

2. *Antiquar.* Amazing acuteness of erudition!

1. *Antiquar.* Let this discovery be made public directly.

2. *Antiquar.* And the author mentioned with honour.

1. *Antiquar.* I make no doubt but the city of London will desire him to fit for his

his picture, or send him his freedom in a fifty - pound box.

2. *Antiquar.* The honour done their first Magistrate richly deserves it.

1. *Antiquar.* Break up this assembly, with a loud declaration, that Sir Matthew Mite is equally skilled in arts as well as in arms.

2. *Antiquar.* *Tam Mercurio quam Marti.*

(exeunt *Antiquar.*)

Mite. Having thus discharged my debt to the public, I must attend to my private affairs. Will *Rapine*, my Attorney, attend as I bid him?

Servant. He will be punctual, your honour.

Mite. Then drive to Hanover - square.

Putty. (without) I will come in.

Enter *Servant.*

Servant. There's a little shabby fellow without, that insists on seeing your honour.

Mite. Why, who and what can he be?

Serv.

Servant. He calls himself Putty, and says he went to school with your honour.

Servant. (within) His honour don't know you!

Putty. I will come in! Not know me, you oaf? What should ail him? Why, I tell you, we were bred up together from boys. Stand by, or I'll. —.

Enter Putty.

Hey! yes, it is — no, it a'n't — yes, it is Matthew Mite — Lord love your queer face! What a figure you cut! how you are altered! Well, had I met with you by chance, I don't think I should ever have known you. I have had a deuced deal of work to get at you.

Mite. This is a lucky encounter!

Putty. There is a little fat fellow, that opens the door at your house, was as pert as a prentice just out of his time; he would not give me the least inkling about you; and I should have returned to Shoreditch

as

as wise as I came, if some folks, who are gazing at the fine gilt coach in the street, hadn't told me 'twas yours. Well, Master Mite, things are mainly changed since we were boys at the Blue - coat; who could have thought that you would have got so up in the world? For you know you were reckoned a dull one at school.

Servant. Friend, do you know who you talk so!

Putty. Yes, friend, much better than you do. I am told he is become a knight, and a Nabob, and what of all that? For your Nabobs, they are but a kind of outlandish creatures, that won't pass current with us; and as to knights we have a few of them in the city, whom I dare speak to without doffing my hat. So, Mr. Scrape-trencher, let's have no more of your jaw! — I say, Mat, doesn't remember one Easter-Tuesday, how you tipt the barrow woman
into

into Fleet - ditch, as we were going about with the hymns?

Mite. An anecdote that does me infinite honour!

Putty. How all the folks laughed to see how bolt upright she stood on her head in the mud, ha! ha! ha! And one fifth of November, I shall never forget! how you frightened a preaching Methodist taylor, by throwing a cracker into the pulpit.

Mite. Another pretty exploit!

Putty. At every bounce, how poor Stitch capered and jumped! Ah! many's the merry freak we have had! For this I must say, though Mat was but bad at his book, for mischiefful matters there wasn't a more ingenous, cuterer lad in the school.

Mite. Yes! I have got a fine reputation, I see!

Putty. Well, but Mat! What be'st dumb? Why doesn't speak to a school - fellow?

Mite.

Mite. That at present is more than I'll own — I fancy Mr. A — a — a, you have made some mistake.

Putty. Some mistake?

Mite. I don't recollect that I ever had the honour to know you.

Putty. What, don't you remember Phil Putty?

Mite. No.

Putty. That was prentice to Master Gibson, the glazier in Shoreditch?

Mite. No.

Putty. That at the Blue-coat-hospital has often saved your bacon by owning your pranks?

Mite. No.

Putty. No! What! then, mayhap you ben't Mat Mite, son of old John and Margery Mite, at the Sow and Sausage in St. Mary Axe that took the tarts from the man in Pye-corner, and was sent beyond sea, for fear worse should come on it?

Mite. You See, Mr. Putty, the glazier, if that is your name and profession, you are entirely out in this matter; so you need not repeat your visits to me.

(exit).

Putty. Now here's a pretty purse-proud son of a —— who, forsooth, because he is grown great by robbing the heathens, won't own an old friend and acquaintance, and one too of the livery besides! Dam-mee the great Turk himself need not to be ashamed to shake hands with a citizen! "Mr. Putty the glazier!" well what a pox am I the better for you? I'll be sworn our company has made more money by a single election at Brentford, than by all his exploits put together.

(exit).



BAL-

BALLAD.

~~~~~

**T**WAS when the seas were roaring  
 With hollow blasts of wind  
 A damsel lay deploring  
 All on a rock reclin'd;  
 Wide o'er the foaming billows  
 She cast a wishful look  
 Her head was crown'd with willows,  
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,  
 And nine long tedious days;  
 Why didst thou vent'rous lover,  
 Why didst thou trust the seas!  
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,  
 And let my lover rest,  
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion  
 To that within my breast?

The merchant robb'd of treasure  
 Views tempests in despair;  
 But what's the loss of treasure,  
 To losing of my dear!

D d 2

Shou'd



Shou'd you some coast belaid on,  
Where gold and di'monds grow,  
You'd find a richer maiden  
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature  
Hath nothing made in vain?  
Why then beneath the water  
Do hideous rocks remain?  
No eyes those rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the deep,  
To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her dear,  
Repaid each blast with sighing,  
Each billow with a tear,  
When o'er the wide waves stooping,  
His floating corps she spy'd;  
Then, like a lilly drooping,  
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.





\*\*\*\*\*

## BALLAD.

**B**USY curious, thirsty fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I.  
 Freely welcome to my cup  
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up:  
 Make the most of life you may  
 Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are, mine and thine  
 Hasten quick to their decline  
 Thine's a summer, mine no more  
 Tho' repeated to threescore;  
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one.







## A Lapland Song.

IT is a custom with the northern lovers to divert themselves with a song, whilst they journey through the fenny moors to pay a visit to their mistresses. This Ode is addressed by the lover, to his rain-deer, which is the creature that in that country supplies the want of horses. The circumstances which successively present themselves to him in his way, are, I believe you will think, naturally interwoven. The anxiety of absence, the gloominess of the roads, and his resolution of frequenting only those, since those only can carry him to the object of his desires; the dissatisfaction he expresses even at the greatest swiftness with which he is carried, and his joyful surprise at an unexpected sight of his



his mistrefs as she is bothing, seem beautifully described in the original.

Haste, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go  
Our am'rous journey through this dreary  
waste;

Haste, my rain-deer! still still thou art too  
slow,

Impetuous love demands the lightning's  
haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread:  
Soon will the sun withdraw his chearful  
ray;

Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,  
No lay unfung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors  
Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel;  
Through these I fly to her my soul adores,  
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, fare-  
wel.



Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,  
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;  
Fly, my rain-deer, fly swifter than the wind,  
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,  
And thou, in wonder lost, shall view my fair,  
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,  
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly  
air.

But lo! with graceful motion there she swims  
Gently removing each ambitious wave;  
The crowding waves transported clasp her  
limbs:

When, when, oh when shall I such freedoms  
have!

In vain, ye envious streams, ye troubled flow,  
To hide her from a lover's piercing eyes;  
From ev'ry touch ye more transparent grow,  
And all revealed the beauteous charmer  
lies.





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BALLAD.

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W<sup>H</sup>EN all was wrapt in dark midnight,  
And all was fast asleep,  
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn,  
Clad in a wintry cloud,  
And clay cold was her lily hand,  
That held the fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,  
When youth and years are flown,  
Such is the robe that kings must wear,  
When Death has rest their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower  
That sips the silver dew  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
And op'ning to the view.



But Love had like the canker - worm,  
Consum'd her early prime:  
The rose grew pale and left her cheek  
She died before her time.

Awake! She cried, thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the mirk and fearful hour  
When injur'd ghosts complain  
Now dreary graves give up their dead  
To haunt the faithless Swain.

Bethink thee William of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath,  
And give me back my maiden vow,  
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair;  
And yet that face forsake.  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break!

How



How could you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep  
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright  
Yet leave those eyes to weep!

How could you say my lips were sweet  
And made the scarlet pale  
And why did I young wilefs maid  
Believe thy flatt'ring tale!

That face, alas! no more is fair,  
Those lips no longer red;  
Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,  
And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sifter is,  
This winding-sheet I wear;  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
'Till the last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence:  
A long and last Adieu!  
Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
That dy'd for love of you.

Now



Now birds did sing, and morning smile,  
And shew her glist'ring head;  
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,  
Then, raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place  
Where Marg'ret's body lay,  
And stretch'd him on the green grafs turf,  
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,  
And thrice he wept full fore;  
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,  
And word spake never more.







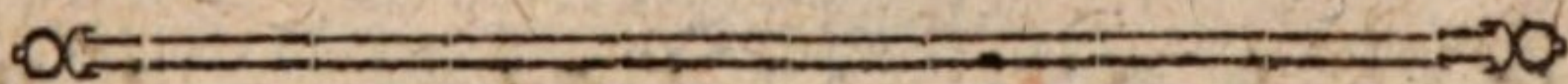
*Hope*

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.



**T**IS hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing or in judging ill;  
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th'offence,  
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.  
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;  
A fool might once himself alone expose,  
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'TIS



'TIS with our judgments as our watches,  
none

Go just alike, yet each believes his own.  
In Poets as true genius is but rare,  
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;  
Both must alike from heav'n derive their light,  
These born to judge, as well as those to write.  
Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
And censure freely who have written well.  
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;  
But are not critics to their judgment too?

YET if we look more closely, we shall find  
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:  
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;  
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn  
right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd, }  
Is by ill - colouring but the more disgrac'd, }  
So by false learning is good sense defac'd: }  
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
And some made coxcombs nature meant but  
fools.

In



In search of wit these lose their common sense  
And then turn critics in their own defense:  
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,  
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.  
All fools have still an itching to deride  
And fain would be upon the laughing side.  
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,  
There are who judge still worse than he can  
write.

SOME have at first for wits, then poets pass'd  
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at  
last.

Some neither can for wits nor critic pass,  
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

BUT you who seek to give and merit fame,  
And justly bear a critic's noble name,  
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,  
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;  
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,  
And mark that point where sense and dulness  
meet.

FIRST



FIRST follow nature, and your judgment  
frame

By her just standard, which is still the same:  
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of art.  
Art from that fund each just supply provides;  
Works without show, and without pomp pre-  
fides.

In some fair body thus th'informing soul  
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,  
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;  
Itself unseen, but in th'effects remain's.

Some to whom heav'n in wit has been profuse,  
Want as much more to turn it to its use;  
For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
Though meant each other's aid, like man and  
wife.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;  
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;  
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,  
Shows



Shows most true mettle when you check his  
course.

THOSE *Rules* of old discover'd, not devis'd,  
Are nature still, but nature methodis'd;  
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd  
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

HEAR how learn'd Greece her useful rules  
indites,

When to repress, and when indulge our flights:  
High on Parnassus top her sons she show'd,  
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;  
Held from afar, aloft, th'immortal prize  
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.  
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,  
She drew from them what they deriv'd from  
heav'n.

The gen'rous critic fann'd the poets fire,  
And taught the world with reason to admire.  
Then criticism the muse's handmaid prov'd,  
To dress her charms, and make her more be-  
lov'd.



You then whose judgment the right course  
would steer,

Know well each Ancient's proper character;  
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;  
Religion, country, genius of his age:

Without all these at once before your eyes,  
Cavil you may, but never criticise.

Be Homer's works your study and delight,  
Read them by day, and meditate by night;  
Thence form your judgment, thence your  
maxims bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.  
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse  
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

WHEN first young Maro, in his boundless  
mind,

A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,  
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,  
And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to  
draw:

But when t'examine ev'ry part he came,  
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Con-



Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;  
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,  
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.  
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;  
To copy nature is to copy them.

SOME beauties yet no precepts can declare,  
For there's a happiness as well as care,  
Music resembles poetry, in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods  
teach,  
And which a master-hand alone can reach.  
If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
(Since rules were made but to promote their  
end,)

Some lucky licence answer to the full  
Th'intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.  
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,  
May boldly deviate from the common track;  
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;  
Which, without passing thro' the judgment,  
gains







Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,  
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.

A prudent chief not always must display  
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;  
But with th'occasion and the place comply,  
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;  
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

STILL green with bays each ancient altar  
stands,

Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;  
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer  
rage

Destructive war, and all-involving age.  
See from each clime the learn'd their incense  
bring!

Hear, in all tongues consenting *Pæans* ring!  
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,  
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.

Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;  
Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,



As streams roll down enlarging as they flow;  
Nations unborn your mighty names shall found  
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!  
O may some spark of your celestial fire,  
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,  
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your  
flights;  
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he  
writes,)

To teach vain wits a science little known,  
T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own!  
OF all the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.  
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,  
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;  
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with  
wind:

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

If



If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.

Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
While, from the bounded level of our mind  
Short views we take, nor see the lengths be-  
hind;

But, more advanc'd, behold with strange sur-  
prise

New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
Th'eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the  
last;

But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey



The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;  
Th'increasing prospect tires our wand'ring  
eyes;

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit  
With the same spirit that its author writ:  
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to  
find,

Where nature moves, and rapture warms the  
mind;

Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.  
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,  
Correctly cold, and regularly low,  
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;  
We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.  
In wit, as nature, what effects our hearts,  
Is not th'exactness of peculiar parts.

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
But the joint force and full result of all.  
Thus, when we view some well-proportion'd  
dome,

(The



(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine,  
O Rome!)

No single parts unequally surprize,  
All comes united to th'admiring eyes:  
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length,  
appear;

The whole at once is bold and regular.

WHOEVER thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;

And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.  
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
T'avoid great errors, must the less commit;  
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,  
For not to know some trifles is a praise.  
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,  
Still make the whole depend upon a part;  
They talk of principles, but notions prize,  
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.



ONCE on a time *La Mancha's* knight, they  
say;

A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,  
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage  
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage,  
Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,  
Who durst depart from *Aristotle's* rules.

Our author, happy in a judge so nice,  
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knights ad-  
vice;

Made him observe the subject and the plot,  
The manners, passions, unities; what not?  
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,  
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the  
knight;

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.

"Not so, by heav'n," (he answers in a rage;)

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the  
stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

THUS



THUS critics of less judgment than caprice  
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,  
Form short ideas; and offend in arts  
(As much in manners) by a love to parts.

SOME to conceit alone their taste confine,  
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;  
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;  
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters thus, unskill'd to trace  
The naked nature, and the living grace,  
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part  
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

OTHERS for language all their care express,  
And value books, as women men, for dress:  
Their praise is still, — the style is excellent;  
The sense, they humbly take upon content.  
Words are like leaves; and where they most  
abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:  
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;

The



The face of nature we no more survey,  
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:  
 But true expression, like th'unchanging sun,  
 Clears and improves what e'er it shines upon;  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

BUT most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or  
 wrong:

In the bright muse, tho' thousand charms con-  
 spire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;  
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to church  
 repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,  
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:  
 While they ring round the same unvary'd  
 chimes,

With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
 Whe-



Where'er you find "the cooling western  
breeze,"

In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"  
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs  
creep,"

The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with  
"sleep:"

Then at the last and only couplet, fraught  
With some unmeaning thing they call a  
thought,

A needless alexandrine ends the song,  
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow  
length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes,  
and know

What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;  
And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweet-  
ness join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not  
chance,

As those move easiest who have learn'd to  
dance.

'Tis



'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers  
flows;

But when loud surges lash the founding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent  
roar.

When Ajax strives some rocks vast weight to  
throw,

The line too labours, and the words move slow:  
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along  
the main.

Hear how Timotheus' \* vary'd lays surprise,  
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!

While at each change, the son of Libyan Jove,  
Now burns with glory, and then melts with  
love;

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.

Per-

\* See Alexander's feast; or the power of music;  
an ode by Mr. Dryden.



Perfians and Greeks like turns of nature found,  
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by  
found!

The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,  
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,  
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much;  
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
That always shows great pride, or little sense;  
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.  
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;  
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:  
As things seem large which we through mists  
descry,  
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

O where's the man, who council can bestow,  
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to  
know?

Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;  
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;  
Tho'



Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred,  
fincere;

Modestly bold, and humanly severe:

Who to a friend his faults can freely show,  
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?

Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfi'd;

A knowledge both of books and human kind;

Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;

And love to praise, with reason on his side?

SUCH once were Critics; such the happy few  
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.

The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,  
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps ex-  
plore;

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,

Led by the light of the Mæonian star.

Poets, a race long unconfi'd, and free,

Still fond and proud of savage liberty,

Receiv'd his law; and were convinc'd 'twas fit

Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

HORACE still charms with graceful negligence,

And without method talks us into sense;

Will,



Will, like a friend, familiarly convey  
The truest notions in the easiest way.  
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,  
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,  
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with  
fire;

His precepts teach but what his works inspire.  
Our critics take a contrary extreme;  
They judge with fury, but they write with  
flegm:

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations  
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.  
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,  
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!  
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,  
'The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.  
In grave Quintilian's copious works we find  
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:  
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,  
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,  
Still fit for use, and ready at command.



THEE, bold Longinus! all the *Nine* inspire  
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.

An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,  
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;  
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;  
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

THUS long succeeding critics justly reign'd,  
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.  
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,  
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;  
From the same foes, at last, both felt their  
doom,

And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.  
With tyranny then superstition join'd,  
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;  
Much was believ'd, but little understood,  
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;  
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,  
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths  
begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,  
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)

Stem-



Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,  
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.  
But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,  
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd  
bay's!

Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,  
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.  
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;  
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;  
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;  
A Raphael painted, and a Villa fung.  
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow  
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:  
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,  
As next in place to Mantua next in fame!

BUT soon by impious arms from Latium  
chas'd

Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses  
pass'd;

Thence arts o'er all the northern world ad-  
vance,

But critic-learning flourish'd most in France;



The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;  
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.  
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd  
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;  
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,  
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.  
Yet some there were, among the founder few,  
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,  
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,  
And here restor'd wits fundamental laws.  
Such was the muse, whose rules and practice  
tell,  
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."  
Such was Roscommon — not more learn'd  
than good,  
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;  
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was  
known,  
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.  
Such late was Walsh — the muse's judge and  
friend,  
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;  
To



To failings mild, but zealous for desert;  
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.  
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,  
This praise at least a grateful muse may give:  
The muse, whose early voice you taught to  
sing,  
Prescribed her heights, and prun'd her tender  
wing,  
(Her guide now lost,) no more attempts to  
rise,  
But in low numbers short excursions tries;  
Content, if hence th'unlearn'd their wants may  
view,  
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:  
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;  
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;  
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;  
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.







CURIOUS  
 ACCOUNT  
 OF THE  
 KINGDOM  
 OF  
 THIBET;

IN A LETTER FROM  
 JOHN STEWART,

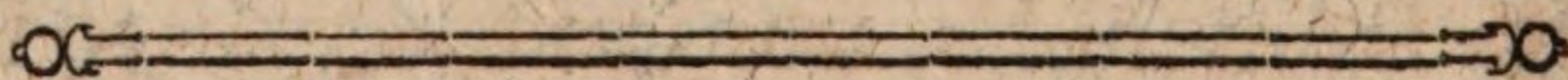
*Esq. F. R. S.*

TO

SIR JOHN PRINGLE,

*Bart. P. R. S.*

*From the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1777.*



**T**HE kingdom of Thibet, although known by name ever since the days of Marco Paolo and other travellers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had never



never been properly explored by any Europeans till the period of which I am now to speak. It is true, some straggling Missionaries of the begging orders had, at different times, penetrated into different parts of the country; but their observations, directed by ignorance and superstition, placed in a narrow sphere, could give no ideas but what were false and imperfect. Since them, the Jesuits have given the world in Duhalde's history of China, a short account of this country, collected, with their usual pains and judgment, from Tartar relations, which, as far as it goes, seems to be pretty just.

This country commonly passes in Bengal under the name of Boutan. It lies to the northward of Hindostan, and is all along separated from it by a range of high and steep mountains, properly a continuation of the great Caucasus, which stretches



from the ancient Media, and the shores of the Caspian sea, round the north-east frontiers of Persia, to Candahar and Cassamire, and thence, continuing its course more easterly, forms the great northern barrier to the various provinces of the Mogol empire, and ends, as we have reason to believe in Affam or China. This stupendous Tartar bulwark had ever been held impassable by the Mogols, and all other Musulman conquerors of India: and, although in the vallies lying between the lower mountains, which run out perpendicular to the main ridge, there reside various Indian people, whom they had occasionally made tributary to their power, they never had attempted a solid or permanent dominion over them. It was on occasion of a disputed succession between the heirs of one of the Rajah's or petty soverieigns of those people, that the Boutaners were called down from their mountains to the assistance of one of the

the



the parties; and our government engaged on the opposite side. The party assisted by us did not fail in the end to prevail; and in the course of this little war, two people became acquainted, who, although near neighbours, were equally strangers to each other. At the attack of a town called Cooch Behar, our troops and the Boutaners first met; and nothing could exceed their mutual surprise in the rencounter. The Boutaners, who had never met in the plains any others than the timid Hindoos flying naked before them, saw, for the first time a body of men uniformly cloathed and accoutred, moving in regular order, and led on by men of complexion, dress, and features, such as they had never beheld before: and then the management of the artillery, and incessant fire of the musquetry, was beyond any idea which they could have conceived of it. On the other hand, our people found themselves on a



sudden engaged with a race of men unlike all their former opponents in India, uncouth in their appearance, and fierce in their assault, wrapped up in furs, and armed with bows and arrows, and other weapons peculiar to them.

The place was carried by our troops, and a great many things taken in the spoil, such as arms, cloathing, and utensils of various sorts. Images in clay, in gold, in silver, and in enamel, were sent down to Calcutta; all which appeared perfectly Tartar, as we have them represented in the relations and drawings of travellers; and there were besides several pieces of Chinese paintings and manufactures. Whilst those things continued to be the subject of much conversation and curiosity to us in Bengal, the fame of our exploits in the war had reached the court of Thibet, and awakened the attention of Tayshov Lama who (the  
Dalai-



Dalai Lama being a minor) was then at the head of the state. The Dah Terriah, or Deb Rajah as he is called in Bengal (who rules immediately over the Boutaners, and had engaged them in the war) being a feudatory of Thibet, the Lama thought it proper to interpose his good offices, and in consequence sent a person of rank to Bengal, with a letter and presents to the Governor, to solicit a peace for the Dah, as his vassal and dependant.

Mr. Hastings, the Governor, did not hesitate a moment to grant a peace at the mediation of the Lama, on the most moderate and equitable terms; and, eager to seize every opportunity which could promote the interest and glory of his nation, and tend to the advancement of natural knowledge, proposed in council to send a person in a public character to the court of the Tashov Lama, to negotiate a treaty  
of



of commerce between the two nations, and to explore a country and people hitherto so little known to Europeans. Mr. Bogle, an approved servant of the Company, whose abilities and temper rendered him every way qualified for so hazardous and uncommon a mission, was pitched on for it. It would be foreign to my purpose to enter into a detail of his progress and success in this business: it will be sufficient to say, that he penetrated, across many difficulties, to the center of Thibet; resided several months at the court of the Tayshov Lama, and returned to Calcutta, after an absence of fifteen months on the whole, having executed his commission to the entire satisfaction of the administration. I have reason to believe that Mr. Bogle will one day give to the world a relation of his journey thither, accompanied with observations on the natural and political state of the country. I only, in the mean  
time,



time, beg leave to mention a few particulars, such as my recollection of his letters and papers enable me to give.

Mr. Bogle divides the territories of the Delai Lama into two different parts. That which lies immediately contiguous to Bengal, and which is called by the inhabitants Dorpo, he distinguishes by the name of Boutan; and the other, which extends to the northward as far as the frontiers of Tartary called by the natives Pii, he styles Thibet. Boutan is ruled by the Dah Terriah or Deb Rajah, as I have already remarked. It is a country of steep and inaccessible mountains, whose summits are crowned with eternal snow; they are intersected with deep vallies, through which pour numberless torrents that increase in their course, and, at last, gaining the plains, lose themselves in the great rivers of Bengal. These mountains are covered down  
their



their sides with forests of stately trees of various sorts; some (such as pines, &c.) which are known in Europe; others such as are peculiar to the country and climate. The vallies and sides of the hills, which admit of cultivation, are not unfruitful, but produce crops of wheat, barley, and rice. The Inhabitants are a stout and warlike people, of a copper complexion, in size above the middle European stature, hasty and quarrelsome in their temper, and addicted to the use of spirituous liquors; but honest in their dealings, robbery by violence being almost unknown among them. The chief city is Tasley Seddein, situated on the Patchoo. Thibet begins properly from the top of the great ridge of the Caucasus, and extends from thence in breadth to the confines of great Tartary, and perhaps to some of the dominions of the Russian empire. Mr. Bogle says, that, having once attained the summit



mit of the Boutan mountains, you do not descend in an equal proportion on the side of Thibet, but, continuing still on a very elevated base, you traverse vallies which are wider and not so deep as the former, and mountains that are neither so steep, nor apparently so high. On the other hand, he represents it as the most bare and desolate country he ever saw. The woods, which every where cover the mountains in Boutan, are here totally unknown; and, except a few straggling trees near the villages, nothing of the sort to be seen. The climate is extremely severe and rude. At Chamnanning where he wintered although it be in latitude 31 deg. 39 min. only 8 deg. to the northward of Calcutta, he often found the thermometer in his room at 29 deg. under the freezing point by Fahrenheit's scale; and in the middle of April the standing waters were all frozen, and heavy showers of snow  
per-



perpetually fell. This, no doubt, must be owing to the great elevation of the country, and to the vast frozen space over which the north-wind blows uninterruptedly from the Pole, through the vast deserts of Siberia and Tartary, till it is stopped by this formidable wall.

The Thibetians are of a smaller size than their southern neighbours, and of a less robust make. Their complexions are also fairer, and many of them have even a ruddiness in their countenance unknown in the other climates of the east. Those whom I saw at Calcutta appeared to have quite the Tartar face. They are of a mild and chearful temper, and Mr. Bogle says, that the higher ranks are polite, and entertaining in conversation, in which they never mix either strained compliments or flattery. The common people, both in Boutan and Thibet, are cloathed in coarse wool-



woollen stuffs of their own manufacture, lined with such skins as they can procure; but the better orders of men are dressed in European cloth, or China silk, lined with the finest Siberian furs. The ambassador from the Deb Rajah, in his summer-dress at Calcutta appeared exactly like the figures we see in the Chinese paintings, with the conical hat, the tunic of brocaded silk, and light boots. The Thibetian, who brought the first letter from the Lama, was wrapped up from head to foot in furs. The use of linen is totally unknown among them. The chief food of the inhabitants is the milk of their cattle, prepared into cheese, butter, or mixed with the flour of a coarse barley or of peas, the only grain which their soil produces; and even these articles are in a scanty proportion: but they are furnished with rice and wheat from Bengal and other countries in their own and the neighbouring Provin-



ces, salted and sent into the interior parts. They have no want of animal food from the cattle, sheep, and hogs, which are raised on their hills, and are not destitute of game, though I believe it is not abundant. They have a singular method of preparing their mutton, by exposing the carcass intire, after the bowels are taken out, to the sun, and bleak northern winds which blow in the months of August and September, without frost, and so dry up the juices and parch the skin, that the meat will keep uncorrupted for the year round. This they generally eat raw, without any other preparation. Mr. Bogle was often regaled with this dish, which, however unpalatable at first, he says, he afterwards preferred to their dressed mutton just killed, which was generally lean, tough, and rank. It was also very common for the head men, in the villages through which he passed, to make him presents of sheep so pre-



prepared, set before him on their legs as if they had been alive, which at first had a very odd appearance.

The religion and political constitution of this country, which are intimately blended together, would make a considerable chapter in its history. It suffices for me to say, that at present, and ever since the expulsion of the Eluth Tartars, the kingdom of Thibet is regarded as depending on the empire of China, which they call Cathay; and there actually reside two Mandarins, with a garrison of a thousand Chinese, at Lahassa the Capital, to support the government, but their power does not extend far: and in fact the Lama, whose empire is founded on the surest grounds personal affection and religious reverence, governs every thing internally with unbounded authority. Every body knows that the Delai Lama the great object of



adoration for the various tribes of Heathen Tartars, who roam through the vast tract of continent which stretches from the banks of the Volga to Cortea on the sea of Japan, the most extensive religious dominion, perhaps, on the face of the globe. He is not only the sovereign Pontiff, the Vice - Regent of the Deity on earth; but, as superstition is ever the strongest, where it is most removed from its object, the more remote Tartars absolutely regard him as the Deity himself. They believe him immortal, and endowed with all knowledge and virtue. Every year they come up from different parts, to worship, and make rich offerings at his shrine, even the Emperor of China, who is a Manchou Tartar, does not fail in acknowledgements to him in his religious capacity, and actually entertains, at a great expence, in the Palace of Pekin, an inferior Lama, deputed as his Nuncio from Thibet. It is even  
re-



reported, that many of the Tartar Chiefs receive certain presents, consisting of small portions of that, from him, which is ever regarded in all other persons as the most humiliating proof of human nature, and of being subject to its laws, and treasure it up with great reverence in gold boxes, to be mixed occasionally in their ragouts. It is, however, but justice to declare, that Mr. Bogle strenuously insists, that the Lama never makes such presents; but that he often distributes little balls of consecrated flour, like the *pain béni* of the Roman Catholics, which the superstition and blind credulity of his Tartar votaries may afterwards convert into what they please. The orthodox opinion is, that, when the grand Lama seems to die, either of old age or of infirmity, his soul in fact only quits an actual crazy habitation to look for another younger or better, and it is discovered again in the body of some child, by cer-



tain tokens known only to the Lama or Priests, in which order he always appears. The present Delai Lama is an infant, and was discovered only a few years ago by the Tayshov Lama, who in authority and sanctity of character is next to him, and consequently, during the other's minority, acts as chief. The Lamas, who form the most numerous as well as the most powerful body in the state, have the priesthood intirely in their hands; and, besides fill up many Monastic orders which are held in great veneration among them. Celibacy, I believe, is not positively enjoined to the Lamas, but it is held indispensable for both men and women, who embrace a religious life; and indeed their celibacy, their living in communities, their cloysters, their service in the choirs, their strings of beads, their fasts, and their penances, give them so much the air of Christian Monks, that it is not surprising an illiterate Capuchin should



should be ready to hail them brothers, and think he can trace the features of St. Francis in every thing about them. It is an old notion, that the religion of Thibet is a corrupted Christianity, and even Father Desiderii, a Jesuit, (but not of the Chinese Mission) who visited the country about the beginning of this century, thinks he can resolve all their mysteries into ours; and asserts, with a true mystical penetration, that they have certainly a good notion of the Trinity, since, in their address to the Deity, they say as often *konciokoik* in the plural as *konciok* in the singular, and with their rosaries pronounce these words: *om, ha, hum*. The Truth is, that the religion of Thibet, from whence-ever it sprung is pure and simple in its source, conveying very exalted notions of the Deity, with no contemptible system of morality, but in its progress it has been greatly altered and corrupted by the inventions of worldly



men, a fate we can hardly regret in a system of error, since we know that that of truth has been subject to the same. Polygamy, at least in the sense we commonly receive the word, is not in practice among them; but it exists in a manner still more repugnant to European ideas; I mean in the plurality of husbands, which is firmly established and highly respected there. In a country, where the means of subsisting a family are not easily found, it seems not impolitic to allow a set of brothers to agree in raising one, which is to be maintained by their joint efforts. In short, it is usual in Thibet for the brothers in the family to have a wife in common, and they generally live in great harmony and comfort with her; not but sometimes little dissensions will arise (as may happen in families constituted upon different principles) an instance of which Mr. Bogle mentions in the case of a modest and virtuous Lady,  
the



the wife of half a dozen of the Tayshov's Lama's nephews, who complained to the uncle, that the two youngest of her husbands did not furnish that share of love and benevolence to the common stock which duty and religion required of them. In short, however strange this custom may appear to us, it is an undoubted fact that it prevails in Thibet in the manner I have described.

The manner of bestowing their dead is also singular: they neither put them in the ground like the Europeans, nor burn them like the Hindoos; but expose them on the bleak pinnacle of some neighbouring mountain, to be devoured by wild beasts and birds of prey, or wasted away by time and the vicissitudes of weather in which they lie. The mangled carcases and bleached bones lie scattered about; and, amidst this scene of horror, some miserable



old wretch, man or woman, lost to all feelings but those of superstition generally sets up an abode, to perform the dismal office of receiving the bodies, assigning each a place, and gathering up the remains when too widely dispersed.

The religion of Thibet, although it be in many of its principal dogmata totally repugnant to that of the Bramins or of India, yet in others it has a great affinity to it. They have, for instance, a great veneration for the cow; but they transfer it wholly from the common species to that which bears the tails, of which I shall speak hereafter. They also highly respect the waters of the Ganges, the source of which they believe to be in Heaven; and one of the first effects which the treaty with the Lama produced, was an application to the Governor-General, for leave to build a place of worship on its banks.

This



This it may be imagined was not refused; and, when I left Bengal, a spot of ground was actually assigned for that purpose, about two or three miles from Calcutta. On the other hand, the Sunniaffes, or Indian pilgrims, often visit Thibet as a holy place, and the Lama always entertains a body of two or three hundred in his pay. The residence of the Delai Lama is at Pateli, a vast Palace on a mountain near the banks of the Barampooter, about seven miles from Lahassa. The Tayshov Lama has several palaces or castles, in one of which Mr. Bogle lived with him five months. He represents the Lama as one of the most amiable as well as intelligent men he ever knew: maintaining his rank with the utmost mildness of authority, and living in the greatest purity of manners, without starchness or affectation. Every thing within the gates breathed peace, order, and dignified elegance. The castle is of stone  
or



or brick, with many courts, lofty halls, terraces, and porticos; and the apartments are in general roomy, and highly finished in the Chinese stile, with gilding, painting and varnish. There are two conveniencies, to which they are utter strangers stair-cases, and windows. There is no access to the upper rooms but by a sort of ladders of wood or iron; and for windows they have only holes in the cielings, with pent-house covers, contrived so as to shut up on the weather-side. Fireing is so scarce, that little is used but for culinary purposes; and they trust altogether for warmth in their houses to their furs and other cloathing. The Lama, who is completely conversant in what regards Tartary, China, and all the kingdoms in the East, was exceedingly inquisitive about Europe, its politics, laws, arts, and sciences, government, commerce, and military strength; on all which heads Mr. Bogle endeavoured to



to satisfy him, and actually compiled for his service a brief state of Europe in the Hindostan language, which he ordered to be translated into that of Thibet. The Lama, being born at Latack, a frontier Province next Cassamire, is fully master of the Hindostan language, and always conversed with Mr. Bogle in it; but the people, who are persuaded he understands all languages, believed he spoke to him in English, or, as they call it, the European tongue. The Russian empire was the only one in Europe known to him: he has a high idea of its riches and strength, and had heard of its wars and success against the empire of Rome (for so they call the Turkish state); but could not conceive it could be in any wise a match for Cathay. Many of the Tartar subjects of Russia come to Thibet, and the Czar has even, at various times, sent letters and presents to the Lama. Mr. Bogle saw many European  
artic-



articles in his hands; pictures, looking-glasses, and trinkets of gold, silver, and steel, chiefly English, which he had received that way, particularly a Graham's repeating watch, which had been dead, as they said, for some time. While he was there, several Mongols and Calmucs arrived from Siberia with whom he conversed.

The city of Lahassa, which is the Capital, is of no inconsiderable size, and is represented as populous and flourishing. It is the residence of the Chief-Officers of Government, and of the Chinese Mandarins and their suite. It is also inhabited by Chinese and Cassemirian merchants and artificers, and is the daily resort of numberless traders from all quarters, who come in occasional parties, or in stated caravans. The waters of the Great-River, as it is emphatically called in their language, wash its walls. Father Duhalde with great accuracy



curacy, traces this river, which he never suspects to be the Barampooter, from its origine in the Cassemirian mountains (probably from the same spring, which gives rise to the Ganges) through the great valley of Thibet, till, turning suddenly to the southward, he loses it in the kingdom of Assam; but still, with great judgment and probability of conjecture, supposes it reaches the Indian sea somewhere in Pegu or Arakan. The truth is, however, that it turns suddenly again in the middle of Assam, and traversing that country, enters Bengal towards Rangamatty under the above mentioned name, and, thence bending its course, more southerly, joins the Ganges, its sister and rival with an equal, if not more copious stream; forming at the conflux a body of running fresh water, hardly to be paralleled in the known world, which disembogues itself into the Bay of Bengal. Two such rivers uniting in this  
happy



happy country with all the beauty, fertility, and convenience which they bring, well intitles it to the name of the Paradise of nations, always bestowed upon it by the Moguls.

The chief trade from Lahassa to Peking is carried on by caravans that employ full two years in the journey thither and back again; which is not surprizing, when we consider that the distance cannot be less than two thousand English miles; and yet is it to be observed, that an express from Lahassa reaches Peking in three weeks, a circumstance much to the honour of the Chinese police, which knows how to establish so speedy and effectual a communication through mountains and deserts for so long a way. The trade with Siberia is carried on by caravans to Seling, which is undoubtedly the Selinginsky of the Russian travellers on the borders of Baykal lake.

And



And this accounts for an extraordinary fact mentioned by Bell, that, on the banks of the river of that name, he one day found a man busy in redeeming, from some boys who were angling, the fish they caught and throwing them into the water again; and, from this circumstance, and the mark on his forehead, knew him, to be an Indian. On conversing with him, he found the conjecture to be right. The man told him, he came from Madrafs, had been two years on his journey, and mentioned by name some of the principal English gentlemen there. This Indian no doubt, must have travelled as a Faquir or Sunniasly through Bengal into Thibet, and from thence passed with the caravan to Selinginsky, where Bell found him. It is proper to remark, that the Indians have an admirable method of turning godliness into great gain, it being usual for the Faquirs to carry with them, in their pil-



grimages from the sea-coasts to the interior parts, pearls, corals, spices, and other precious articles, of small bulk, which they exchange on their return for gold-dust, musk, and other things of a similar nature, concealing them easily in their hair, and in the cloaths round their middle, and carrying on, considering their numbers, no inconsiderable traffic by these means. The Gossigns are also of a religious order, but in dignity above the Faquirs; and they drive a more extensive and a more open trade with that country.

A particular account of the commerce would be foreign to the purport of this letter; but, as it would leave the information which I wish to convey, very incomplete, did I not mention the sources from which this country, so apparently poor and unfruitful, draws a supply of the foreign articles of convenience and luxury, which



I have occasionally said they possess; I shall just observe, that, besides their less traffic with their neighbours in horses, hogs, rock-salt, coarse cloth, and other articles, they enjoy four staple articles, which are sufficient in themselves to procure every foreign commodity of which they stand in need; all of which are natural productions; and deserve to be particularly noticed. The first, though the least considerable, is that of the cow-tails so famous all over India, Persia, and the other kingdoms of the East. It is produced by a species of cow or bullock, different from what I believe is found in any other country. It is of a larger size than the common Thibet breed, has short horns, and no hump on its back. Its skin is covered with whitish hair of a silky appearance; but its chief singularity is in its tail, which spreads out broad and long, with flowing hairs, like that of a beautiful mare, but much finer and far more glossy.



Mr. Bogle sent down two of this breed to Mr. Hastings, but they died before they reached Calcutta. The tails fell very high, and are used, mounted on silver handles, for, Chrororas, or brushes, to chace away the flies; and no man of consequence in India ever goes out, or sits in form at home, without two Chowraw badars, or brushers, attending him, with such instruments in their hands.

The next article is the wool from which the Shaul, the most delicate wool-len manufacture in the world, so much prized in the East, and now so well known in England, is made. Till Mr. Bogle's journey our notions on that subject were very crude and imperfect. As the Shauls all come from Cassamire, we concluded the materials from which they were fabricated to be also of that country's growth. It was said to be the hair of a particular  
goat,



goat, the fine under hair from a camel's breast, and a thousand other fancies; but we now know it for certain to be the produce of a Thibet sheep. Mr. Hastings had one or two of these in his paddock when I left Bengal. They are of a small breed, in figure nothing differing from our sheep, except in their tails, which are very broad; but their fleeces, for the fineness, length, and beauty of the wool, exceed all others in the world. The Caffemirians engross this article, and have factors established for its purchase in every part of Thibet, from whence it is sent to Cassemire, where it is worked up, and becomes a source of great wealth to that country, as well as it is originally to Thibet.

Musk is another of their staples, of which it will be needless to say much, as the nature, quality, and value, of this pre-



cious commodity are so well known in Europe. I shall only remark, that the deer which produces it is common in the mountains, but, being excessively shy, and frequenting solely the places the most wild and difficult of access, it becomes a trade of great trouble and danger to hunt after. We have the musk sent down to Calcutta in the natural bag, not without great risk of its being adulterated, but still it is far superior to any thing of the kind that is to be met with in sale in Europe.

The last of the articles which I reckon staple is gold, of which great quantities are exported from Thibet. It is found in the sands of the great River, as well as in most of the small brooks and torrents that pour from the mountains. The quantity gathered in this manner, though considerable with respect to national gain, pays the individual but very moderately for the  
la-



labour bestowed on it. But, besides this, there are mines of that metal in the northern parts, which are the reserved property of the Lama and rented out to those who work them. It is not found in ore, but always in a pure metallic state, (as I believe it to be the case in all other mines of this metal) and only requires to be separated from the spar, stone, or flint, to which it adheres. Mr. Hastings had a lump sent to him at Calcutta, of about the size of a bullocks kidney, which was a hard flint veined with solid gold. He caused it to be sawed in two, and it was found throughout interlarded (if I may be allowed the expression) with the purest metal. Although they have this gold in great plenty in Thibet, they do not employ it in coin, of which their government never strikes any; but it is still used as a medium of commerce, and goods are rated there by the purse of gold-dust, as here



by money. The Chinese draw it from them to a great amount every year, in return for the produce of their labour and arts,

I could wish to add to this account something respecting the plants and other botanical productions of this country; but I would not presume to offer any thing but what is authentic and exact, as far as my knowledge goes. Mr. Bogle will, no doubt, be able to satisfy the learned in that branch, respecting many things of which I have at present no information. He sent down to Calcutta many seeds, grains, kernels, and fruits, part of which only arrived safe. Of the last I tasted several, they were chiefly of the European sorts, such as peaches, apples, pears, &c. and therefore more desirable for us in Bengal; but they were all to me insipid and bad.



I am now Sir, to close these remarks with craving your forgiveness for having thus started a new subject of curiosity without the means of giving more complete light concerning it. Time and opportunity may put it more in my power on my return to India. In the mean time I hope the society will accept as a rarity the translation of the original letter which the Tayshoo Lama wrote to Mr. Hastings by the Envoy whom he sent to solicit a peace for the Deb Rajah. It came into my hands in the course of my office, and, by the permission of the Governor - General, I retained a copy.

The original is in Persian, a language which the Lama was obliged to employ, that of Thibet, although very elegant and expressive, as it is said, being totally unintelligible in Bengal. A letter, under the sanction of a character so long talked of in



the western world, but so little known, alone renders it an object of curiosity; but, when it is found to contain sentiments of justice, benevolence, and piety, couched in a simple style, not without dignity, and in general exempt from the high-flown compliments and strained metaphors so common among the other people of the East, I have no doubt of its being received with approbation; at any rate, it will serve as a specimen of the way of thinking and writing among a people whose country and manners I have made the subject of the foregoing sketch.

*Translation of a letter from the Taysboo Lama to Mr. Hastings, Governor of Bengal, received the 29<sup>th</sup> of March 1774.*

THE affairs of this quarter in every respect flourish: I am night and day employed for the increase of your happiness  
and



and prosperity. Having been informed, by travellers from your quarter, of your exalted fame and reputation, my heart, like the blossom of spring, abounds with satisfaction, gladness, and joy. Praise God that the star of your fortune is in its ascension. Praise him, that happiness and ease are the surrounding attendants of myself and family. Neither to molest or persecute is my aim: It is even the characteristic of our sect to deprive ourselves of the necessary refreshment of sleep, should an injury be done to a single individual; but, in justice and humanity, I am informed you far surpass us. May you ever adorn the seat of justice and power, that mankind may, in the shadow of your bosom, enjoy the blessings of peace and affluence! By your favour I am the Rajah and Lama of this country, and rule over a number of subjects; a particular with which you have no doubt been acquainted by travellers from these parts.



parts. I have been repeatedly informed, that you have been engaged in hostilities against the Dah Terria, to which it is said the Dah'sown criminal conduct, in committing ravages and other outrages on your frontiers, gave rise. As he is of a rude and ignorant race, past times are not destitute of the like misconduct which his avarice tempted him to commit. It is not unlikely but he has now renewed those instances, and the ravages and plunder which he may have committed on the skirts of the Bengal and Bahar Provinces, has given you provocation to send your vindictive army against him. However, his party has been defeated, many of his people have been killed, three forts have been taken from him, and he has met with the punishment he deserved. It is as evident as the sun that your army has been victorious: and that, if you had been desirous of it, you might, in the space of two days,

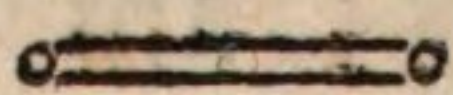


days, have intirely extirpated him, for he had not power to resist your efforts. But I now take upon me to be his mediator; and to represent to you, that, as the said Dah Terria is dependant upon the Dalai Lama, who rules in this country with unlimited sway (but, on account of his being in his minority, the charge of the government and administration for the present is committed to me) should you persist in offering further molestation to the Dah's country, it will irritate both the Lama and all his subjects against you. Therefore, from a regard to our religion and customs, I request you will cease all hostilities against him; and, in doing this, you will confer the greatest favour and friendship upon me. I have reprimanded the Dah for his past conduct; and I have admonished him to desist from his evil practices in future, and to be submissive to you in all things. I am persuaded he will

con-



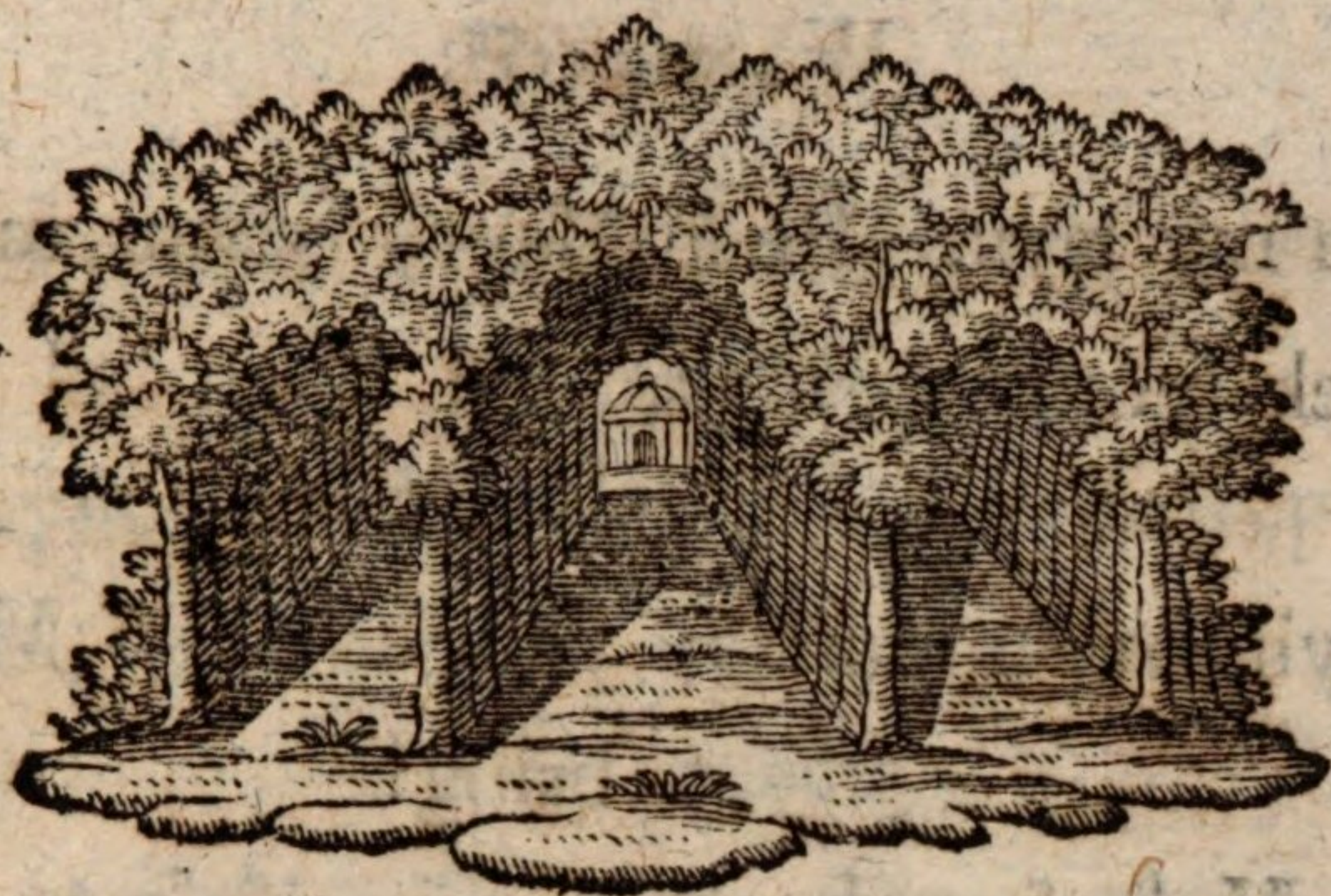
conform to the advice which I have given him; and it will be necessary that you treat him with compassion and clemency. As to my part, I am but a *Faquir*; and it is the custom of my sect, with the rosary in our hands, to pray for the welfare of mankind, and for the peace and happiness of the inhabitants of this country; and I do now, with my head uncovered intreat that you may cease all hostilities against the Dah in future. It would be needless to add to the length of this letter, as the bearer of it, who is a *Goseign* \*, will represent to you all particulars; and it is hoped you will comply therewith. In this country, the worship of the Almighty is the profession of all. We poor creatures are in nothing equal to you; having, however a few things in hand, I send them to you by way of remembrance, and hope for your acceptance of them.



WIND-

\* This means a religious person of the *Hindoo* sect.





# WINDSOR FOREST

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
GEORGE  
LORD  
LANSDOWN.

*Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,  
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,  
Quam sibi quæ Vari prescripsit pagina nomen.*

VIRG.

—  
**T**HY forest, Windsor! and thy green  
retreats,  
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,  
In-



Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!  
Unlock your springs, and open all your  
shades.

Granville commands; your aid, o Muses,  
bring!

What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

THE groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,  
Live in description, and look green in song:  
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal  
flame,

Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.  
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the  
plain,

Here earth and water seem to strive again;  
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,  
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;  
Where order in variety we see,

And where, though all things differ, all agree.  
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,

And part admit, and part exclude the day:

As



As some coy nymph her lover's warm ad-  
drefs,

Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.

There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning  
glades,

Thin trees arise that shun each other's  
shades.

Here in full light the russet plains extend:

There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills  
ascend.

Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple  
dyes,

And, 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise;

That crown'd with tufted trees and spring-  
ing corn,

Like verdant isles the fable waste adorn.

Let India boast her plants, nor envy we

The weeping amber or the balmy tree,

While by our oaks the precious loads are  
borne,

And realms commanded which those trees  
adorn.

Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,

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li

Though



Though Gods assembled grace his tow'ring  
height,

Than what more humble mountains offer  
here,

Where, in their blessings, all those Gods  
appear.

See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona  
crown'd;

Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd  
ground;

Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
And nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's  
hand;

Rich industry fits smiling on the plains,  
And peace and plenty tell, a *Stewart* reigns.

NOT thus the land appear'd in ages past,  
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,  
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,  
And kings more furious and severe than  
they;

Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and  
flocks,

The



The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods;  
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and  
caves,

(For wiser brutes were backward to be  
slaves).

What could be free, when lawless beasts  
obey'd,

And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming  
grain,

Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm  
in vain;

The swain with tears his frustrate labour  
yields,

And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.

What wonder then, a beast or subject slain.

Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?

Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,

But while the subject starv'd, the beast was  
fed.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:



Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous  
name,

And makes his trembling slaves the royal  
game.

The fields are ravish'd from th'industrious  
swains,

From men their cities, and from Gods their  
fanes:

The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd  
o'er;

The hollow winds through naked temples  
roar;

Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;  
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;

The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,  
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curs'd,  
Th'Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,  
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron  
rod,

And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.

Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody  
Dane,

The



The wanton victims of his sport remain.

But see, the man, whose spacious regions  
gave

A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!

Stretch'd on the land his second hope survey,

At once the chaser, and at once the prey:

Lo, Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,

Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.

Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects  
cries,

Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise;

Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains  
fed,

O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,

The forest wonder'd at th'unusual grain,

And secret transport touch'd the conscious  
swain.

Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears

Her cheerful head, and leads the golden  
years.

YE vig'rous swains! while youth ferments  
your blood,



And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,  
Now range the hills, the gameful woods  
beset,

Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving  
net.

When milder autumn summer's heat suc-  
ceeds,

And in the new-shorn field the partridge  
feeds,

Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,  
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd  
grounds;

But when the tainted gales the game betray,  
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey;  
Secure the birds th'unfruitful field beset,  
'Till hov'ring o'er them sweeps the swelling  
net.

Thus (if small things we may with great com-  
pare)

When Albion sends her eager sons to war,  
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty  
blest'd

Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;  
Sud-



Sudden they seize th'amaz'd, defenceless  
prize,

And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

SEE! from the brake the whirring pleasant  
springs,

And mounts, exulting, on triumphant wings:

Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,

Flutters in blood, and panting beats the  
ground.

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,

His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes,

The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,

His painted wings, and breast that flames with  
gold!

NOR yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the  
sky,

The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.

To plains with well-breath'd beagles we re-  
pair,

And trace the mazes of the circling hare:



(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts  
pursue,

And learn of man each other to undo),  
With slaught'ring guns th'unweary'd fowler  
roves,

When frosts have wither'd all the naked  
groves;

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees  
o'ershade,

And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry  
glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;  
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:  
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,  
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:  
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes pre-  
pare,

They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,  
Where cooling vapours breathe along the  
mead,

The patient fisher takes his silent stand,

In-



Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:  
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly  
breed,  
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending  
reed.

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,  
The bright - ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian  
dye,  
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,  
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with  
gold,  
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,  
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:  
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,  
Swarm o'er the lands, the forest-walks fur-  
round,  
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning  
hound.

Th'impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,  
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant  
plain:



Hills, vales, and floods, appear already  
cross'd,

And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning  
steep,

Rush through the thickets, down the valleys  
sweep,

Hang o'er the couriers heads with eager  
speed,

And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,

Th'immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;

Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have  
seen

As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;

Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan  
reign,

The earth's fair light, and empress of the  
main.

HERE too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,

And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor's  
shade;

Here,



Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,  
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless  
grove;

Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,  
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

ABOVE the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,  
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona  
nam'd;

(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,  
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall  
last.)

Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph  
be known,

But by the crescent and the golden zone.

She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the  
care;

A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;

A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,

And with her dart the flying deer she  
wounds.

It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid  
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,

Pan



Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,  
Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.  
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,  
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;  
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,  
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling  
doves;

As from the God she flew with furious pace,  
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.  
Now, fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph  
appears;

Now close behind, his founding steps she  
hears;

And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,  
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;  
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air  
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.  
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,  
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.  
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd  
in vain;

„ „ Ah, Cynthia! ah — though banish'd  
from thy train,

„ Let



„ „ Let me, o let me, to the shades repair,  
„ „ My native shades — there weep, and  
murmur there. ” ”

She said, and melting, as in tears she lay,  
In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,  
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;  
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,  
And bathes the forest where she rang'd  
before.

In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,  
And with celestial tears augments the waves.  
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies  
The headlong mountains and the downward  
skies,

The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods,  
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;  
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,  
And floating forests paint the waves with  
green,

Through the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring  
streams,

Then,



Then, foaming, pour along, and rush into  
the Thames.

THOU too, great Father of the British floods!  
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;  
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours  
rear,

And future navies on thy shores appear.  
Not Neptune's self from all her streams re-  
ceives

A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.  
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,  
No lakes so gentle, and no spring so clear;  
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,  
While led along the skies his current strays,  
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd  
abodes,

To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods;  
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,  
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;  
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passions still,  
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.



HAPPY the man whom this bright court  
approves,

His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves:

Happy next him, who to these shades retires,

Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse  
inspires;

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,

Succeffive study, exercise, and ease.

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,

And of their fragrant phyfic spoils the fields:

With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,

And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:

Now marks the course of rolling orbs on  
high;

O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,

Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:

Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,

Attends the duties of the wise and good,

T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,

To follow nature, and regard his end;

Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal  
eyes,

Bids







Led by the found, I roam from shade to  
 shade,  
 By godlike Poets venerable made.  
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;  
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's  
 tongue. \*

O early lost! what tears the river shed,  
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?  
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,  
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.  
 Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly  
 voice,  
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;  
 Who now shall charm the shades, where  
 Cowley strung  
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?  
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!  
 Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?  
 'Tis yours, Mylord, to bless our soft re-  
 treats,

And

\* Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of  
 the forest, and was from thence conveyed to  
 Westminster.



And call the Muses to their ancient seats;  
To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes;  
To crown the forests with immortal greens;  
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,  
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;  
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,  
And add new lustre to her silver star.

HERE noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,\*  
Surrey the Granville of a former age:  
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,  
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:  
In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,  
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:  
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,  
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

OH wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor  
bore,  
What kings first breath'd upon her winding  
shore,

Or

\* Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first  
refiners of the English poetry; who flourished  
in the time of Henry VIII.



Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains  
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!

With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,  
Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry  
age.

Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious  
field,

The lilies blazing on the regal shield:

Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours  
fall,

And leave inanimate the naked wall;

Still in thy song should vanquish'd France ap-  
pear,

And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

LET softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,

And palms eternal flourish round his urn.

Here o'er the Martyr-king the marble weeps

And, fast beside him, once fear'd Edward  
sleeps:

Whom not th'extended Albion could contain,

From old Belerium to the northern main,



The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find  
rest,

And blended lie th'oppressor and th'opprest!  
Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,  
(Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the  
stone),

Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,  
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her  
old have bled?

She saw her sons with purple death expire,  
Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,  
A dreadful series of intestine wars,  
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.

At length great *Anna* said — " Let discord  
cease!

She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest'd moment from his oozy bed  
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend  
head.

His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the  
stream

His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:  
Gray'd



Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that  
guides

His swelling waters, and alternate tides;

The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,

And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.

Around his throne the sea-born brothers  
stood,

Who swell with tributary urns his flood!

First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,

The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame:

The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;

The London slow, with verdant alders  
crown'd;

Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands  
lave;

And chalky Wey, that rolls a mighty wave:

The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;

The gulfy Lee his sedgey tresses rears,

And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;

And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

HIGH in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,

(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind),



The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes  
Where Windsor's domes and pompous tur-  
rets rise;

Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to  
roar,

And the hush'd waves glide softly to the  
shore.

HAIL, sacred Peace! hail long expected days,  
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!  
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome be-  
hold,

Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of  
gold;

From heav'n itself though sev'nfold Nilus  
flows,

And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;  
These now no more shall be the muses themes,  
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.  
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,  
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;  
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a fervile train;  
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.

No



No more my fons shall dye with British  
blood,

Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:

Safe on my shore each unmolested swain

Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded  
grain;

The shady empire shall retain no trace

Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;

The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are  
blown,

And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.

Behold! th'ascending villas on my side,

Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;

Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,

And Temples rise, the beauteous works of  
peace.

I see, I see, where too fair cities bend

Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!

There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,

The world's great oracle in times to come;

There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be  
seen.

Once more to bend before a British Queen.



THY trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave  
their woods,

And half thy forest rush into thy floods,  
Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display,  
To the bright regions of the rising day;  
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,  
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen  
Pole;

Or under southern skies exalt their sails,  
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!  
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow  
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,  
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,  
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.  
The time shall come, when free as seas or  
wind

Unbounded Thames \* shall flow for all man-  
kind,

Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,  
And seas but join the regions they divide;  
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,  
And

\* A wish that London may be made a Free-port.



And the new world launch forth to seek the  
old.

Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the  
tide,

And feather'd people croud my wealthy fide,  
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire  
Our speech, our colour, and our strange at-  
tire?

Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore  
to shore,

Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;  
Till the freed Indians in their native groves  
Reap their own fruits, and woo their fable  
loves;

Peru once more a race of kings behold,  
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.  
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,  
In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord  
dwell:

Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,  
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:  
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore re-  
tires,



Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:  
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,  
And persecution mourn her broken wheel:  
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,  
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

HERE cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd  
lays

Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:  
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse  
recite,

And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.  
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,  
Paints the green forests, and the flow'ry plains,  
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,  
And scatters blessings from her dove-like  
wing.

Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,  
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;  
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains  
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.







## A S E M.

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**W**HERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society and detesting the ways of men, lived Afem the man-hater.

Afem



Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress; the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceive a thousand vices he had  
never



never before suspected to exist; wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved therefore to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather, fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At



At the foot of the mountain, an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom; reflecting, on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep bank, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. „How beautiful” he often cried „is nature! how lovely, even „in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides „its tremendous head in clouds! But the „beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an „hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various „countries thro’ which they flow. Every „part of the universe is beautiful, just „and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the „creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have „their



„ their use; but vicious, ungrateful man  
„ is a blot in the fair page of universal  
„ beauty. Why was I born of that detest-  
„ ed species, whose vices are almost a  
„ reproach to the wisdom of the divine  
„ Creator! Were men entirely free from  
„ vice, all would be uniformity, harmony,  
„ and order. A world of moral rectitude,  
„ should be the result of a perfectly moral  
„ agent. Why, why then, O Alla! must  
„ I be thus confined in darkness, doubt,  
„ and despair! ”

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fan-



fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

„Son of Adam” cried the Genius „stop  
„ thy rash purpose; the Father of the faith-  
„ ful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy  
„ miseries, and hath sent me to afford and  
„ administer relief. Give me thine hand,  
„ and follow, without trembling, wherever  
„ I shall lead; in me behold the Genius of  
„ conviction, kept by the great Prophet,  
„ to turn from their errors those who go  
„ astray, not from curiosity, but a recti-  
„ tude of intention. Follow me, and be  
„ wise. ”

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the center of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms,  
till



till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

"I plainly perceive your amazement," said the Genius „but suspend it for a while.

„ This world was formed by Alla, at the  
„ request, and under the inspection of our  
„ great Prophet; who once entertained the  
„ same doubts which filled your mind  
„ when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately  
„ rescued. The national inhabitants of this  
„ world are formed agreeable to your  
„ own ideas; they are absolutely without  
„ vice. In other respects it resembles your



„ earth, but differs from it in being wholly  
„ inhabited by men who never do wrong.  
„ If you find this world more agreeable  
„ than that you so lately left, you have  
„ free permission to spend the remainder  
„ of your days in it; but permit me, for  
„ some time, to attend you that I may  
„ silence your doubts, and make you bet-  
„ ter acquainted with your company and  
„ your new habitation. ”

„A world without vice! Rational beings  
„ without immorality!” cried Afem, in  
rapture, ”I thank thee, O Alla, who hast  
„ at length heard my petitions; this, this  
„ indeed will produce happiness, extasy  
„ and ease. O for an immortality to spend  
„ it among men who are incapable of in-  
„ gratitude, injustice, fraud, violence and  
„ a thousand other crimes, that render so-  
„ ciety miserable. ”

„Cease



„Cease thine acclamations” replied the Genius. „Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor.” Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primæval wildness.

„Here, cried Asem, I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our Prophet, I would have removed this de-



„fect, and formed no voracious or de-  
„structive animals, which only prey on  
„the other parts of the creation. Your  
„tendernefs for inferior animals is, I find,  
„remarkable „ said the Genius fmiling.  
„But, with regard to meaner creatures,  
„this world exactly refembles the other;  
„and, indeed, for obvious reasons; for  
„the earth can fupport a more confider-  
„able number of animals, by their thus  
„becoming food for each other, than if  
„they had lived entirely on the vegetable  
„productions. So that animals of diffe-  
„rent natures thus formed, inftead of lef-  
„fening their multitude, fubfift in the great-  
„eft number poffible. But let us haften  
„on to the inhabited country before us,  
„and fee what that offers for inftruction.”

They foon gained the utmoft verge of  
the foreft, and entered the country inha-  
bited by men without vice; and Asem an-  
tici-



anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him — „Heavens” cried Asem, „why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?” He had scarce spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. „This” cried Asem, to his guide „is truly surprising, nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.” „Every species of animals” replied the Genius, „has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently



„ ravage their harmless frontiers.” „ But  
„ they should have been destroyed,” cried  
Asem, „ you see the consequence of such  
neglect. „ Where is then that tendernefs  
„ you so lately expressed for subordinate  
„ animals? „ replied the Genius smiling:  
„ You seem to have forgot that branch of  
„ justice.” I must acknowledge my mistake  
„ ” returned Asem; ” I am now convinced  
„ that we must be guilty of tyranny and  
„ injustice to the brute creation, if we  
„ would enjoy the world ourselves. But  
„ let us no longer observe the duty of  
„ man to these irrational creatures, but fur-  
„ vey their connexions with one another.”

As they walked farther up the country,  
the more he was surprized to see no  
vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor  
any mark of elegant design. His conductor  
perceiving his surprize, observed, that the  
inhabitants of this new world were per-  
fectly



fectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only encrease their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for shew.

“At least, then” said Asem, „they have „neither architects, painters, or statuaries, „in their society; but these are idle arts, „and may be spared. However, before „I spend much more time here, you should „have my thanks for introducing me into „the society of some of their wisest men: „there is scarce any pleasure to me equal „to a refined conversation; there is nothing „of which I am so enamoured as wisdom.”

“Wisdom!” replied his instructor; „how „ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, „for we have no occasion for it; true „wisdom is only a knowledge of our own „duty, and the duty of others to us; but



„ of what use such wisdom here? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. „ If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.” “All this may be right” says Asem; „but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; „ each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse. “That, indeed, is true,” replied the other; here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among, „ are too good to fear each other; and „ there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.” “Well then,” said the sceptic, „as I am „ to spend my time here, if I am to have „ nei-



„ neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor  
„ friendship, in such a world, I should be  
„ glad, at least, of an easy companion,  
„ who may tell me his thoughts, and to  
„ whom I may communicate mine.” “And  
„ to what purpose should either do this?”  
says the Genius: „flattery or curiosity are  
„ vicious motives, and never allowed of  
„ here; and wisdom is out of the question.”

“Still, however,” said Asem, „the in-  
„ habitants must be happy; each is con-  
„ tented with his own possessions, nor ava-  
„ riciously endeavours to heap up more  
„ than is necessary for his own subsistence:  
„ each has therefore leisure to pity those  
„ that stand in need of his compassion.”

He had scarce spoken when his ears were  
assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch  
who sat by the way-side, and, in the most  
deplorable distress, seemed gently to mur-  
mur at his own misery. Asem immedi-



tely ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, „that men who „are free from vice should thus suffer so „much misery without relief!" "Be not „surprized," said the wretch who was dying; „would it not be the utmost in- „justice for beings, who have only just „sufficient to support themselves, and are „content with a bare subsistence, to take „it from their own mouths to put it into „mine? They never are possessed of a „single meal more than is necessary; and „what is barely necessary cannot be dis- „penssed with." "They should have been „supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem; „and yet I contradict my own „opinion but a moment before; all is „doubt, perplexity and confusion. Even „the want of ingratitude is no virtue here „since they never received a favour. They „have however, another excellence, yet „be-



„ behind; the love of their country is still,  
 „ I hope, one of their darling virtues.”  
 “ Peace, Afem,” replied the guardian, with  
 „ a countenance not less severe than beauti-  
 „ ful, nor forfeit all thy pretensions to  
 „ wisdom: the same selfish motives by  
 „ which we prefer our own interest to  
 „ that of others, induce us to regard our  
 „ country preferably to that of another.  
 „ Nothing less than universal benevolence  
 „ is free from vice, and that you see is  
 „ practised here.” “ Strange!” cries the  
 disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of dis-  
 tress; „ what sort of a world am I now  
 „ introduced to? There is scarce a single  
 „ virtue, but that of temperance, which  
 „ they practise; and in that they are no  
 „ way superior to the very brute creation.  
 „ There is scarce an amusement which  
 „ they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friend-  
 „ ship, wisdom, conversation, and love of  
 „ country, all are virtues intirely unknown  
 „ here;



„ here; thus it seems, that, to be unac-  
„ quainted with vice is not to know virtue.  
„ Take me, O my Genius, back to that  
„ very world which I have despised: a  
„ world which has Alla for its contriver,  
„ is much more wisely formed than that  
„ which has been projected by Mahomet.  
„ Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can  
„ now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved  
„ them. When I arraigned the wisdom of  
„ Providence, I only shewed my own igno-  
„ rance; henceforth let me keep from vice  
„ myself, and pity it in others.”

He had scarce ended, when the Genius,  
assuming an air of terrible complacency,  
called all his thunders around him, and  
vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished  
at the terror of the scene, looked for his  
imaginary world; when, casting his eyes  
around, he perceived himself in the very  
situation, and in the very place, where he  
first



first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the waterside in tranquility, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence and ease.







THE  
LIFE  
OF A  
STROLLING PLAYER.

---

**I** AM fond of amusement in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's - Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who stayed, seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I sat  
down



down on one of the benches, at the end of which was seated a man in very shabby cloaths.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. "I beg pardon, Sir" cried I, but I think I have seen you before; „your face is familiar to me." Yes, Sir, replied he, „I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, Sir, that I have been these sixteen years Merry Andrew to a puppet-shew; last Bartholomew-fair, my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pin-cushion-makers in Rosemary-lane, and I to starve in St. James's Park."



„I am sorry, Sir, that a person of  
„ your appearance should labour under  
„ any difficulties.” O Sir returned he,  
„ my appearance is very much at your  
„ service; but, though I cannot boast of  
„ eating much, yet there are few that  
„ are merrier; if I had twenty thousand a  
„ year I should be very merry; and, thank  
„ the fates, though not worth a groat, I  
„ am very merry still. If I have three  
„ pence in my pocket, I never refuse to  
„ be my three half pence; and, if I have  
„ no money, I never scorn to be treated  
„ by any that are kind enough to pay my  
„ reckoning. What think you, Sir, of a  
„ steak and tankard? You shall treat me  
„ now, and I will treat you again when  
„ I find you in the Park in love with eat-  
„ ing, and without money to pay for a  
„ dinner.”

As I never refuse a small expence for  
the sake of a merry companion, we in-  
stantly



stantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house, and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a smoking steak spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. „I like this dinner, Sir, says he, „for three reasons, first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay.”

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough; and „yet, „Sir” continued he, „bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! „We beggars are the very fondlings of



„ nature; the rich she treats like an arrant  
„ step - mother; they are pleased with no-  
„ thing; cut a steak from what part you  
„ will, and it is insupportably tough; dress  
„ it up with pickles, — even pickles can-  
„ not procure them an appetite. But the  
„ whole creation is filled with good things  
„ for the beggar; Calvert's *butt* out - tastes  
„ *champaign*, and Sedgeley's *home - brewed*  
„ excels *Tokay*. Joy, joy, my blood,  
„ though our estates lie no where, we  
„ have fortunes wherever we go. If an  
„ inundation sweeps away half the ground  
„ of Cornwall, I am content, I have no  
„ lands there; if the stocks sink, that gives  
„ me no uneasiness; I am no Jew.” The  
fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I  
own raised my curiosity to know something  
of his life and circumstances; and I en-  
treated that he would indulge my desire. —  
„ That I will, Sir,” said he, „and wel-  
„ come; only let us drink to prevent our  
„ slee-



„ sleeping; let us have another tankard  
 „ while we are awake; let us have an-  
 „ other tankard; for, ah, how charming  
 „ a tankard looks when full! ”

„ You must know, then, that I am very  
 „ well descended; my ancestors have made  
 „ some noise in the world; for my mother  
 „ cried oysters, and my father beat a  
 „ drum; I am told we have even had  
 „ some trumpeters in our family. Many  
 „ a nobleman cannot shew so respectful a  
 „ genealogy: but that is neither here nor  
 „ there. As I was their only child, my  
 „ father designed to breed me up to his  
 „ own profession, which was that of  
 „ drummer to a puppet-shew. Thus the  
 „ whole employment of my younger years  
 „ was that of interpreter to Punch and  
 „ king Solomon in all his glory. But  
 „ though my father was very fond of in-  
 „ structing me in beating all the marches



„ and points of war, I made no very  
„ great progress, because I naturally had  
„ no ear for music; so, at the age of  
„ fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier.  
„ As I had ever hated beating a drum,  
„ so I soon found that I disliked carrying  
„ a musket also; neither the one trade  
„ nor the other were to my taste, for I  
„ was by nature fond of being a gentle-  
„ man: besides I was obliged to obey my  
„ captain; he has his will; I have mine,  
„ and you have your's; now I very rea-  
„ sonably concluded, that it was much  
„ more comfortable for a man to obey  
„ his own will than another's."

„ The life of a soldier, therefore soon,  
„ gave me the spleen; I asked leave to  
„ quit the service; but, as I was tall and  
„ strong, my captain thanked me for my  
„ kind intention, and said, because he had  
„ a regard for me, we should not part.

„ I



„ I wrote to my father a very dismal pe-  
 „ nitent letter, and desired that he would  
 „ raise money to pay for my discharge;  
 „ but the good man was as fond of drink-  
 „ ing as I was (*Sir, my service to you*)  
 „ and those who are fond of drinking never  
 „ pay for other people's discharges; in  
 „ short, he never answered my letter.  
 „ What could be done? If I have not  
 „ money, said I to myself, to pay for my  
 „ discharge, I must find an equivalent some  
 „ other way; and that must be by run-  
 „ ning away. I deserted and that answered  
 „ my purpose every bit as well as if I  
 „ had bought my discharge.

„ Well, I was now fairly rid of my  
 „ military employment; I sold my foldier's  
 „ cloaths bought worse, and, in order not  
 „ to be overtaken, took the most unfre-  
 „ quented roads possible. One evening,  
 „ as I was entering a village, I perceived



„ a man, whom I afterwards found to be  
„ the curate of the parish, thrown from  
„ his horse in a miry road, and almost  
„ smothered in the mud. He desired my  
„ assistance; I gave it, and drew him out  
„ with some difficulty. He thanked me  
„ for my trouble, and was going off; but  
„ I followed him home, for I loved always  
„ to have a man thank me at his own  
„ door. The curate asked an hundred ques-  
„ tions; as whose son I was; from whence  
„ I came; and whether I would be faith-  
„ ful? I answered him greatly to his sa-  
„ tisfaction; and gave myself one of the  
„ best characters in the world for sobriety  
„ (*Sir! I have the honour of drinking your*  
„ *health*) discretion and fidelity. To make  
„ a long story short, he wanted a servant,  
„ and hired me. With him I lived but  
„ two months; we did not much like each  
„ other; I was fond of eating, and he gave  
„ me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl,  
„ and



„ and the old woman, my fellow-servant,  
 „ was ill natured and ugly. As they en-  
 „ deavoured to starve me between them,  
 „ I made a pious resolution to prevent  
 „ their committing murder; I stole the eggs  
 „ as soon as they were laid; I emptied  
 „ every unfinished bottle that I could lay  
 „ my hands on; whatever eatable came in  
 „ my way was sure to disappear; in short,  
 „ they found I would not do; so I was  
 „ discharged one morning, and paid three  
 „ shillings and six-pence for two months  
 „ wages.

„ While my money was getting ready,  
 „ I employed myself in making prepara-  
 „ tions for my departure; two hens were  
 „ hatching in an out-house, I went and  
 „ habitually took the eggs, and, not to  
 „ separate the parents from the children,  
 „ I lodged hens and all in my knapsack.  
 „ After this piece of frugality, I returned



„ to receive my money, and, with my  
„ knapsack on my back, and a staff in my  
„ hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my  
„ eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not  
„ gone far from the house, when I heard  
„ behind me the cry of stop thief! but  
„ this only increased my dispatch; it would  
„ have been foolish to stop as I knew the  
„ voice could not be levelled at me. But  
„ hold, I think I passed those two months  
„ at the curate's without drinking; come,  
„ the times are dry, and, *may this be my*  
„ *poison*, if ever I spent two more pious;  
„ stupid months in all my life.

„ Well, after travelling some days, whom  
„ should I light upon but a company of  
„ strolling players. The moment I saw  
„ them at a distance my heart warmed to  
„ them, I had a sort of natural love for  
„ every thing of the vagabond order: they  
„ were employed in settling their baggage,  
„ which



„ which had been overturned in a narrow  
 „ way; I offered my assistance, which they  
 „ accepted; and we soon became so well  
 „ acquainted, that they took me as a ser-  
 „ vant. This was a paradise to me; they  
 „ sung, danced, drank, eat and travelled,  
 „ all at the same time. By the blood of  
 „ the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived  
 „ till then; I grew as merry as a grig,  
 „ and laughed at every word that was  
 „ spoken. They liked me as much as I  
 „ liked them; I was a very good figure,  
 „ as you see; and, though I was poor, I  
 „ was not modest.

„ I love a straggling life above all things  
 „ in the world; sometimes good, sometimes  
 „ bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-  
 „ morrow; to eat when one can get it,  
 „ and drink when (*the tankard is out*) it  
 „ stands before me. We arrived that eve-  
 „ ning at Tenderden, and took a large



„ room at the Grey-hound; where we  
„ resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet,  
„ with the funeral proceffion, the grave  
„ and the garden fcene. Romeo was to  
„ be performed by a gentleman from the  
„ Théâtre-royal in Drury-Lane; Juliet by  
„ a Lady who had never appeared on any  
„ ftage before; and I was to fnuff the  
„ candles; all excellent in our way. We  
„ had figures enough, but the difficulty  
„ was to drefs them. The fame coat that  
„ ferved Romeo, turned with the blue lin-  
„ ing outwards, ferved for his friend  
„ Mercutio; a large piece of crape fufficed  
„ at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall:  
„ a peftle and mortar from a neighbouring  
„ apothecary's answered all the purpofes  
„ of a bell; and our landlord's own family,  
„ wrapped in white sheets, ferved to fill  
„ up the proceffion. In fhort there were  
„ but three figures among us that might  
„ be faid to be drefled with any propriety;

„I



„ I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary,  
 „ and myself. Our performance gave uni-  
 „ versal satisfaction; the whole audience  
 „ were enchanted with our powers, and  
 „ Tenderden is a town of taste.

„ There is one rule by which a strol-  
 „ ling - player may be ever secure of suc-  
 „ cess; that is in our theatrical way of  
 „ expressing it, to make a great deal of  
 „ the character. To speak and act as in  
 „ common life, is not playing, nor is  
 „ it what people come to see: natural  
 „ speaking, like sweet wine runs glibly  
 „ over the palate, and scarce leaves any  
 „ taste behind it; but being high in a part  
 „ resembles vinegar, which grates upon  
 „ the taste, and one feels it while he is  
 „ drinking. To please in town or country,  
 „ the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into  
 „ attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the  
 „ pockets, and labour like one in the fal-  
 „ ling



„ ling sickness: that is the way to work  
„ for applause; that is the way to gain it.  
„ As we received much reputation for  
„ our skill on this first exhibition, it was  
„ but natural for me to ascribe part of the  
„ success to myself; I snuffed the candles,  
„ and, let me tell you, that, without a  
„ candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half  
„ its embellishments. In this manner we  
„ continued a fortnight, and drew to-  
„ lerable houses; but the evening before  
„ our intended departure, we gave out  
„ our very best piece, in which all our  
„ strength was to be exerted. We had  
„ great expectations from this, and even  
„ doubled our prices, when behold one of  
„ the principal actors fell ill of a violent  
„ fever. This was a stroke like thunder  
„ to our little company; they were resol-  
„ ved to go, in a body, to scold the man  
„ for falling sick at so inconvenient a time,  
„ and



„ and that too of a disorder that threat-  
 „ ened to be expensive; I seized the mo-  
 „ ment, and offered to act the part myself  
 „ in his stead. The case was desperate;  
 „ they accepted my offer; and I according-  
 „ ly sat down, with the part in my hand  
 „ and a tankard before me (*Sir, your*  
 „ *health*) and studied the character, which  
 „ was to be rehearsed the next day, and  
 „ played soon after.

„ I found my memory excessively helped  
 „ by drinking, I learned my part with  
 „ astonishing rapidity, and bade adieu to  
 „ snuffing candles ever after. I found that  
 „ nature had designed me for more noble  
 „ employments, and I was resolved to  
 „ take her when in the humour. We got  
 „ together in order to rehearse, and I in-  
 „ formed my companions, masters now no  
 „ longer, of the surprizing change I felt  
 „ within me. Let the sick man, said I,  
 „ be



„ be under no uneasiness to get well again;  
„ I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction;  
„ he may even die if he thinks proper;  
„ I'll engage that he shall never be missed.  
„ I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted,  
„ and received applause. They soon gave  
„ out that a new actor of eminence was  
„ to appear, and immediately all the gen-  
„ teel places were bespoke. Before I  
„ ascended the stage, however, I con-  
„ cluded within myself, that, as I brought  
„ money to the house, I ought to have  
„ my share in the profits. Gentlemen,  
„ said I, addressing our company, I don't  
„ pretend to direct you; far be it from  
„ me to treat you with so much ingrati-  
„ tude; you have published my name in  
„ the bills, with the utmost good nature;  
„ and, as affairs stand, cannot act without  
„ me; so, gentlemen, to shew you my  
„ gratitude, I expect to be paid for my  
„ acting as much as any of you, otherwise

„I



„ I declare off; I'll brandish my snuffers;  
 „ and clip candles as usual. This was a  
 „ very disagreeable propofal, but they found  
 „ that it was impossible to refuse it; it  
 „ was irrefistable, it was adamant; they  
 „ confented, and I went on in King Baja-  
 „ zet; my frowning brows, bound with a  
 „ stocking stuffed into a turban, while on  
 „ my captiv'd arms I brandished a jack  
 „ chain. Nature feemed to have fitted me  
 „ for the part; I was tall, and had a loud  
 „ voice; my very entrance excited univer-  
 „ fal applaufe; I looked round on the au-  
 „ dience with a fmile, and made a moft  
 „ low and graceful bow, for that is the  
 „ rule among us. As it was a very paf-  
 „ fionate part, I invigorated my fpirits  
 „ with three full glaffes (*the tankard is al-*  
 „ *moft out*) of brandy. By Alla! it is al-  
 „ moft inconceivable how I went thro' it!  
 „ Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though  
 „ he was fometimes loud enough too, yet  
 „ I



„ I was still louder than he; but then,  
„ besides, I had attitudes in abundance; in  
„ general I kept my arms folded up thus  
„ upon the pit of my stomach; it is the  
„ way at Drury-Lane, and has always a  
„ fine effect. The tankard would sink to  
„ the bottom before I could get through  
„ the whole of my merits: in short, I  
„ came off like a prodigy; and, such was  
„ my success, that I could ravish the lau-  
„ rels even from a sirloin of beef. The  
„ principal Gentlemen and Ladies of the  
„ town came to me, after the play was  
„ over, to compliment me upon my suc-  
„ cess; one praised my voice, another my  
„ person; Upon my word, said the 'squire's  
„ Lady, he will make one of the finest  
„ actors in Europe; I say it, and I think  
„ I am something of a judge —. Praise  
„ in the beginning is agreeable enough,  
„ and we receive it as a favour; but when  
„ it comes in great quantities we regard  
„ it



„ it only as a debt, which nothing but  
 „ our merit could extort; instead of thank-  
 „ ing them I internally applauded myself.  
 „ We were desired to give our piece a  
 „ second time, we obeyed, and I was ap-  
 „ plauded even more than before.

„ At last we left the town in order to  
 „ be at a horse-race at some distance from  
 „ thence. I shall never think of Tender-  
 „ den without tears of gratitude and re-  
 „ spect. The Ladies and Gentlemen there,  
 „ take my word for it, are very good  
 „ judges of plays and actors. Come, *let*  
 „ *us drink their healths*, if you please, Sir.  
 „ We quitted the town, I say; and there  
 „ was a wide difference between my com-  
 „ ing in and going out; I entered the  
 „ town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it  
 „ an hero! —. Such is the world; little  
 „ to-day and great to-morrow. I could  
 „ say a great deal more upon that subject;  
 „ something truly sublime, upon the ups



„ and downs of fortune; but it would give  
„ us both the spleen, and so I shall pass  
„ it over.

„ The races were ended before we ar-  
„ rived at the next town, which was no  
„ small disappointment to our company;  
„ however, we were resolved to take all  
„ we could get get. I played capital cha-  
„ racters there too, and came off with my  
„ usual brilliancy. I sincerely believed I  
„ should have been the first actor of Eu-  
„ rope had my growing merit been pro-  
„ perly cultivated; but there came an un-  
„ kindly frost which nipped me in the bud,  
„ and levelled me once more down to the  
„ common standard of humanity. I played  
„ Sir Harry Wildair; all the country Ladies  
„ were charmed; if I but drew out my  
„ snuff-box the whole house was in a  
„ roar of rapture; when I exercised my  
„ cudgel, I thought they would have fallen  
„ into convulsions.

„ There



„There was here a Lady who had re-  
 „ceived an education of nine months in  
 „London; and this gave her pretensions  
 „to taste, which rendered her the in-  
 „disputable mistress of the ceremonies  
 „wherever she came. She was informed  
 „of my merits; every body praised me;  
 „yet she refused at first going to see me  
 „perform: she could not conceive, she  
 „said, any thing but stuff from a stroller;  
 „talked something in praise of Garrick,  
 „and amazed the Ladies with her skill in  
 „enunciations, tones, and cadences; she  
 „was at last, however, prevailed upon to  
 „go; and it was privately intimated to  
 „me what a judge was to be present at  
 „my next exhibition: however, no way  
 „intimidated, I came on Sir Harry, one  
 „hand stuck in my breeches, and the  
 „other in my bosom, as usual at Drury-  
 „Lane; but, instead of looking at me, I  
 „perceived the whole audience had their



„ eyes turned upon the Lady who had  
 „ been nine months in London; from her  
 „ they expected the decision which was  
 „ to secure the general's truncheon in my  
 „ hand, or sink me down into a theatrical  
 „ letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box,  
 „ took snuff; the Lady was solemn, and  
 „ so were the rest; I broke my cudgel on  
 „ Alderman Smuggler's back; still gloomy,  
 „ melancholy all, the Lady groaned and  
 „ shrugged her shoulders; I attempted, by  
 „ laughing myself, to excite at least a smile;  
 „ but the devil a cheek could I perceive  
 „ wrinkled into sympathy; I found it would  
 „ not do; all my good-humour now be-  
 „ came forced; my laughter was converted  
 „ into hysteric grinning; and while I pre-  
 „ tended spirits, my eye shewed the agony  
 „ of my heart: in short, the Lady came  
 „ with an intention to be displeased, and  
 „ displeased she was; my fame expired; I  
 „ am here, and (*the tankard is no more!*) —.







A  
H Y M N.

---

**T**HESE as they change, ALMIGHTY FA-  
THER, these,

Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing spring  
THY beauty walks, THY tendernefs and love,  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is  
balm;



Echo the mountains round, the forest smiles;  
And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
Then comes THY glory in the summer-  
months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then THY  
sun

Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:  
And of THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering  
gales.

THY bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In winter awful THOU! with clouds and  
storms

Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest  
roll'd,

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,  
And humblest nature with THY northern blast.

MYSTERIOUS round! what skill, what force  
divine,

Deep-



Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;  
And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious  
gaze,

Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty  
hand,

That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming,  
thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring:  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest  
forth;

And, as on earth this grateful change re-  
volves,

With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,







Soft - roll your incense, herbs, and fruits,  
and flowers,

In mingled clouds to HIM; whose fun exalts  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose  
pencil paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's  
heart,

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide  
From world to world, the vital Ocean round,  
On nature write with every beam HIS praise.  
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate  
world;

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn  
hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,



Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD  
reigns;

And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake: let boundless song  
Burst from the groves! and when the restless  
day,

Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night HIS  
praise.

Ye chief, for whom, the whole creation  
smiles,

At once the head, the heart, and tongue of  
all,

Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities  
vast,

Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
The long - resounding voice oft - breaking  
clear,

At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,

And



And find a fane in every sacred grove;  
There let the shepherd's flute the virgin's lay,  
The prompting Seraph, and the poet's lyre  
Still sing the GOD of seasons, as they roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray  
Ruffles the plain, inspiring autumn gleams;  
Or winter rises in the blackening East;  
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no  
more,

And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest  
verge

Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous  
climes,

Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains or his setting beam  
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to  
me:

Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full;

And



And where HE vital spreads, there must be  
joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall  
come,

And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;  
From seeming *Evil* still educing *Good*,  
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still,  
In infinite progression. — But I lose,  
Myself in HIM, in Light ineffable.

Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS  
praise.







# MADNESS,

## A POEM.

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**S**WELL the clarion, sweep the string,  
Blow into rage the muse's fires!

*All* thy answers, Echo, bring,  
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,  
'Tis madness self inspires.

**H**AIL, awful Madness, hail!  
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,  
Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.  
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee*;  
Folly — folly's only free.

**HARK!**



HARK! — to the astonished ear  
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.  
They now approach, they now appear, —  
*Phrenzy* leads her *chorus* near,  
And daemons dance around. —

PRIDE — ambition idly vain,  
Revenge, and malice swell her train, —  
Devotion warp'd — Affection crost —  
Hope in disappointment lost —  
And injured merit with a downcast eye,  
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

LOUD the shouts of madness rise,  
Various voices, various cries, —  
Mirth unmeaning — clauseless moans,  
Bursts of laughter, — heart-felt groans —  
*All* seem to pierce the skies. —

ROUGH as the wintry wave, that roars  
On *Thule's* desert shores,  
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,  
The fetter'd *Maniac* foams along,  
(Rage the burthen of his jarring song)  
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.

No pleasing memory left — forgotten quite  
All former scenes of dear delight,



Connubial love — parental joy —  
No sympathy like these his soul employ.  
— But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,  
By too much tenderness betrayed;  
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,  
But slighted vows possess, and fainting soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,  
All — but in reason, still the same. —

Streaming eyes,  
Incessant sighs,

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,  
Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.  
Dead to the world — her fondest wishes crost,  
She mourns herself thus early lost. —

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,  
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.

She starts — she flies — who dares so rude  
On her sequestrate steps intrude? —

'Tis he — the *Momus* of the flighty train —  
Merry mischief fills his brain.  
Blanket-rob'd, and antick-crown'd,  
The mimic monarch skips around;



Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,  
And plots his frolicks quaint, and unsuspected wiles. —

LAUGHTER was there — but mark that groan,  
Drawn from the inmost soul!

‘ Give the knife, daemons, or the poison’d bowl,  
‘ To finish miseries equal to your own.’ —

WHO’S this wretch, with horror wild?  
— ‘Tis Devotion’s ruin’d child. —  
Sunk in the emphasis of grief,  
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief. —

THOU, fair Religion, was design’d,  
Duteous daughter of the skies,  
To warm and cheer the human mind,  
To make men happy, good, and wise.  
To point, where fits in love array’d  
Attentive to each suppliant call,  
The God of universal aid,  
The God the father of us all.

FIRST shewn by thee, thus glow’d the gracious scene,  
‘Till Superstition, fiend of woe,  
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,  
And spread deep shades our view and heav’n between.

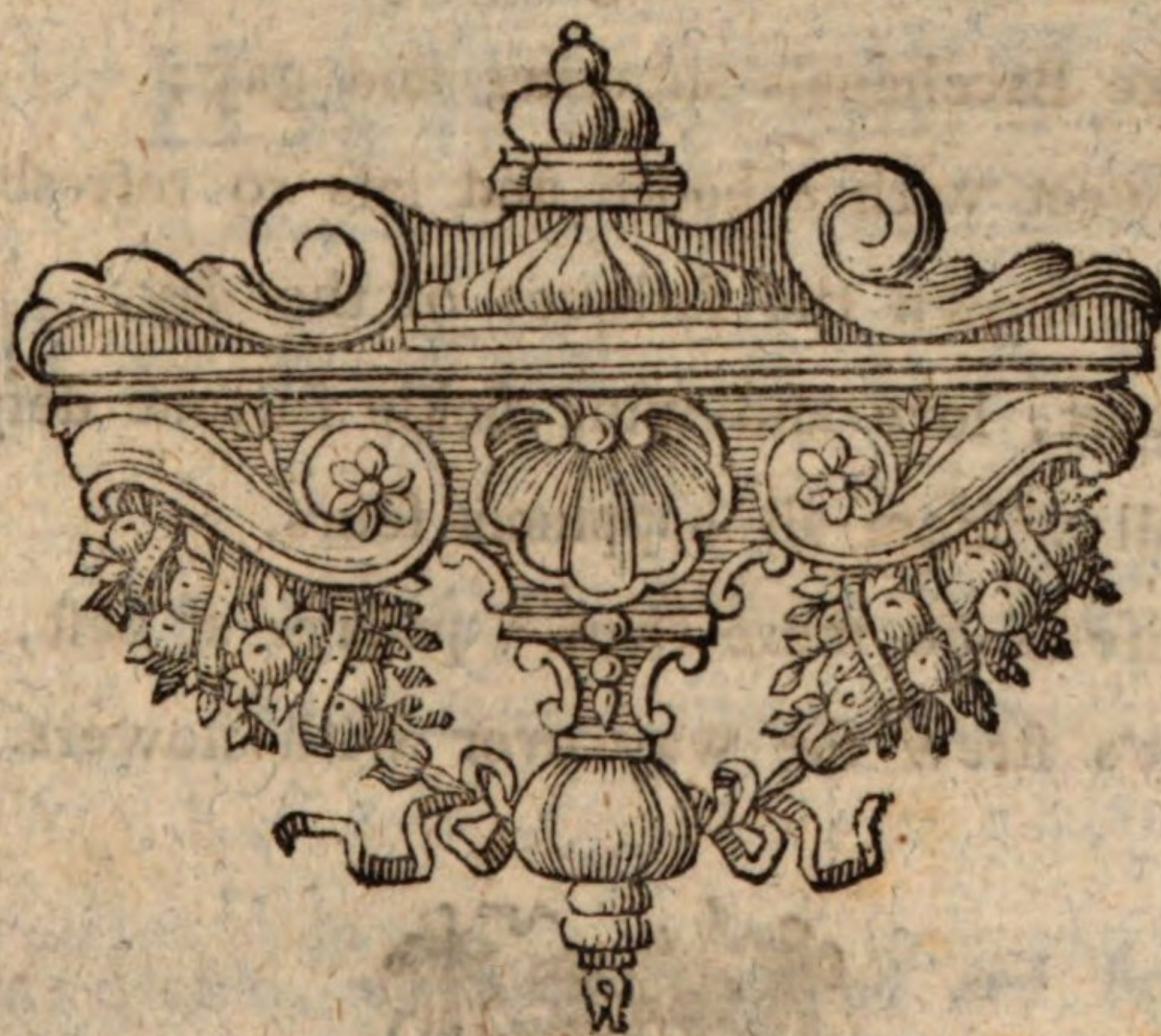
DRAWN



DRAWN by her pencil the Creator stands,  
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)  
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,  
And hurling vengeance wide.

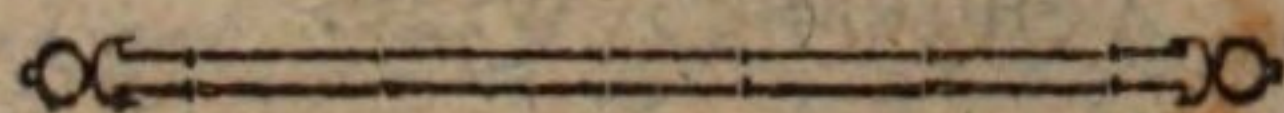
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,  
And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependence lies.

BUT ah! — too thick thy croud — too close thy throng,  
Objects of pity and affright! —  
Spare farther the descriptive song —  
Nature shudders at the sight. —  
Protract not, plaintive Muse, the mournful tale,  
But o'er the hapless group low drop Compassion's veil.





## A HUNTING SONG.

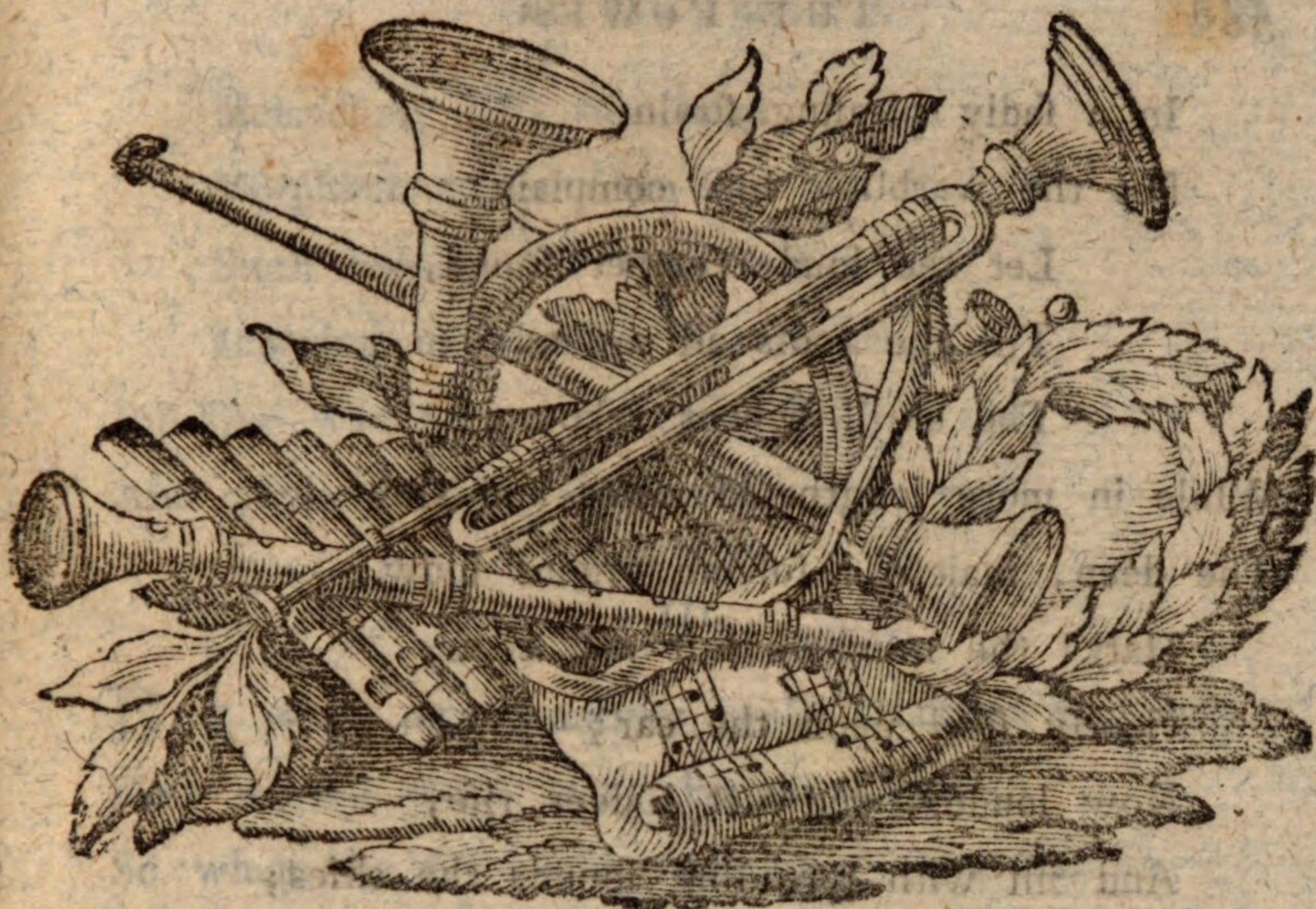


**T**HE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad;  
 Up, up, my brave Boys and away;  
 The morning peeps out, and the cry of the hounds  
 Upbraids your too tedious delay.  
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox!  
 O'er hills and o'er vallies he flies;  
 Follow, follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!  
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

**T**RIUMPHANT returning at night with our spoils,  
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay;  
 How sweet with a bottle and lads to refresh,  
 And drown the fatigues of the day.  
 With sport, love and wine fickle fortune defy:  
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours.  
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flowers.







ORPHEUS AND EURIDICE,  
OR THE POWER OF  
HARMONY.

---

O D E F O R M U S I C

ON  
*St. CECILIA'S DAY.*

---

I.

**D**ESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;  
The breathing instruments inspire,  
Wake into voice each silent string,  
And sweep the founding lyre!

O o 2

In



In a sadly pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,

Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear,

Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;

Till, by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away,

In a dying, dying fall.

## II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,

Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,

Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;

Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,

Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.

Warriors she fires with animated sounds;

Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:

Melan-



Melancholy lifts her head,  
 Morpheus rouses from his bed  
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
 Lift'ning envy drops her snakes;  
 Intestine war no more our passions wage,  
 And giddy factions bear away their rage.

## III.

BUT when our country's cause provokes to arms,  
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!  
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,  
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,  
 While Argo saw her kindred trees  
 Descend from Pelion to the main,  
 Transported demigods stood round,  
 And men grew heroes at the sound,  
 Inflam'd with glory's charms:  
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,  
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:  
 And seas, and rocks, and skies, resound  
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

## IV.

BUT when thro' all th' infernal bounds,  
 Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds,  
 Love, strong as death, the poet led  
 To the pale nations of the dead,



What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appear'd,  
 O'er all the dreary coasts!

Dreadful gleams,  
 Dismal screams,  
 Fires that glow,  
 Shrieks of woe,  
 Sullen moans,  
 Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;  
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,  
 See, shady forms advance!

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!  
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;  
 By those happy souls who dwell  
 In yellow meads of asphodel,  
 Or Amaranthine bow'rs;

By



By the heroes armed shades,  
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;  
By the youths that dy'd for love,  
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,  
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:  
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented  
To hear the Poet's pray'r:  
Stern Proserpine relented,  
And gave him back the fair.  
Thus song could prevail  
O'er death, and o'er hell,  
A conquest how hard and how glorious!  
Though fate had fast bound her  
With Styx nine times round her,  
Yet music and love were victorious.

## VI.

BUT soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:  
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!  
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?  
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.  
Now under hanging mountains.  
Beside the falls of fountains,  
Or where Hebrus wanders,  
Rolling in meanders,



All alone

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies furrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;

Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries —

Ah see, he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Euridice he sung,

Euridice still trembled on his tongue,

Euridice the woods

Euridice the floods,

Euridice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

#### VII.

MUSIC the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm:

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please:

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When



When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,  
Th'immortal pow'rs incline their ear;  
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;  
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,  
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;  
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,  
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.







ALEXANDER'S FEAST,  
OR THE POWER OF  
HARMONY.

---

O D E F O R M U S I C  
O N  
*St. CECILIA'S DAY.*

---

I.

**T**WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike Son:  
Aloft in awful state  
The Godlike hero fate  
On his imperial throne:

His



His valiant Peers were plac'd around  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.  
    (So should desert in arms be crown'd)  
The lovely Thais, by his side,  
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride  
    Happy, happy, happy pair,  
        None but the brave  
        None but the brave  
    None but the brave deserves the fair.

## II.

**T**IMOTHEUS plac'd on high  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The Song began from Jove  
Who left his blissful seats above  
(Such is the power of mighty love)  
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God;  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
    When he the fair Olympia prefs'd.  
And while he fought her snowy breast.  
Then round her slender waist he curl'd  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.

The



The list'ning croud admire the lofty found,  
 A present deity, they shout around;  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears  
 Assumes the God  
 Affects to nod  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

## III.

THE praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung;  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:

The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He show's his honest face;  
 Now give the hautboys breath he comes. he comes,  
 Bacchus ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
 Rich the treasure  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

## IV.

SOOTH'D with the sound the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again

And



And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the  
slain.

The master saw the madness rise;  
His glowing cheeks his ardent eyes;  
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,  
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful Muse

Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good:

By too severe a fate,

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n

Fall'n from his high estate

And welt'ring in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed.

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast looks the joyless Victor fate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below;

And now and then a sigh he stole

And tears began to flow.

V.

THE mighty master smil'd, to see  
That love was in the next degree;  
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love,

Softly



Softly sweet in Lydian measures,  
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
Honour but an empty bubble;  
Never ending, still beginning;  
Fighting still, and still destroying;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying:  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the Gods provide thee.  
The many rend the skies with loud applause,  
So love was crown'd but music won the cause  
The prince unable to conceal his pain  
Gaz'd on the fair  
Who caus'd his care,  
And figh'd and look'd, and figh'd and look'd  
Sigh'd and look'd, and figh'd again:  
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her breast.

## VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,  
Break his bands of sleep asunder.  
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark,



Hark, hark the horrid found  
Has rais'd up his head  
As awak'd from the dead  
And amaz'd, he stares around.  
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries  
See the furies arise:  
See the snakes that they rear  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
Behold a ghastly band  
Each a torch in his hand.  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain  
And unbury'd remain  
Inglorious on the plain:  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew.  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.  
The Princes applaud with a furious joy;  
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
Thais led the way  
To light him to his prey,  
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.



## VII.

Thus long ago,  
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow  
While organs yet were mute,  
Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
And sounding lyre  
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire.  
At last divine *Cecilia* came  
Inventress of the vocal frame.  
The sweet enthusiast, from their sacred store,  
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.

THE END.













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